

The Victory.

A NEW COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC,
CONTAINING THE LATEST COMPOSITIONS OF

WM. B. BRADBURY.

EDITED BY

CHESTER G. ALLEN AND WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.

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THE VICTORY:

A NEW COLLECTION OF

SACRED AND SECTULAR MUSIC,

COMPREHENDING A GREAT VARIETY OF

Tunes, Anthems, Glees, Elementary Exercises and Social Songs,

SUITABLE FOR USE IN

THE CHOIR, THE SINGING SCHOOL AND THE SOCIAL CIRCLE,

AND INCLUDING THE LATEST COMPOSITIONS OF

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

EDITED BY

CHESTER G. ALLIN AND WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.

NEW YORK:

Published by BIGLOW & MAIN, (successors to WM. B. BRADBURY,) 425 Broome Street,
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PREFCE.

In accordance with established custom, the Editors of "THE VICTORY" respectfully for their work the candid consideration of those who are in any degree interested in Church and Home Music.

They do not claim to have surpassed the efforts of distinguished predecessors, but they have endeavored to learn wisdom; but, having had long experience in teaching, and being thoroughly conversant with the wants of choirs, both city and country, they have aimed at *general usefulness*, with the hope that they were thereby rendering real service to the cause they love so well. It is believed to

SINGING SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

will be found unusually interesting and complete; and while novices in the art of teaching here see their way made plain in detail, experienced teachers, who prefer a condensed method, may find a convenient text book, with every necessary variety of practical exercises, which will *interest* as well as instruct the pupils, followed by secular music suited to the wants of the

HOME CIRCLE, SINGING SCHOOL OR CONVENTION.

THE METRICAL DEPARTMENT has received special care, embracing every variety of hymn, so that any hymn in common use can be clothed from this wardrobe. This department is mostly new, a few deservedly popular tunes being republished to meet general desire.

IN THE ANTHEM DEPARTMENT,

regard has been had to the general demand for *short pieces suitable for* OPENING OR CLOSING SERVICE, as well as the wants of more notable public occasions, Concerts, Conventions, etc.

In the preparation of each department of this work, the Editors have had free access to the large stock of manuscripts and material left by the late WM. B. BRADBURY, to whose vast experience, versatile genius, and acknowledged taste, they are indebted for much of whatever excellence may be found in the book.

Our acknowledgements are due to Messrs. MASON & BROS. for the use of a number of LOWELL MASON'S most valuable tunes; to F. J. HUNTINGTON, Esq. for the use of several choice pieces from the pen of the late ISAAC B. WOODBURY, and to MESSRS. J. COOK, THEO. F. SEWARD, HUBERT P. MAIN, WM. U. BUTCHER, W. IRVING HARTSHORN, J. HARRISON TENNEY, W. H. DOANE, REV. ROBERT LOWRY, SILAS J. L., D. E. JONES, JAMES McGRANAHAN, G. P. BENJAMIN, and others, for contributions to the work.

With the hope that on careful examination "THE VICTORY" may be found worthy a place in the hearts of the people, as well as the Churches of Christ throughout our land, and with earnest prayers that it may be a blessing to the cause of Sacred Music, is committed to the tide of public opinion by

THE EDITORS.

Singing-School Department.

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

It will greatly aid the teacher of class-singing to constantly bear in mind a few simple rules, which we will state for the benefit of those who may be beginners in the work:

1st. *Commence at the very beginning!* Never assume that the class has any knowledge of the subject to be taught, but make your lessons so plain that they may be thoroughly comprehended by the humblest beginner in the class.

2d. *Introduce your subject by practical examples*, and strive always to give your pupils an experimental knowledge of the thing to be taught, before coming to rules and definitions.

3d. *Let every rule and definition be stated in the simplest possible form*, so as to be easily understood and remembered.

4th. "*Make haste slowly*;" and bear in mind that learning to read music is altogether a matter of *practice*. Talking to a class will never enable them to read music. One of Mr. Bradbury's leading maxims, in giving advice to young teachers, was this: "*Less talk; more practice.*"

To the teacher who is coming before his class for the first time we would say—always commence by practising a few familiar tunes. This will serve as an introduction, and tend to dissipate any feeling of embarrassment which may be felt on the part of both teacher and scholars.

CHAPTER I.

NOTATION AND CLASSIFICATION.

The teacher may now say: "Close your books, and listen to me." After securing the attention of the class, let the teacher sing, in a full, pleasant voice, the syllable la four times, making the tones exactly alike, and at about the pitch G.

TEACHER. How many times did I sing *la*?—ANSWER. Four times.
Class sing the example with me. *Teacher and class repeat the example.*
Let the teacher now sing the example, using the syllable do instead of la.
How many times did I sing *do*?—Four times.

Were the tones like those which I used when I sang *la*, or were they different?—They were alike.*

Then I sang the same tone, but used a different word!—Yes.

The teacher may then draw this character on the board:

In music we use this character to represent a tone. It is called a *Note*.

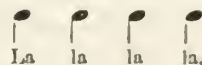
What is this character called?—A *note*.

What does it represent?—A *tone*.

In the example which we sang, how many times did we sing *la*?—Four times.

Then how many notes must we have to represent the tones?—Four

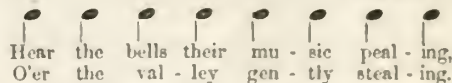
EXAMPLE.



Sing the example as I point to the notes. *Class sings.*

Sing it again; this time using the syllable *do*.

The teacher may now write out a more extended example, and have the class practise it; using some lines of poetry; always pointing to the notes on the black-board when the class sings, so that they may form the habit of associating the notes with the tones.



In the example which we have just sung were the tones alike?—Yes.

Listen again. *Class listens*; and the teacher sings again two tones, this time making the second one higher than the first.

How many tones did I sing then?—Two.

Were they alike?—No.

How did they differ?—The last one was higher than the first.

Sing as I did. *Class sings the two tones with the teacher, making the last one higher.*

STATEMENT.—When tones differ in this way, one being relatively higher or lower than the other, they are said to differ in *Pitch*.

To assure himself that the class are giving attention, the teacher may ask a few questions.

* If the answers are not given promptly, and by the whole class, let the teacher always repeat the example, and ask the question again, and insist from the beginning that every question shall be answered, and every example sung, by the whole class.

Are tones always alike?—No.
 How do they sometimes differ?—One tone may be higher or lower than another.
 When one tone is higher or lower than another they are said to differ how?—In Pitch.

STATEMENT.—That department of music which treats of Pitch of tones is called **MELODICS**.

Draw table on black-board, thus:

Low or High.....Pitch.....MELODICS.

Pursue a similar course in introducing the subject of Length of tones.

Listen while I sing. Class listens; teacher sings two tones alike in pitch, but makes the first one short, and the second one longer.

How many tones did I sing?—Two
 Were they alike?—No.
 Did they differ in pitch?—No.
 How did they differ?—The last one was longer than the first.

STATEMENT.—When tones differ in this way, one being relatively longer or shorter than the other, they are said to differ in *Length*.

We have now learned that tones may differ in how many ways?—Two.

How first?—In pitch.

How next?—In length.

Teacher sings an example, making tones different in pitch.

How did these tones differ?—In pitch

Sing as I did. *Class sings.*

Teacher sings an example with tones differing in length.

How did these tones differ?—In length.

Sing as I did. *Class sings.*

Teacher sings an example with tones differing both in pitch and in length. Ask questions, and require the class to sing, as before.

STATEMENT.—That department of music which treats of the length of tones is called **RHYTHMICS**.

Write on the black-board, under the former tabular statement:

Short or Long.....Length.....RHYTHMICS.

Now introduce the subject of the Power of tones.

Class, listen while I sing again.

Class listens; teacher sings two tones, alike in pitch and length, but makes the first one soft and the second one loud.

How many tones did I sing?—Two.

Were they alike?—No.

Did they differ in pitch? No.

Did they differ in length?—No.

How did they differ?—The last one was louder than the first.

STATEMENT.—When tones differ in this way, one being relatively louder or softer than the other, they are said to differ in *Power*.

We have now learned that tones may differ in how many ways?—Three.

How first?—In pitch.

How next?—In length.

How last?—In power.

Teacher sings, requiring the class to sing after him various examples with tones differing in pitch, in length, and in power, etc.

STATEMENT.—That department of music which treats of the Power of tones is called **DYNAMICS**.

Write on the black-board underneath the former statements:

Soft or Loud.....Power.....DYNAMICS.

The teacher will then have the three general departments of music represented in tabular form, as follows;

DISTINCTIONS.	PROPERTIES.	DEPARTMENTS.
<i>Low or High</i>	<i>Pitch</i>	MELODICS.
<i>Short or Long</i>	<i>Length</i>	RHYTHMICS.
<i>Soft or Loud</i>	<i>Power</i>	DYNAMICS.

GENERAL QUESTIONS FOR THE REVIEW OF ALL THAT HAS BEEN TAUGHT THUS FAR.

Are tones always alike?

We have learned that they differ in how many ways?

When one tone is higher or lower than another, they are said to differ how?

When one tone is longer or shorter than another, they are said to differ how?

When one tone is louder or softer than another they are said to differ how?

What is that department of music called which treats of the length of tones?

What is that department of music called which treats of the pitch of tones?

What is that department of music called which treats of the power of tones?

Into how many general departments is the study of music divided?

CHAPTER II.

THE SCALE.

The teacher may now introduce the Scale in this way:—After calling the attention of the class, let him sing the ascending scale in a clear, full voice, making the tones of equal length and power, using the syllable la, and commencing at the pitch C.

How many tones did I sing?—Eight.

Were they alike or different?—Different.

How did each tone differ from the other?—In pitch.

Which one was lowest?—The first.

Which was highest?—The last.

The teacher now sings the scale again, requiring the class to sing with him.

STATEMENT.—These eight tones, which we have just sung, are called the **MUSICAL SCALE**. The first tone in the Scale is called One, the second Two, the third Three, etc.

Let the teacher now practise the scale with his class, using sometimes the syllable In, and again the numbers or scale names of the tones. Sing the scale both ascending and descending.

TEACHER.—It is found to be convenient in singing the scale to use the following syllables, viz.: Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.*

Teacher practise the scale with class, using the syllables.

We have learned that in music a certain character is used to represent a tone—What is it called?—A note.

Then how many notes will we need to represent the scale?—Eight.

Why?—Because the scale contains eight tones.

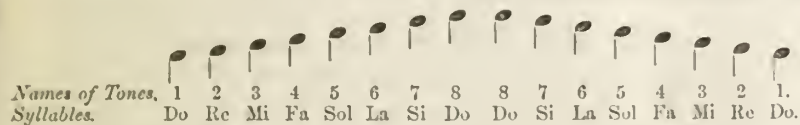
How do the tones in the scale differ?—In pitch.

Which is the lowest?—One.

Then if I write a note on the board to represent One of the scale, how may I write another note so as to represent Two of the scale?—Place it higher on the board.

How represent Three?—Place another note still higher, etc.

SCALE REPRESENTED BY NOTES.



Teacher practise the scale with class, pointing to the notes, and using sometimes the names 1, 2, 3, etc., and sometimes the syllables.

CHAPTER III.

ABSOLUTE PITCH, THE STAFF, CLEFS, ETC.

TEACHER.—We have learned that each tone of the scale differs from every other tone how?—ANSWER. In pitch.

That pitch which we have always taken thus far as One of the scale is called C; the pitch at which we sang Two of the scale, is called D; the pitch of Three, is E; of Four, is F; of Five, is G; of Six, is A; of Seven, is B; of Eight, is C.

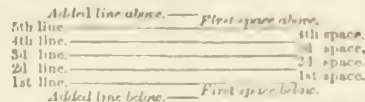
Pitch Names.	C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C.
Scale Names.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8.
Syllables.	Do	Re	Mi	Fa	Sol	La	Si	Do.

* Pronounced Doe, Ray, Mee, Fah, Sole, Lah, See, Doe.

Teacher practise the scale by pitch names as well as by syllables and scale-names.

STATEMENT.—The different degrees of pitch, C, D, E, etc., are represented by means of a character containing five lines, with four intermediate spaces, which is called the **STAFF**.

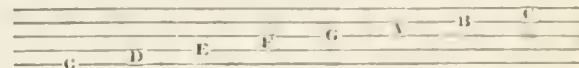
MUSICAL STAFF.



Each line and each space of the staff is called a degree, and represents some pitch.

EXAMPLE.—If we let the first line of the staff represent the pitch C, the first space will represent D, the second line E, etc.

STAFF IN WHICH THE FIRST LINE REPRESENTS THE PITCH C.



*Let the teacher now review by questions all that he has gone over thus far.**

How many tones in the scale?

What are their names?—1, 2, 3, 4, etc.

How does each tone differ from every other tone?

Which tone is the lowest?

Which tone is the highest?

At what pitch do we sing One of the scale?—C.

Two of the scale? Three? etc.

What character do we use to represent the different degrees of pitch?—The staff.


Of what is the staff composed?

What is each line and each space called?—A degree.

If we let the first line represent the pitch C, what will represent the pitch D? The pitch E? etc.

When short lines are used above or below the staff, what are they called?—Added or Ledger lines.

After reviewing, the teacher may turn to the board, and make the following

STATEMENT.—We frequently use the first added line below the staff to represent the pitch C. When we do, we place at the beginning a character like this, , which is called the **TREBLE** or **G CLEF**.

* We cannot urge upon the teacher too strongly the importance of continually reviewing each step. It is only in this way that he can secure the earnest attention of the class, and assure himself that all are giving attention, and fully understand him.

SCALE REPRESENTED BY NOTES, TREBLE STAFF.



Scale-names.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8.
Pitch-names.	c	d	e	f	g	a	b	c.
Syllables.	Do	Re	Mi	Fa	Sol	La	Si	Do.

All look at No. 1. What is the name of this character which you see composed of five lines and four spaces?

What is the name of the character placed at the beginning of the staff?

When you see this clef you know that the pitch C is represented by what degree of the staff?—The first added or leger line below.

What number of the scale does the first note in this exercise represent?


What is the pitch-name? What syllable do you use in singing it?

Read the exercise through by the syllables. Read it by scale-names. By pitch-names.

Sing it using syllables. Sing it using scale-names. Sing it using pitch-names.


No. 1.

EXERCISE IN TREBLE STAFF.



Do	Re	Mi	Mi, etc.
1	2	3	3, etc.
c	d	e	e, etc.

No. 2.



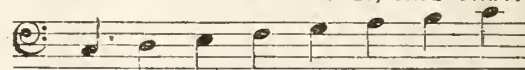
See the day in beau - ty clos - ing; See its gold - en light re - pos - ing; Where the eve - ning winds are straying. By the fountain gen - tly play - ing.

STATEMENT.—Sometimes the second space of the staff represents the pitch C. Then we use a clef like this:



which is called the BASE or F CLEF.

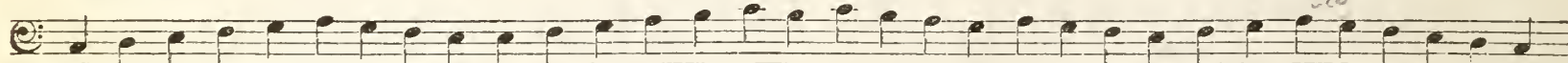
SCALE REPRESENTED BY NOTES, BASE STAFF.



Scale-names.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8.
Pitch-names.	c	d	e	f	g	a	b	c.
Syllables.	Do	Re	Mi	Fa	Sol	La	Si	Do.

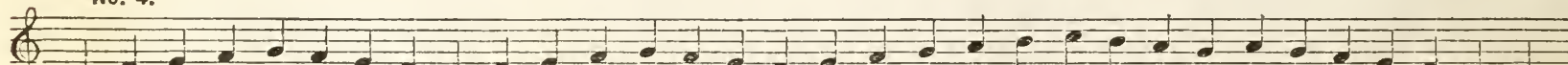
No. 3.

EXERCISE IN BASE STAFF.



Do	Re	Mi	Fa, etc.
1	2	3	4, etc.
c	d	e	f, etc.

No. 4.



Do Re Mi Fa Sol Fa Mi Re, Now the syl - la - bles we're sing - ing; Mi Fa Sol La Si Do Si La Sol La Sol Fa Mi Re Do Do.

1 2 3 4 5 4 3 2, Scale-names in the tre - ble sing - ing; 3 4 5 6 7 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 1.

c d e f g f e d, Let us all now sing the pitch-names; e f g a b c b a g a g f e d c c.

No. 5. ✕

Do Re Mi Re Mi Fa Mi Re, Syl - la - bles in Base staff sing-ing; Mi Fa Sol La Sol Fa Mi Mi Fa Sol La Si Do Si Do Do.
 1 2 3 2 3 4 3 2, Lis - ten, while we sing the scale-names; 3 4 5 6 5 4 3 3 4 5 6 7 8 7 8 8.
 c d e d e f e d, Now the pitch-names we are sing-ing; c f g a g f e e f g a b c b c e.

CHAPTER IV.

RHYTHMICS.

The teacher calls the attention of the class, and says:

TEACHER. Listen, while I sing.

Let him now sing two tones, say at the pitch G, making the first one short, and the last one much longer.

How many tones did I sing!—Two.

Were they alike!—No.

How did the last tone differ from the first!—It was longer.

How much longer!

Here the class will probably be somewhat puzzled, some answering "twice as long," others "three times as long," etc.

The teacher says: I see that you do not agree as to the exact relative length of the two tones. Now listen; and I will show you the way in which we measure the length of tones.

Let the teacher now count steadily "ONE, two, ONE, two," four times; making a downward beat of the hand as he counts one, and an upward beat as he counts two, and emphasizing the word ONE in counting.

How many times did I count "ONE, two"!—Four.

Class, count as I did; making a downward beat of the hand as you say "one," and an upward beat as you say "two."

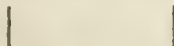
You will observe that as you count "one, two," you divide the time into equal portions, that is, equal portions of time pass away each time you say "one, two." Now the time that we take to count "one, two," we will call a MEASURE.

Count and beat three measures. *The class counts and beats.*

Four measures.

Five measures.

A measure is represented by the space between two perpendicular lines, thus:



These perpendicular lines are called BARS.

The teacher may now represent a number of measures on the board, thus:



Count and beat as many measures as are represented here.

Class counts and beats the four measures.

Count and beat four measures, and after the first measure I will sing. Notice how many tones I sing in each measure.

After the first measure let the teacher sing la la, la la, one tone to each half of the measure, keeping the same pitch.

In how many measures did I sing!—Three.

How many tones did I sing in each measure!—Two.

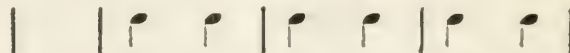
Were the tones alike in length!—Yes.

How do you know!—Because you sang one tone to each half of the measure.

What represents a tone!—A note.

If I should represent the tones as I sang them, how many notes would there be in each measure!—Two.

LESSON REPRESENTED AS SUNG.



Teacher now counts and beats, requiring the class to beat and sing the lesson. The teacher may add more measures, and alternate with the class—the class counting and beating while the teacher beats and sings, then the teacher counting and beating while the class beats and sings the exercise represented.

How many ways have we for measuring time!—Two.

What are they!—Counting and beating.

What represents a measure of time!—The space between two bars.

Which part of the measure do we accent!—The first.

How many parts in each measure!—Two.

Count and beat three measures.

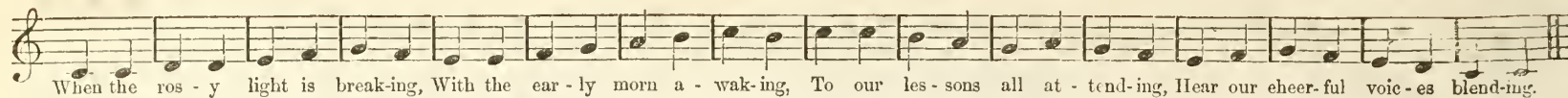
You count, while I beat.

You beat, while I count.

To which of the three departments of music, Melodies, Rhythmics, or Dynamics, does this subject of measuring time belong!

No. 6.

MEASURES.



In singing this exercise, require every member of the class to beat the time as well as sing. It may be well at first for the teacher to beat and count aloud while the class sings and beats, or divide the class into sections, and alternately one part count aloud and beat, while the other part sings and beats.

No. 7.

EXERCISE IN SHORT AND LONG TONES (TONE REPRESENTED BY TWO NOTES TIED).



When we wish to give a tone the time of two notes, as in this exercise, we usually represent such a tone by a different kind of note; thus,

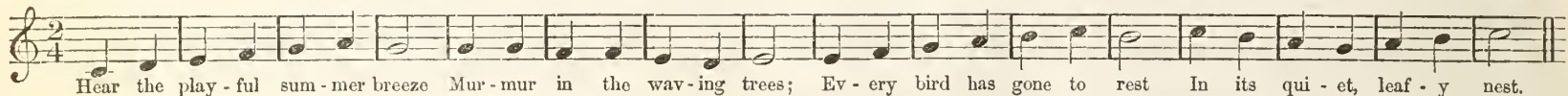


This note requires as much time as two of the others. It is called a *Half Note*. The others are called *Quarter Notes*.

Practise Exercise No. 8, which is the same as Exercise No. 7, except that half notes are used instead of the two quarter notes tied.

No. 8.

QUARTER AND HALF NOTES.



How much longer is the tone represented by the half note than by the quarter?—
Twice as long.

How many quarter notes fill the measure?

How many half notes?

How many beats in the measure?

How many quarter notes to each beat?

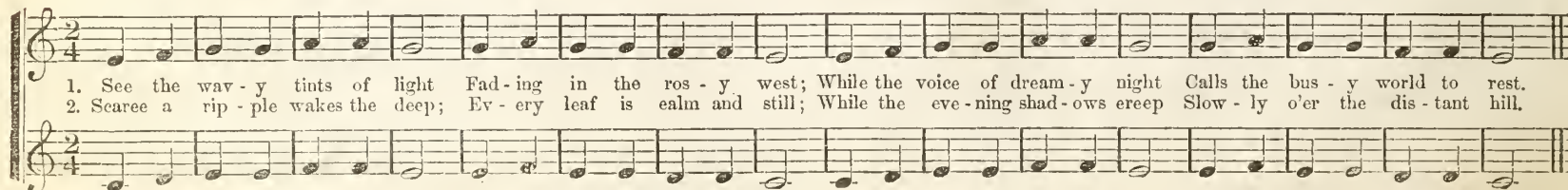
How many beats does the half note take?

What is a note?—A character which represents a tone.

STATEMENT.—The different kind of notes represent simply difference in length of tones.

The teacher may also state that it is customary to place figures on the staff, as in this example. The upper figure shows the number of beats in the measure; the lower, the kind of note which takes one beat.

No. 9.



Before practising the foregoing exercise, let the teacher question the class something in this way:

All look at the upper staff in this exercise. What clef is on this staff?—Treble.
When you see this clef, you know that the note representing One of the scale will be placed where?—On the added line below.

What pitch is represented by this line?—C.

Does the first note in this staff represent One?—No.

How do you know?—Because it is not on first added line below.

What number of the scale does it represent?—Three.

What pitch is represented by this line?—E.

Very well; you say that the first note represents Three of the scale. What does the next one represent?—Four.

The next?

The next?

In this way read through the exercise; first by scale-names, then pitch-names.

How many kinds of notes in this exercise?—Two.

What are they?—Quarter notes and half notes.

How many quarter notes does it take to fill a measure?

How many half notes?

How many beats to a half note?

How many to a quarter note?

After taking the pitch E, all together count and beat four measures, and then sing the

exercise, using syllables and beating the time. It is a good plan to divide the class into sections, and one part beat and count aloud, while the other sings. Practise each part separately, then sing in parts.

CHAPTER V.

SKIPS.

It is a good way for the teacher to familiarize the class with the Skips by scale practice before taking exercises containing them.

EXAMPLE.—Teacher require the class to sing 1 2 3 of the scale, and then stop; then sing 1 3. Practise 1 and 3 several times. Then sing 3 4 5; then 1 5; then 1 3 5. Then 5 6 7 8; then 1 3 5 8. Then 8 5 3 1.

Practise the skips 1 4 6 8, 8 6 4 1, in the same way.

No. 10.

SKIPS.



No. 11.

GREAT AND GOOD.

No. 12.

MORNING SONG.—EXERCISE COMMENCING ON THE SECOND PART OF THE MEASURE.

No. 13.

SUMMER HOURS.

1. Wel-come, wel-come, sum-mer hours, Mer-ry birds and blush-ing flowers, Laugh-ing skies se-rene-ly bright, Float-ing clouds of sum-mer light.

2. Wel-come, streams that murmur free, Wel-come, hap-py bird and bee, Wel-come, wel-come, sum-mer hours, Mer-ry birds and blush-ing flowers.

In these exercises take one part at a time, and require the class to read it through, first by the numbers or scale-names, then by the letters or pitch-names. Then all beat the time and sing, using the syllables. After practising each part by itself, divide the class into sections, and sing it in the parts.

CHAPTER VI.

RESTS.

In introducing the Rests, it is only necessary for the teacher to make the following

STATEMENT.—We sometimes wish to remain silent during a measure, or part of a measure, in a tune. We have characters which represent si-

lence, and which correspond in length to the different kinds of notes. They are called RESTS.

Quarter Rest, corresponds in length with quarter note;

Half Rest, corresponds in length with the half note.

No. 14.

EXERCISE WITH QUARTER RESTS.

Light-ly, O light-ly, the mor-ning winds a-round us play; Quick-ly, come quick-ly, while na-ture calls a-way, a-way.

No. 15.

EXERCISE WITH HALF RESTS.

Who will win a prize to-day? We who sing the sweetest, We who run the fleet-est, We who try the long-est, We who sing the strongest,—We will win a prize to-day.

The teacher should insist that every member of the class beats the time in practising these exercises; and in those exercises, in which the parts rest and sing alternately, require the part that rests to continue to beat and count aloud.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SCALE ABOVE AND BELOW.

Teacher and class sing the scale.

TEACHER. In all our practice thus far we have used only the eight tones contained in the scale. But most of us can sing several tones higher than the 8, or lower than 1.

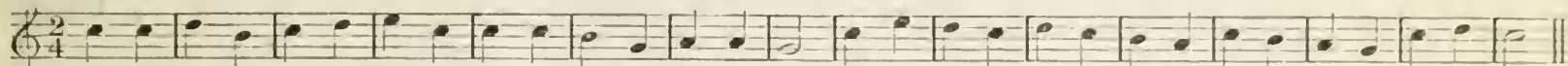
We can make a new scale above by taking the pitch C, which we have used as 8 of the old scale, for 1 of a new scale, and singing upwards.

OLD SCALE.								NEW SCALE ABOVE.							
Do	Re	Mi	Fa	Sol	La	Si	Do.	Do	Re	Mi	Fa	Sol	La	Si	Do.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8.
c	d	e	f	g	a	b	c.	c	d	e	f	g	a	b	c.

Teacher and class sing scale above as high as the voices can go easily, and play the rest of the scale on the instrument.

No. 16.

EXERCISE IN SCALE ABOVE.



Ear - ly store the mind with knowledge, Keep the heart from en - vy free; Would you learn a use - ful les - son, Come and watch the bus - y bee.

All sing the old scale now, commencing at 8, and descending.

We can now make a new scale below, by taking the pitch C, which we have just sung as 1, for 8 of the new scale, and singing downwards.

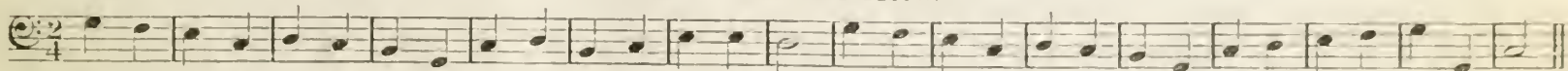
Sing new scale with class as low as the voices can go easily, and play the rest of the scale.

Afterwards sing Exercise in Lower Scale, No. 17.

OLD SCALE.								NEW SCALE BELOW.							
Do	Si	La	Sol	Fa	Mi	Re	Do.	Do	Si	La	Sol	Fa	Mi	Re	Do.
8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1.	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1.
c	b	a	g	f	e	d	c.	c	B	A	G	F	E	D	C.

No. 17

EXERCISE IN SCALE BELOW.



Time is like a fleet - ing shad - ow, Soon, too soon, it fades a - way; Ev - ery mo - ment is a treas - ure, Let us prize it while we may.

If we sing higher than the old scale, what tone of the old scale do we take for 1 of the new?

Sing 1 2 3 4 5 of the new scale above.

If we sing lower than the old scale, what tone of the old scale do we take for 8 of the new?

Sing 8 7 6 5 of the new scale below.

What is the pitch-name of 2 above?—D.

Of 3 above?—E.

Do the pitch-names and scale-names correspond in the upper scale?—Yes.

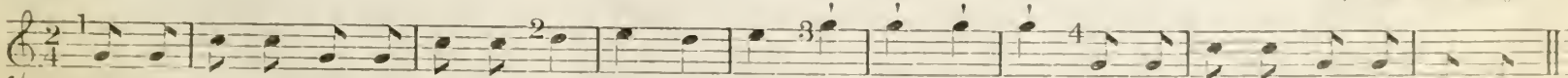
What is the pitch-name of 7 below?—B.

Of 6 below?—A.

Do the pitch-names and scale-names correspond in the scale below?—Yes.

ROUND.

Air, "Scotland's burning."



Take your plae - es, Take your plac - es, Come! Come! Come! Come! Hark! Hark! Hark! Hark! All at - ten - tion! All at - ten - tion!

No. 18.

EXERCISE IN SCALES ABOVE AND BELOW.

1. How sweet and fair all na-ture seems, In robes of va-ried hue; Her fra-grant lawns, her wind-ing streams, And skies of mild-est blue.

2. Be-neath the cool and qui-et shade She spreads her car-pet green; The laugh-ing moon-light wan-ders there, To bless the tran-quil scene.

CHAPTER VIII.

DIFFERENT VARIETIES OF MEASURE.

In introducing different varieties of measure, it will be well for the teacher first to call the attention of the class to the different kinds of accent in poetry.

EXAMPLE.—In all of our practice thus far, how many parts in each measure?—Two. Which part of the measure did we accent?—The first.

Read the words under Exercise No. 17, "Time is like a fleeting shadow," etc., and you will notice that in reading poetry you give an accent to certain words and syllables, in a manner exactly corresponding to the accent in music; thus, "*Time is like a fleet-ing shad-ow.*" In this example, the first syllable is accented, the second unaccented, the third accented, the fourth unaccented, and so on; every other syllable requiring an accent exactly as we accent the notes in the music.

So in Exercise No. 18, "How *sweet* and *fair* all *na-ture seems.*" In this example, the accent begins with the second word, the first word being unaccented. Consequently, in order to make the natural accent in the poetry and in the music correspond, we are obliged to sing the first word on the second or unaccented part of the measure.

There are different kinds of accent in poetry. Example: "*Come to the green-wood so cool and so fair.*" In this example you will notice that the first word is accented, then there are two unaccented, then one accented, then two more unaccented, etc. If we

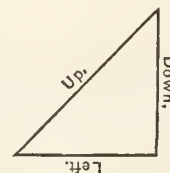
would make music to correspond to this kind of accent, we must have measures containing three parts: one accented and two unaccented.

EXAMPLE

Come to the green-wood so cool and so fair.

Teacher sing the example to the pitch G, and class count "ONE, two, three; ONE, two, three."

This kind of measure is called 'THREE-PART or TRIPLE measure. Beat with three motions of the hand—down, left, up.



and count ONE, two, three; ONE, two, three.

Require class to count and beat until every one is familiar with the movement.

No. 19.

THREE-PART MEASURE.

1. Pret-ty Blue-bell, in the val-ley so fair, Toss-ing her curls on the light sum-mer air, Calls the young blossoms to play with her there.

2. O-ver the mead-ow, and o-ver the lea, Ros-es and lil-ies come flock-ing to see, Who was the song-ster, and where she might be.

3. Soft as a rip-ple the mel-o-dy fell, "Here from the world in my beau-ty I dwell; Come, I will show you," sang pret-ty Blue-bell

No. 20.

"GEE UP."

Gee up! my Dob - bin, and trot a - long fast - er, Or we shall late be with din - ner for Mas - ter;
fast - er, Mas - ter;
Mas - ter'll get hun - gry, and you will get beat - en, And all for the din - ner that might have been eat - en.

When we wish a tone long enough to fill the whole measure of three beats, we use a note like this to represent it: $\text{P} \cdot$ It is made like a half-note with a dot placed after it, and is called THREE-QUARTER NOTE.

No. 21.

HOPE ON.

1. Hope on, and hope ev - er, our watch - word shall be, While sail - ing o'er life's trou - bled bil - lows; We'll nev - er de -
2. Hope on, and hope ev - er, no mat - ter what comes While wandering thro' sor - row's deep plac - es: The lov - er be - fore
3. Hope on, and hope ev - er; the heart's se - cret spring, 'Twill help us in life's ear - nest du - - ty; 'Twill lift us from
- spair, though the clouds may look dark, Or hang our bright harps on the wil - lows, Or hang our bright harps on the wil - lows.
day is the dark - est, they say; Thus dark - ness and light in - ter - la - ces, Thus dark - ness and light in - ter - la - ces.
an - guish, and sor - row, and tears, To vis - ions of gran - deur and beau - ty, To vis - ions of gran - deur and beau - ty.

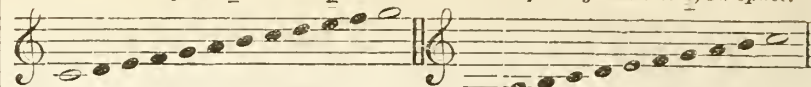
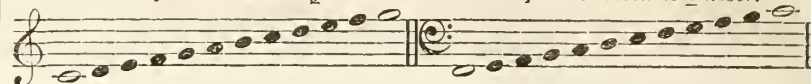
CLASSIFICATION OF VOICES.

The voice is naturally divided into four classes, viz.: lowest male voices, **BASE**; highest male voices, **TENOR**; lowest female voices, **ALTO**; highest female voices, **TREBLE**, or **SOPRANO**. Boys sing Alto until their voices change. Young Misses should practice Alto until their voices become firm.

Besides the above, there is a **BARITONE** voice, between the Base and Tenor; and the **MEZZO SOPRANO**, between the Alto and Treble.

NOTE.—While learning to read music in classes, it is sometimes advantageous to change parts occasionally, and frequently all may sing on one part; but in public, changing of parts should not be practised by any unless at the request of the leader. Every singer should sing the part best adapted to his or her voice, and what that is, the teacher or leader will soon be able to decide.

USUAL COMPASS OR EXTENT OF VOICES.

TREBLE—from *c* below to *g* above.ALTO—from *g* below to *c*, 3d space.TENOR—from *c* below to *g* above.BASE—from *F* below to *c* above.

No. 22.

NEVER SAY FAIL.

Tenor.

1. Keep working, 'tis wis - er than sit - ting a - side, And dreaming and sigh - ing and wait - ing the tide; In life's earnest bat - tle those on - ly pre - vail,

Alto.

2. With eyes ev - er o - pen, a tongue that's not dumb, A heart that will nev - er to sor - row suc - cumb; You'll bat - tle and eon - quer, tho' thousands as - sail:

Treble.

3. In life's ro - sy morning, in manhood's fair pride, Let this be your mot - to, your footsteps to guide: In storm and in sunshine, what - ev - er as - sail,

Base.

Who dai - ly march on - ward, and nev - er say fail, Nev - er say fail, Nev - er say fail, Nev - er say fail.

We'll on - ward and eon - quer, and nev - er say fail, Nev - er say fail, Nev - er say fail.

Then nev - er, oh, nev - er, oh, nev - er say fail, Nev - er say fail, Nev - er say fail, Nev - er say fail, Nev - er say fail.

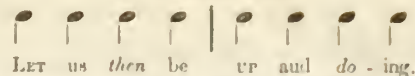
How many kinds of measure have we now?—Two.
 What are they called?—Two-part measure and three-part measure.
 Count and beat six measures, two-part measure.
 Count and beat six measures, three-part measure.
 Where does the accent come in two-part measure?
 Where does the accent come in three-part measure?
 How many quarter notes fill a two-part measure?
 How many quarter notes fill a three-part measure?
 What kind of note will fill a two-part measure?—A half note.
 What kind of note will fill a three-part measure?—A three-quarter note.

There is another variety of verse used in singing, where there are two kinds of accent, part of the words being accented strongly, and the other lightly; thus:

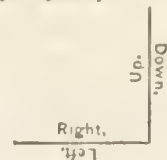
"LET us *then* be *up* and *do-ing*."

Such words require a measure with four parts: first part accented strongly, second part unaccented, third part accented lightly, fourth part unaccented.


EXAMPLE.



Have class sing at pitch G, and teacher count "ONE, two, three, four," etc. Beat with four motions of the hand—down, left, right, up.



Practise counting and beating with class.

This kind of measure, requiring four beats, is called FOUR-PART or QUADRUPLE measure, etc. The kind of note required to fill such a measure is called a WHOLE note: 

No. 23.

MUSIC EVERYWHERE.

Tenor.

1. Mu - sic in the spring - time, Wak - ing up the flowers; Mu - sic in the green leaves, Mu - sic in the bowers;

Treble.

2. Mu - sic in the rain - drops, Fall - ing with the night; Mu - sic in the young bird, When the day is bright;

Alto.

Bass.

Mu - sic in the cot - tage, Mu - sic on the lea; Mu - sic in the south - wind, Mu - sic o'er the sea.

Mu - sic in the crick - et, Chirp - ing loud and clear; Mu - sic in the spring - time, Mu - sic all the year

What is this new kind of measure called?—Four-part or Quadruple measure.
 How many quarter notes does it require to fill one of these measures?—Four.
 How many half notes?—Two.
 What kind of note will fill it?—Whole note.
 Count and beat six measures, four-part measure.
 On what part of the measure does the strong accent come?—The first.
 On what part of the measure does the light accent come?—The third.

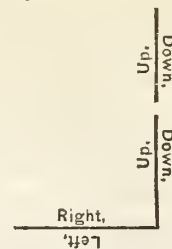
The class listen while I read the following verse, and observe the peculiar accent:

“Raindrops are falling, so graceful and still;
 Beautiful flowers with odor they fill:
 Summer is here, with its sunshine and rain,
 Making the roses look lovely again.”

The class will notice that we give here a strong accent to the first word or syllable, then two syllables unaccented, then the fourth syllable lightly accented, then two more unaccented; thus: “Sum-mer is *here*, with its sun-shine and *rain*,” etc. Such words set to music, would require a measure of six parts—the first part strongly accented, then two parts unaccented, the fourth part lightly accented, and then two parts more unaccented, etc.; thus:



Count and beat with six motions of the hand—Down, down, left, right, up, up.



Practise counting and beating with the class; and practise exercise above, at the pitch of G.

NOTE.—It is always best for the class to know how to beat six beats in the measure. In actual practice, however, the teacher will find it more convenient to beat *two* beats in the measure, and count “One, two, three,” to the down-beat, and “four, five, six,” to the up-beat.

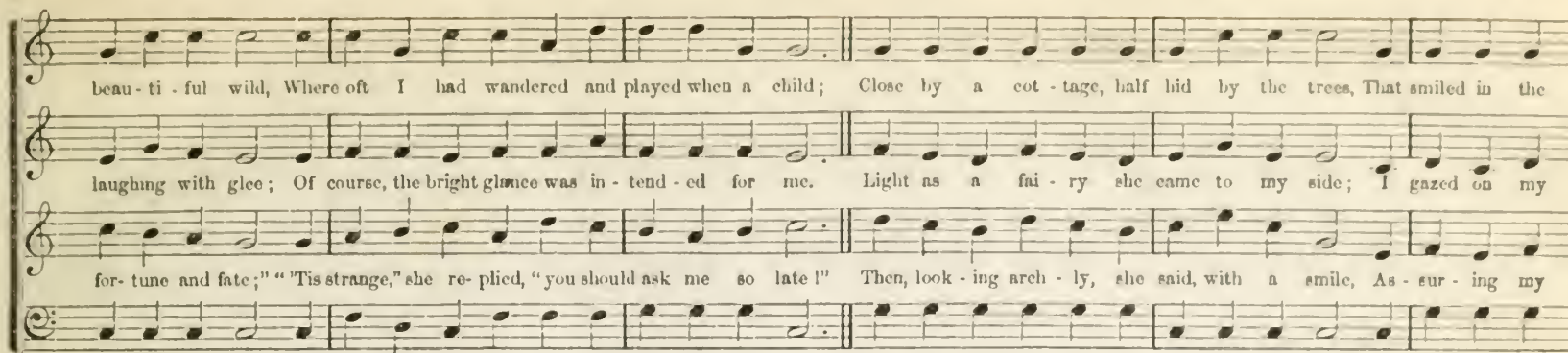
No. 24.

WELL I REMEMBER.

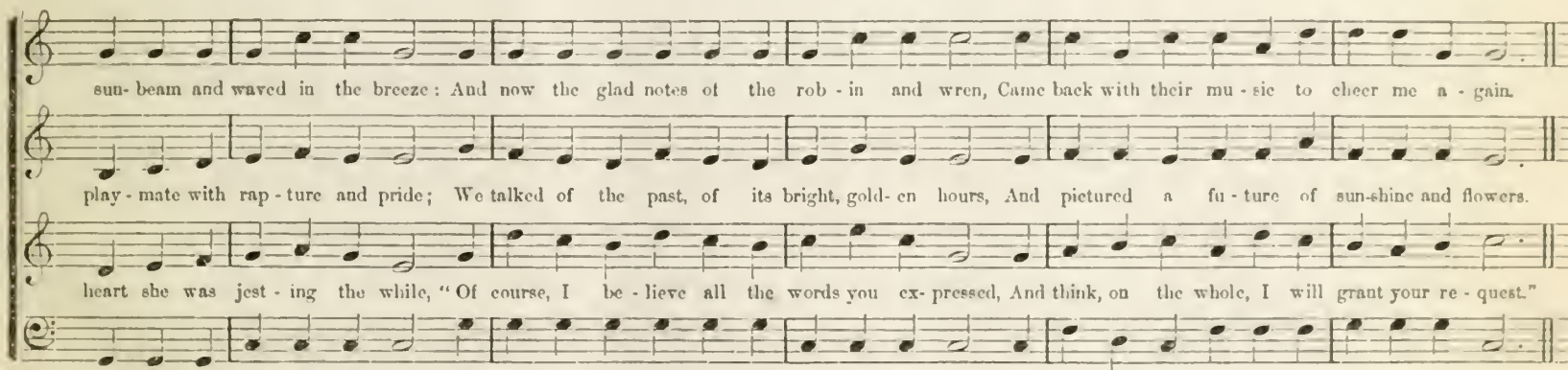
1. Well I re-mem-ber a bright sum-mer day, When care-less-ly roam-ing for pleas-ure a-way, I came to a rock in a

2. Why did I start with a joy-ful sur-prise, To see at the win-dow a pair of blue eyes Look out from their lash-es, and

3. “Dar-ling,” I said, “I have lit-tle in store, Yet wil-ling and read-y to la-bor for more; I ask you to share in my



beau - ti - ful wild, Where oft I had wandered and played when a child; Close by a cot - tage, half hid by the trees, That smiled in the
laughing with glee; Of course, the bright glance was in - tend - ed for me. Light as a fai - ry she came to my side; I gazed on my
for - tune and fate;" "Tis strange," she re - plied, "you should ask me so late!" Then, look - ing arch - ly, she said, with a smile, As - sur - ing my



sun - beam and waved in the breeze: And now the glad notes of the rob - in and wren, Came back with their mu - sic to cheer me a - gain.
play - mate with rap - ture and pride; We talked of the past, of its bright, gold - en hours, And pictured a fu - ture of sun - shine and flowers.
heart she was jest - ing the while, "Of course, I be - lieve all the words you ex - pressed, And think, on the whole, I will grant your re - quest."

What is the last new kind of measure called?—Six-part or Sextuple measure.

How many quarter notes does it take to fill a measure?—Six.

How many three-quarter notes?—Two.

Which part of the measure receives the strong accent?—The first.


Which the light accent?—The fourth.

How many kinds of measure have we now?

Count and beat six measures, six-part measure.

CHAPTER IX.

EIGHTH AND SIXTEENTH NOTES.

TEACHER. Sometimes we wish to sing two tones to one beat. In such a case, we use a note which represents a tone only half as long as a quarter note. It is called an EIGHTH note,  We sing two of these notes to one beat.

No. 25.

EXERCISE WITH EIGHTH NOTES.

Tenor.

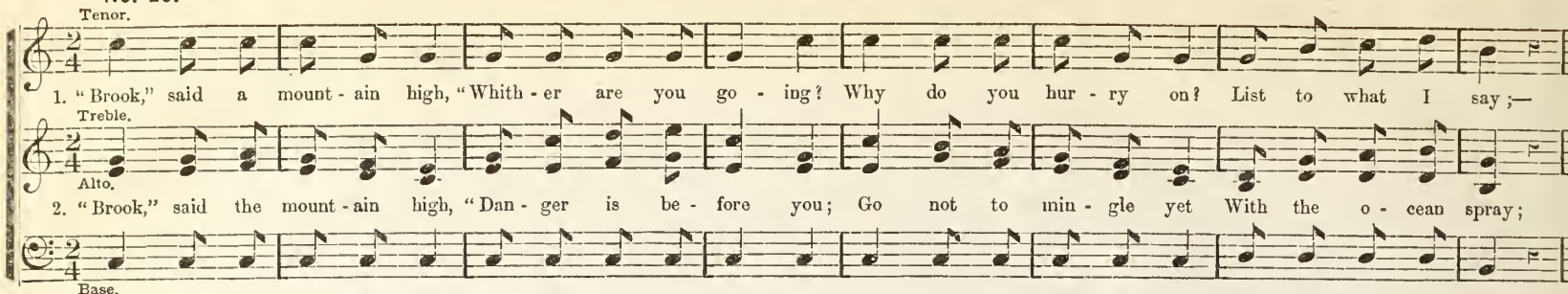
1. "Brook," said a mount - ain high, "Whith - er are you go - ing? Why do you hur - ry on? List to what I say;—

Treble.

2. "Brook," said the mount - ain high, "Dan - ger is be - fore you; Go not to min - gle yet With the o - cean spray;

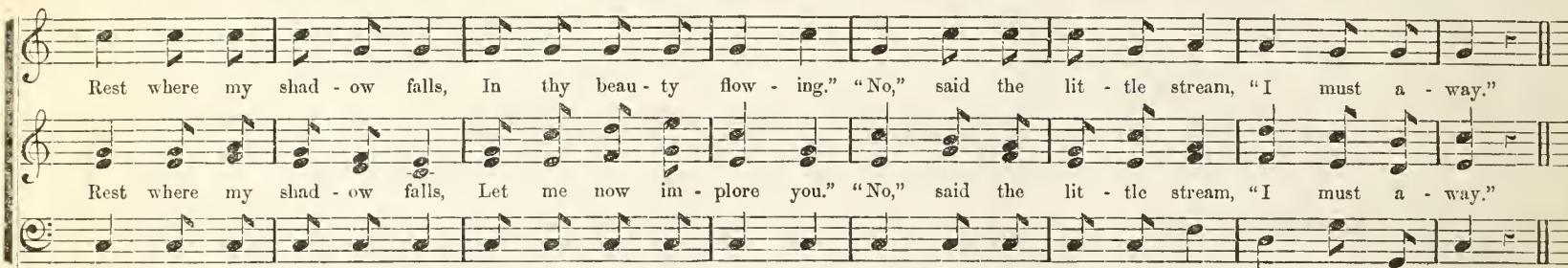
Alto.


Base.



Rest where my shad - ow falls, In thy beau - ty flow - ing." "No," said the lit - tle stream, "I must a - way."

Rest where my shad - ow falls, Let me now im - plore you." "No," said the lit - tle stream, "I must a - way."



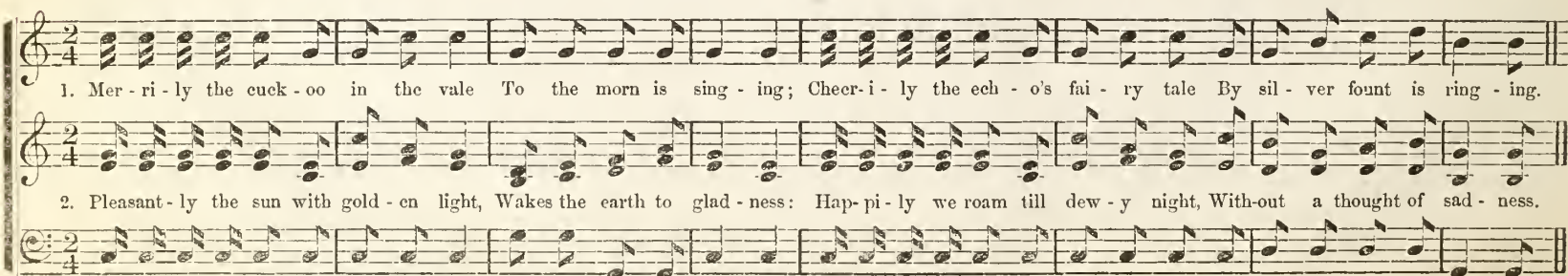
The note which represents a tone one-half as long as an eighth note is written thus:  It is called a SIXTEENTH note. Sing four Sixteenth notes to one beat.

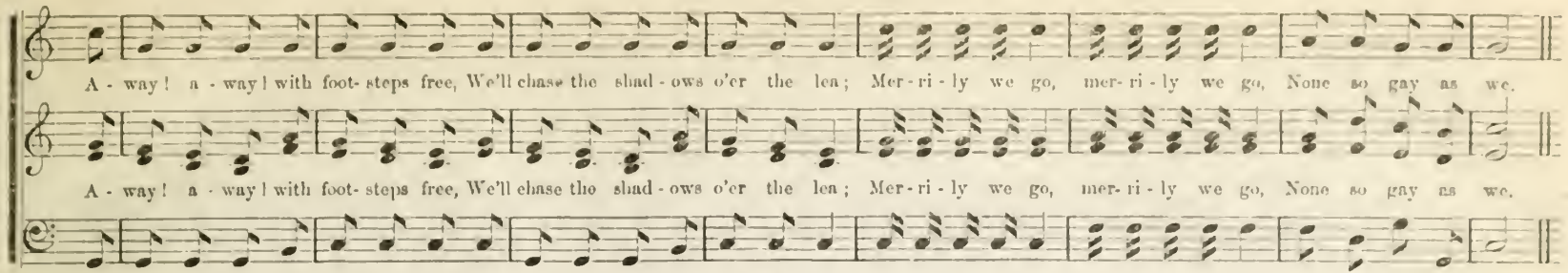
No. 26.

EXERCISE WITH SIXTEENTH NOTES.

1. Mer - ri - ly the cuck - oo in the vale To the morn is sing - ing; Cheer - i - ly the ech - o's fai - ry tale By sil - ver fount is ring - ing.

2. Pleasant - ly the sun with gold - en light, Wakes the earth to glad - ness: Hap - pi - ly we roam till dew - y night, With - out a thought of sad - ness.





A - way! a - way! with foot-steps free, We'll chase the shad - ows o'er the lea; Mer - ri - ly we go, mer - ri - ly we go, None so gay as we.

A - way! a - way! with foot-steps free, We'll chase the shad - ows o'er the lea; Mer - ri - ly we go, mer - ri - ly we go, None so gay as we.

TABLE SHOWING RELATIVE VALUES OF NOTES.



Whole Note.

Three-quarter Note.

Half Notes.

Quarter Notes.







Eighth Notes.

Sixteenth Notes.

Thirty-second notes.

Name and describe the above; as: One whole note is equal to two halves—four quarters, etc.

TEACHER. The names and proportions of the Rests are the same as the Notes.

Whole Rest.	Half Rest.	Quarter Rest.	Eighth Rest.	Sixteenth Rest.	Thirty-second Rest.
					

What is a note?—A character, etc.

How do the tones represented by the different kinds of notes differ?—In length.

How does the three-quarter note differ in appearance from the half note?—It has a dot placed after it.

How much longer is the tone represented by the three-quarter note than the half?—Half as long again.

STATEMENT.—The dot placed after any note always makes the tone one half as long again.







For example:—The half note requires two beats; place a dot after it, and it will require three beats. The quarter note requires one beat; place a dot after it, and it requires one beat and a half, etc.

CHAPTER XI.

DYNAMICS (POWER OF SOUND).

TEACHER. To sing in good taste, our tones must be varied with respect to their power or stress, sometimes singing louder, and sometimes softer, according to the character of the song or sentiment. For this purpose, DYNAMICS are used.

DYNAMIC CHARACTERS EXPLAINED.

<i>Piano</i> ,.....	marked <i>p</i> ,.....	Soft.
<i>Pianissimo</i> ,.....	marked <i>pp</i> ,.....	Very soft.
<i>For</i> te,.....	marked <i>f</i> ,.....	Loud.
<i>Fortissimo</i> ,.....	marked <i>ff</i> ,.....	Very loud.
<i>Mozzo</i> ,.....	marked <i>m</i> ,.....	Medium.
<i>Mozzo Piano</i> ,.....	marked <i>mp</i> ,.....	Rather soft.
<i>Mozzo Forte</i> ,.....	marked <i>mf</i> ,.....	Rather loud.
<i>Crescendo</i> ,.....	marked <i>cres.</i> , or 	Commence soft and increase.
<i>Diminuendo</i> ,.....	marked <i>dim.</i> , or 	Commence loud and diminish.
<i>Swell</i> ,.....	marked 	Swell.
<i>Sforzando</i> , or <i>Explosive</i> ,.....	marked <i>sf</i> , or 	Sudden and full.
<i>Staccato</i> ,.....	marked 	Short and distinct.
<i>Legato</i> ,.....	marked 	Connected and clear.

No. 27.

DYNAMIC CHARACTERS APPLIED.

Breezes now are soft-ly blowing, Streamlets gently now are flowing. Soft-ly now, Soft-ly now, Lightly raise the song; Loudly now, Loudly now, Loud and very strong.

No. 28.

THE COMING SPRING.

1. Shout and sing! For soon will come the spring, And then, their green dress wearing, The woods and fields appearing, We'll shout and sing To welcome in the spring.
 2. Soon they'll go, The melt-ing ice and snow; For now from all the mountains Roll down the smaller fountains, And soon they'll go, The melt-ing ice and snow.
 3. Sing on, then, We're joy-ful once a-gain; We bid a-dieu to sor-row, For hope gilds eve-ry morrow; Sing on, sing on, We're joy-ful once a-gain.
 4. Welcome, Spring! Thou dear, de-lightful Spring! Oh, quick-ly may we greet thee, In field and gar-den meet thee; Then welcome, Spring! Thou dear, delightful Spring!

Before practising this exercise, let the teacher explain that the dots placed before the double bars signify a REPEAT.

No. 29.

KATY-DID! KATY-DID-N'T! — A DIALOGUE.

First time, FIRST SEMI-CHORUS; second time, SECOND SEMI-CHORUS.

With Gentleness and Delicacy of expression.

1. *mf* Tell me, pret-ty lit-tle el-fin, in your cor-sage green, [Tell me] Have you seen my Ka-ty pass this way since yes-ter e'en?
 2. *mp* Hush, ye streamlets, cease your mu-sic, wind-ing thro' the vale; [Still, oh,] Still, my heart, your fear-ful throb-bing star-tles hill and dale.
 3. O thou cru-el lit-tle elf, is what you tell me true? [Did she!] Did she say, with curl-ing lip, that me she nev-er knew?
 4. Sing, ye war-blers! sing, ye wood-lands! sing, ye list-less breeze! [Zephyrs] Zeph-yrs, bear-ing on your bos-om balm from dis-tant seas,

NOTE.—It is recommended that all such pieces be first practised in chorus. When the members become somewhat familiar, divisions into semi-chorus may be made to advantage.

FIRST SEMI-CHORUS.

A little faster, and with more spirit and emphasis.

SECOND SEMI-CHORUS.

1st.

2d.

Did she have a stranger with her, whisp'ring words of love! [Did she!] Did she sigh, and did she answer murmuring words of love! [Did she!] love!
 I would ask you, pret-ty el-fin, thou in emerald vest, [Did she!] Did she lay her tress-es kind-ly on the stranger's breast! [Did she!] breast!

Did she promise, 'neath the bow-er, him her treacherous heart! [Did she!] Did she vow by Lu-na's beams they ne'er a-gain should part! [Did she!] part!
 Gath-er round a heart that's broken, still, oh, still, for aye, [Sing, oh,] Sing of Ka-ty's faith-ful love, that ev-er sorrowing cry. [Sing, oh,] cry.

SECOND SEMI-CHORUS.

1st SEM.

2d SEM.

FULL CHORUS.

"Yes, she did, Ka-ty did. Ka-ty did-n't! Ka-ty did-n't! Ka-ty did! Ka-ty did-n't! Ka-ty did-she did!"

"Yes, she did, Ka-ty did. Ka-ty did-n't! Ka-ty did-n't! Ka-ty did! Ka-ty did-n't! Ka-ty did-she did!"

No. 30.

SEE OUR OARS WITH FEATHERED SPRAY.

From "Song Cabinet," by permission.

1. See our oars with feathered spray Spar-kle in the beam of day; In our lit-tle bark we glide Swift-ly o'er the si-lent tide,

2. See our oars with feathered spray Spar-kle in the beam of day; In our lit-tle bark we glide Swift-ly o'er the si-lent tide,

From yon - der lone and rock - y shore, The war - rior her - mit to re-store. We row, we row, we row, we row, In meas - ured time we

And sweet the mor - ning breez - es blow, While thus in meas - ured time we row. We row, we row, we row, we row, In meas - ured time we

row; We row, we row, we row, we row, In meas - ured time we row, We row, we row, In measured time we row. *ritard.*

row; We row, we row, we row, we row, In meas - ured time we row, We row, we row, In measured time we row. *ritard.*

CHAPTER XII.

INTERVALS.

Teacher and class sing the Scale.

TEACHER.—Sing with me the tones 1 8. *Teacher and class sing 1 8.*

How do these tones differ?—In pitch.

We call the difference in pitch between any two tones an INTERVAL.

What is the difference in pitch between two tones called?—An Interval.

What is an interval?—An interval is the difference in pitch between any two tones.

Sing with me the tones 1 5. *Teacher and class sing 1 5.*

Is this interval larger or smaller than the one between 1 8?—Smaller.

Sing 1 3.

Interval larger or smaller than 1 5?

Sing 1 2.

Interval larger or smaller than the others?—Smaller.

This interval, from 1 to 2, is called a step. Sing 1 2. *Class sings.*

What is the interval?—A step.

Sing 2 3. *Class sings.*

Does this interval seem the same in size as the one from 1 to 2?—The same.

The name of this interval, then, is also a step.

Sing 3 4. *Class sings.*

Does this interval seem larger or smaller, or the same in size as the interval between 1 and 2, and between 2 and 3?—It seems smaller.*

An interval of this size is called a HALF-STEP.

What is the interval from 1 to 2?—A step.

From 2 to 3?—A step.

From 3 to 4?—A half-step.

Sing 4 5. *Teacher and class sing.*

What is the interval?—A step.

Sing 5 6. *They sing.*

What is the interval?—A step.

Sing 6 7. *They sing.*

* Many of the class may not, at first, discern the difference in the size of the intervals. Let the teacher practise carefully, singing with the class, first Re Mi, very strongly, then carefully, Mi Fa, then again Re Mi, then Mi Fa, and very soon most of the class will be able to detect the difference in the intervals by the ear.

What is the interval!—A step.

Sing 7 8.

What is the interval!—A half-step.

How many kinds of intervals have we, then, in the scale!—Two.

What is the largest one called!—A step

The smallest!—A half-step.

How many half-steps are there in the scale!—Two.

They come between what tones!—Between 3 and 4, and between 7 and 8.

What are all the other intervals!—Steps.

It may now be well for the teacher to state to the class that the interval from 1 to 3 is called a third; from 1 to 4, a fourth; from 1 to 5, a fifth; from 1 to 6, a sixth; from 1 to 7, a seventh; and from 1 to 8, an octave.

Teacher draw this Diagram upon the black-board:

What is the interval from 1 to 2!—A step.

From 2 to 3!

From 3 to 4!

From 4 to 5!

From 5 to 6!

From 6 to 7!

From 7 to 8!

How many steps are there!

How many half-steps!

Between what numbers of the scale do the half-steps occur?

What is the interval from C to D!

From D to E!

From E to F!

From F to G!

From G to A!

From A to B!

From B to C!

Between which letters of the staff do the half-steps come!—Between E and F, and between B and C.

What is an interval!

CHAPTER XIII.

TRANSPOSITION OF THE SCALE.

[NOTE.—We do not think it advisable for the teacher to attempt to explain the theory of transposition just at this point. With most classes it would be better for the teacher to simply ask:

What pitch have we always taken as 1 of the scale in our practice thus far?—The pitch C.

When any other pitch than C is taken as 1 of the scale, the scale is said to be transposed.

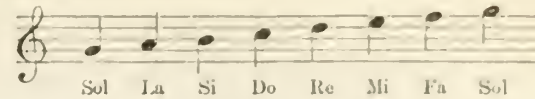
The teacher may now practise the scale, taking the pitch G as 1; then practise exercises in the key of G, explaining that the key of G is represented by one sharp placed on the staff; the key of D by two sharps; etc. After passing on and practising in the different keys, the teacher may review and explain the theory of transposition, as follows. In the meantime, he should practise thoroughly the lesson in intervals, as it will be impossible for the class to understand the theory of transposition until they are very familiar with the different kinds of intervals in the scale, and can tell instantly where the intervals of the half-steps occur, i. e., between which scale-tones and between which pitch-tones.]

Sing the scale with class, to syllables, Do Re Mi, etc.

Now sing with class up to 5 of the scale, and then stop.

Now we will commence with this note, 5 of the scale, and sing up to 5 above.

Write out the exercise on board, thus:



Now we will sing the first tone, pitch G, to the syllable Do, instead of Sol, and think of it as 1 of the scale, instead of 5.

All sing pitch G to syllable Do.

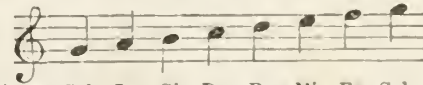
Now all think of this tone as 1 of the scale, and sing with me up the scale.

All sing up the scale, Do Re Mi, etc.

Do you think we sang the same tones then that we did when we sang before, Sol La Si Do, etc.? *Most of the class will probably say, yes.*

We will try, and see. We will sing together, part of us singing Sol La Si, etc., and the rest Do Re Mi, etc.

Let the teacher now divide the class into two divisions, and let one part sing the pitch G to syllable Sol, and the rest the same pitch to the syllable Do. Then all together sing; one part singing, Sol La Si Do Re Mi Fa Sol; and the others, Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Si Do.



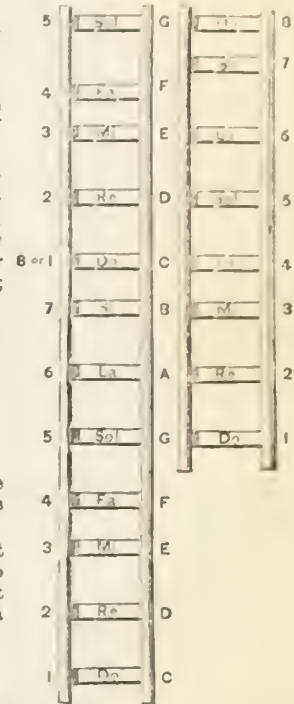
1st Division. Sol La Si Do Re Mi Fa Sol.

2d Division. Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Si Do.

You seem to get on well together, and sing the same tones, until you come to next the last, and then there is a clash. Try it again. *All sing again.*

There seems to be some trouble with next to the last tone. I will tell you what the trouble is:—Those who sing the first tone, G, as 1 or Do, when you get to next the last note, you do not sing the pitch F, but a tone a half-step higher than F.

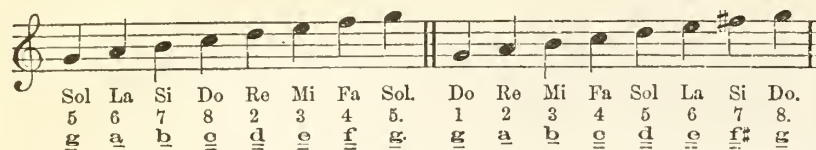
Teacher draw on the board this diagram:



You will see by looking at this diagram where the difficulty is. The interval from E to F is a half-step, while the interval from 6 to 7 is a whole step. If, therefore, we sing the scale so that 6 comes on the pitch E, 7 will not come on F, but on another pitch a half-step higher.

The name of the pitch-tone a half-step higher than F is F-sharp.* So you see what the difficulty was in your singing:—one part of the class were trying to sing the pitch F, and the other the pitch F-sharp, which is a half-step higher.

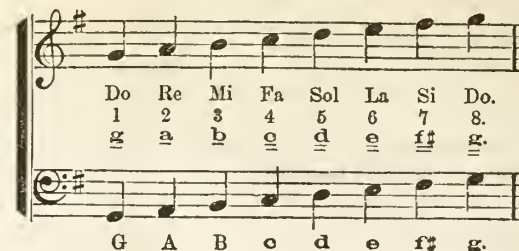
When the pitch-tone F-sharp is to be sung, it is indicated by placing this character, [#] on that degree of the staff which represents the pitch F, as in the following example :



* The character, SHARP, is written thus, [#]. Sharp, in musical language, means higher: F-sharp, a tone half-step higher than F.

When any other pitch than C is taken for 1 of the scale, the scale is said to be TRANSPOSED. Transposition means change of place. In this example, where we take the pitch G for 1, the scale is transposed. As we always sing the pitch F-sharp when the pitch G is taken for 1, F-sharp is called the SIGNATURE of the KEY of G.

SCALE TRANSPOSED. KEY OF G.



No. 31.

EVENING SONG.

1. Rest we now from la - bor, Eve-ning's shades are near; Gen - tle hearts a - wait our com - ing, Those we love so dear;

2. Let us ask his bless - ing Through the si - lent night; May he guard our tran - quil slum - ber 'Till the mor - ning light.

In our peace - ful dwell - ing, While its joys we share, Let us thank our gra - cious Fa - ther For his ten - der care.

Rest we now from la - bor, Eve-ning's shades are near; Gen - tle hearts a - wait our com - ing, Those we love so dear.

When is the scale transposed?—When any other pitch than C is taken for 1 of the scale.

In the last example what pitch is taken for 1 of the scale?—G.

What number of the scale was the pitch G, when C was taken for 1?—5.

How far did we move the scale, then, in transposing it?—A fifth.

Do we sing the same pitch-tones when the pitch G is taken as 1 of the scale, that we did when pitch C was taken as 1?—No.

What change are we obliged to make?—Instead of the pitch F, we sing F-sharp.

How does F-sharp differ from F?—It is a half-step higher.

How is F-sharp indicated?—By placing the character of the sharp on the degree of the staff which represents F.

What does the word sharp mean in music?—Higher.

What is the signature of G?—One sharp on F.

Where is the signature placed?—Just after the clef.

In this song, is the pitch C taken for 1 of the scale?—No.

When some other pitch than C is taken for 1, what is said of the scale?—It is said to be transposed.

What does transposition mean?—Change of place.

In the upper staff, what number of the scale does the first note represent?

The next? etc.

What pitch-tone does the first note represent?

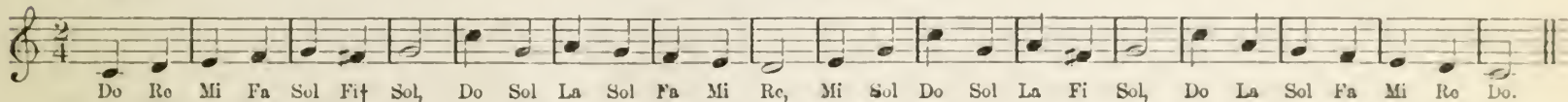
CHAPTER XIV.

ACCIDENTALS.*

TEACHER. This new pitch, F-sharp, sometimes occurs in a tune which is written in the key of C. In such a case, it is called an ACCIDENTAL.

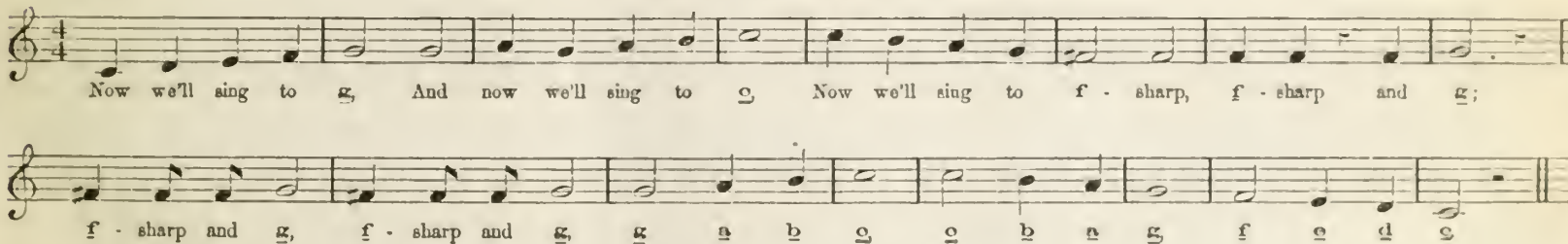
No. 32.

EXERCISE WITH ACCIDENTALS.



No. 33.

SONG OF F-SHARP.



* [The teacher may say to the class:

We found no difficulty in singing the new pitch F-sharp while practising in the key of G, as it occurs unavoidably in the natural scale-progression. Now we will try and sing the same pitch in the key of C, where it will occur as an accidental.

Teacher and class sing the scale in the key of C. Class sing up to 5, and pause; teacher sings 5 only. Class sing 1; teacher sing 5. Class sing 2; teacher, 5. Class sing 3; teacher, 5. Class, 4; teacher, 5. Re-commence, and class sing to 4, and pause and listen; teacher sing sharp-4, using the syllable Fee, prolonging it, and making it clear and distinct. He says:

Did I sing 4 or 5?—Answers will be various, but some will say, Neither.

What, then, did I sing?—Some will say (having been prepared for it), Sharp-4.

What is the pitch of 4?—F.

What will be the pitch of this new tone?—F-sharp.

Teacher sing, class singing after him:—5, sharp-4, 5, sharp-4, 5, 3, 4, sharp-4, 5.

Careful practice in this way will soon enable the class to sing the sharp-4 with great accuracy.]

† Pronounce Fee.

No. 34.

EVENING SONG.

Come a - way, the moon is beam - ing; All the earth of joy is dream - ing; Gold - en stars, in beau - ty gleam - ing, O'er the crys - tal wa - ters play.

No. 35.

SINGING, SINGING.

Sing - ing, sing - ing, we are sing - ing, Joy - ful songs of grate - ful praise; Vale and woodland, hear them ring - ing, While our notes we raise.

Sing - ing, sing - ing, we are sing - ing, Joy - ful songs of praise; Vale and woodland, hear them ring - ing, While our cheer - ful notes we raise.

No. 36.

THE GAY YOUNG RIDER.

Quick and Lively.

NOTE.—The principal melody in this piece being in the Tenor, that part should be the most prominent.

1. { One morning, bright and ear - ly, So ear - ly, so ear - ly, My po - ny I bestrode, } For 'twas my great - est pride That she should see me
And near my An - na's eot - tage, Her eot - tage, her cot - tage, I took the well known road :

2. { There stood my love - ly An - na, My An - na, my An - na, Be - side her blooming bower, } My hat I gen - tly raised, And on her beau - ty
She trimmed the opening ros - es, The ros - es, the ros - es, Her - self the fair - est flower ;

3. { To show my skill - ful rid - ing, My rid - ing, my rid - ing, I spurred him ve - ry sly, } Then off he went like wind, And left me there be -
A - las ! he reared and threw me, He threw me, he threw me, In - to a ditch hard by :

4. { On hands and knees I scrambled, I scrambled, I scrambled, And reached at length dry land, } But worse than all by half, ha, ha, I heard Miss An - na
And oh ! in such a plight, sir, A plight, sir, a plight, sir, Be - fore her face to stand :

ride, Trip, trip, trip, trip, trip, po-ny, trip, trip, trip so mer-ri-ly, Trip, trip, trip, trip, trip, po-ny, trip, Trip, trip so mer-ri-ly.
gazed, Trip, trip, trip, trip, trip, po-ny, trip, trip, trip so mer-ri-ly, Trip, trip, trip, trip, trip, po-ny, trip, Trip, trip so mer-ri-ly.
- hind. Hwo, hwo, hwo, hwo, hwo, po-ny, hwo, stop, stop, stop, stop, I pray, Hwo, hwo, hwo, hwo, hwo, po-ny, hwo, Stop, stop, stop, stop, I pray.
laugh, ha, So drip-ping home I go.

No. 37.

CUCKOO!

1. Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo! Bra-vo! Let us be sing-ing,..... Spring-time, Spring-time soon will be here.
1. Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo! Bra-vo, how clear! Let us be sing-ing, Dance-ing and springing; Spring-time, Spring-time soon will be here.

2. Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Bravo! sing on!
We'll to the meadows,
Chasing the shadows;
Spring-time, Spring-time cometh anew

3. Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Bravo! I say;
Thou hast foretold it,
Now we behold it;
Winter, Winter hastens away.

4. Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Bravo! how clear!
Let us be singing,
Dancing and springing;
Spring-time, Spring-time now we have here.

CHAPTER XV.

TRANSPPOSITION—TWO SHARPS.

Teacher and class sing the old scale in the key of C.

TEACHER.—When we transposed the scale to G, how far did we move it!—ANSWER.
Up to 5.
What is the interval from 1 to 5 called!—A fifth.

What pitch-tone do we sing in the key of G which we do not sing in the key of C!
How does the pitch F-sharp differ from F!
In the key of C, what number of the scale is the pitch F!—4.
In transposing the scale a fifth, we find that we must change the pitch of what number of the scale!—4.
In the place of 4, we must have what!—Sharp-4.
What is the pitch of sharp-4!—F-sharp.
In transposing the scale from C to G (a fifth), we found that we sung one new tone; and that new tone was sharp-4 of the old scale in the place of 4. Whenever we trans-

pose the scale a fifth, we shall find that we sing one new tone; and that new tone will always be sharp-4 of the old scale, instead of 4. Hence, this

RULE.—Sharp-4 transposes the scale a fifth.

We will now transcribe the scale again. *Teacher and class sing* 1 2 3 4 5, in the key of G.

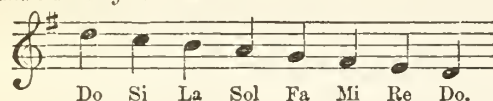
What number of the scale was the last tone which we sang?—5.

What is the pitch?—D.

Sing this tone to the syllable Do, and think of it as 1. *Class sings.*

Do you think we can sing the whole eight tones of the scale above this?—No.

Well, think of this tone as 8, and we will sing down to the lower D.^{8 or 1} *Teacher and class sing down the scale.*



We will represent 1 of the scale on this lower D, as we cannot sing it above.

Teacher and class practise scale in key of D.

How far did we transpose the scale in going from the key of G to the key of D?—A fifth.

According to our rule, then, we must have sung one new tone which we did not have in the key of G. Do you know what new tone you sang according to the rule?—Yes.

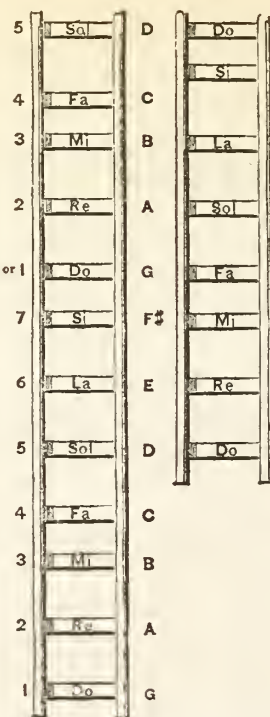
What was it?—We sang sharp-4 in the key of G instead of 4.

What was the pitch of 4 in the key of G?—C.

What will be the pitch of sharp-4?—C-sharp.

According to our rule, then, we must have sung C-sharp instead of C, when we sung the scale in the key of D.

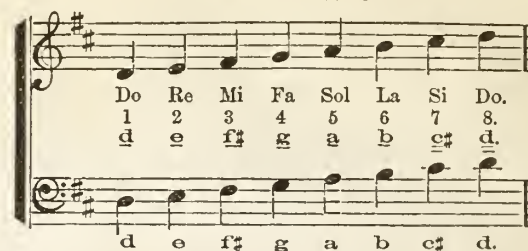
Teacher draw the diagram on the board.



You will see, by looking at the diagram, that when we sing the pitch B as 6 of the scale, we must sing the pitch C-sharp as 7.

As we sing the pitches of F-sharp and C-sharp when D is taken for 1, F-sharp and C-sharp (or two sharps) are called the signatures, or signs, of the key of D.

SCALE IN KEY OF D.



When we moved the scale from the pitch C to G, how far did we transpose it?—A fifth.

When we went from the pitch G to D, how far did we transpose?—A fifth.

When we transposed a fifth, how many new tones do we sing?—One.

What rule have we about the new tones in transposing?—"Sharp-4 transposes the scale a fifth."

What new tone did we sing when we transposed from C to G?—F-sharp.

What number of the scale is F-sharp, in the key of C?—Sharp-4.

What new tone did we sing when we went from G to D?—C-sharp.

What number of the scale is C-sharp, in the key of G?—Sharp-4.

What is the signature of the key of C?—One sharp (F-sharp).

What is the signature of the key of D?—Two sharps (F-sharp and C-sharp).

No. 38.

LO! THE GLAD MAY-MORN.

From "Song Cabinet," by permission.

1. Lo! the glad May-morn, With her ro-sy light is breaking, O'er the hills so love-ly and fair; And the pure young buds, From their dew-y sleep a-
2. O'er the rus-tic wild, When the i-dle winds are blowing, We will roam with pleas-ure to-day; On the mos-sy bank, Where the crystal brook is

3. Oh, the glad May-morn! Like a ehild she comes to meet us, With her brow all cov-ered with flowers; And she calls the birds, The... mer-ry birds, to

- waking, Mirth and mu - sic float in the air. Then a - way, a - way, a - way, Then a - way, a - way, a - way, And a - May - ing we will go.
flow-ing, We will crown our queen of the May. Then a - way, a - way, a - way, Then a - way, a - way, a - way, And a - May - ing we will go.

greet us, And the laugh-ing, bright sum-mer hours. Then a - way, a - way, a - way, Then a - way, a - way, a - way, And a - May - ing we will go.

No. 39.

THE WANDERER'S SONG.*

1. The sky is so blue, and all na - ture is gay; Fare-well, dear-est Ma - ry, for I must a - way, Fare-well, dear-est Ma - ry, for I must a - way.
2. With heart true and firm, and with staff in my hand, I'll take up my jour-ney to the far dis - tant land, I'll take up my journey to the far dis - tant land.

3. Be-yond the wide plains on the banks of the Rhine, Shall for - tune and rich - es be speed - i - ly mine, Shall for - tune and rich - es be speed - i - ly mine.

4. One night you'll be sitting all weary and lone,
And thinking in tears of the wandering one;

5. A tap at the window, a knock at the door—
And there stands your wanderer, to wander no more.

6. "God bless thee, dear Mary!" delighted he cries;
And empties his treasure before your glad eyes.

7. "See, see, I have earned, by the work of my hand,
This gold, dearest Mary, for thee to command!"

No. 40.

EXERCISE IN KEY OF G.—THE PITCH C-SHARP AS AN ACCIDENTAL.

Do Re Mi Do Re Mi Fa Re Mi Re Mi Mi Fi Fi Sol, Do Re Mi Do Si Do Re Do Si Re Sol Fa Mi Re Do.
Still the crys - tal drops are fall - ing, Yet the an - gry storm is past; See the bow of prom - ise shin - ing In the tran - quil sky at last.

Do Sol Do Mi Si Do Re Si Do Si Do Do La La Sol, Mi Fa Sol Mi Re Mi Fa Fi Sol Fa Mi Re Do Sol Do.

* Before singing this exercise let the teacher call the attention of the class to this character ♯, which signifies that the tone is to be held longer than the time represented by the note.

No. 41.

THE SMILE OF CONTENTMENT AND LOVE.

1. Oh, dear is my cot - tage, un - cloud - ed by sor - row, And sweet is the bow - er my Em - e - line wove; Ah! nought from the gay or the
 2. The small birds re - joice in the green leaves a - dorn - ing, The mur - mur - ing streamlet runs clear thro' the vale; The prim - ros - es blow in the

3. The morn - ing a - wakes me to health and to la - bor, The lark points to Heav - en as first to be praised; The eve - ning procures me my

wealth - y I'd bor - row, While bless'd with the smile of con - tentment and love; The gay mirth of chil - dren, their play - ful ca - ress - es, Un - ceas - ing de
 dew of the morn - ing, And wild scattered cowslips be - deck the green dale; But what can give pleas - ure, or what can seem fair, When lin - ger - ing

friend and my neighbor To join in the trib - ute by grat - i - tude raised; And while with such mu - sic re - ech - oes my dwelling, While har - mo - ny

light to a pa - rent must prove. Then talk not of him who more splen - dor pos - sess - es, My wealth is the smile of con - tent - ment and love.
 moments are numbered by care? No birds sweet - ly sing - ing, nor flowers gai - ly spring - ing, Can soothe the sad bo - som of joy - less de - spair.

lin - gers a - mid the sweet grove, — Oh, if there's a bliss such en - joy - ment ex - cell - ing, It lies in the smile of con - tent - ment and love.

No. 42.

DAISIES WHITE.

T. E. PERKINS. By permission.

1. The spring-time is com-ing, the win-ter is past, Beau-ty and sun-shine are blend-ing at last; And see, a-long the

2. The blue-birds are com-ing, from is-lands that sleep, Rocked on its bo-som, the foam-crest-ed deep; And with the laugh-ing

grass-y plain. Dai-sies are bloom-ing a-gain. Dai-sies white and dai-sies rare, Pure as the blush of the morn-ing;

dai-sies sing, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful Spring. Dai-sies white and dai-sies rare, Pure as the blush of the morn-ing;

Dai-sies white and dai-sies fair, Pure as the blush of the morn.

Dai-sies white and dai-sies fair, Pure as the blush of the morn.

3. The dew-drops are coming, refreshing the bowers,
Falling like pearls on the leaves and the flowers,
And stealing where the daisies sleep,
Lovingly, tenderly weep.

Daisies white, etc.

4. The zephyrs are coming, and what do they bring?
Odors, sweet odors, to welcome the spring:
All nature wakes the tuneful strain,
Daisies are blooming again.

Daisies white, etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

TRANSPOSITION—THREE SHARPS.

TEACHER. We will now transpose the scale again. Following our old rule, we will move the scale a fifth from D; what pitch is 5 in the key of D?—ANSWER. A.

But we have found that when we transpose the scale a fifth, we must have one new tone. What is the rule in transposing?—"Sharp-4," etc.

What pitch is 4 in the key of D?—G.

Then in place of the pitch G we sing what?—G-sharp.

How many sharps, then, will we have when the pitch A is taken for 1?—Three.

What are they?—F-sharp, C-sharp, and G-sharp.

What is the signature of the key of A?—Three sharps.

SCALE IN KEY OF A.

Do	Re	Mi	Fa	Sol	La	Si	Do.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8.
a	b	c#	d	e	f#	g#	a

A B c# d e f# g# a

No. 43.

THE BRIGHT, BEAUTIFUL MAY.

1. O! do you not love the bright, beauti - ful May? I do! I do! And in her fair bow - ers would will - ing - ly stay? I would! I would! Till

2. O! do you not love the sweet song of the birds? I do! I do! And find mu - sic e'en in the low of the herds? I do! I do! And

3. O! what is more bright than the songs that we sing? I know! I know! The beau - ti - ful birds and the flow - ers of spring! Yes! yes! yes! yes! Oh

sun - shine is gone, and per - fume is van - ished? I would! I would! And cold winds have driven the flow - ers a - way? I would! I would!

can you not trace in kind na - ture's vol - ume, — I can! I can! — A wis - dom sur - pass - ing the world's wis - est words? I can! I can!

then let us join in a loud swelling cho - rus, — Yes! yes! yes! yes! — As the praises of May we now joy - ous - ly sing! Yes! yes! yes! yes!

No. 44.

MOONLIGHT CHORUS.—“Hail to the queen of the silent night.”

1. Hail to the queen of the si - lent night! Shine clear, shine bright, Yield thy pen - sive light; Blithe - ly we'll dance in thy sil - very ray,

2. Dart thy pure beams from thy throne on high, Beam on thro' sky, Robed in a - zure dye: We'll laugh and we'll sport while the night - bird sings,

Hap - pi - ly pass - ing the hours a - way. Must we not love the stil - ly night, Dress'd in her robes of blue and white! Heav'n's arches ring,

Flapping the dew from his sa - ble wings; Sprites love to sport in the still moonlight, Play with the pearls of shadowy night. Then let us sing,

Stars wink and sing, Hail, si - lent night! Fai - ry moon - light, fai - ry, fai - ry, fai - ry moon - light. *Repeat pp*

Time's on the wing, Hail, si - lent night. Fai - ry moon - light, fai - ry moon - light, fai - ry moon - . . . light.

No. 45. THE RAIN-DROPS ARE FALLING.—EXERCISE IN WHICH THE PITCH G-SHARP OCCURS AS AN ACCIDENTAL.

1. The rain-drops are fall - ing, how grace - ful and still! The cup of the lil - y with o - dor they fill; The sum - mer is here, and the
 2. The rain-drops are fall - ing, re - fresh - ing the breeze, They glad - den the hill - top and bright - en the trees; See yon - der the lambs in the

3. The rain-drops are fall - ing; we heed not the storm While safe in our dwell - ings, so cheer - ful and warm; And while we are laugh - ing and

mild, gen - tle rain Will make the young ros - es look love - ly a - gain. The land - scape will bloom, and the ber - ries will grow, The stream that was
 mead - ows at play, How quick - ly they haste to a shel - ter a - way. The bow in the clouds, that we view with de - light, Is made of the

sing - ing with glee, We'll think of the mor - row, how clear it will be: But na - ture is call - ing her chil - dren to rest, The rob - in is

dry in the val - ley will flow; The dai - sy will look from her home in the shade, And smile to the lawn in its beau - ty ar - rayed.
 rain - drops that spar - kle so bright,—When touched by the sun - shine its col - ors ap - pear, And sweet - ly they blend like a smile and a tear.

si - lent, and gone to his nest; And now let us go to our slum - bers a - way, We'll dream of our school, and we'll dream of our play.

No. 45.

THE SPRING BIRD.

Gayly.

1. Gay-ly sing-ing, Rap-ture bring-ing, Bird of spring-time, hail to thee! War-ble near us, Sweet-ly cheer us, From the bough of you-der tree.
 2. In our play-ing, Gen-tly stray-ing, By the streamlet glid-ing free, We shall meet thee, We shall greet thee, Pret-ty bird-ling, joy to thee!

3. Do not leave us, It will grieve us, When the sum-mer days are o'er, When thy sing-ing, Rap-ture bringing, Fills the hap-py vale no more.

CHAPTER XVII.

TRANSPOSITION—FOUR SHARPS.

TEACHER. We will now transpose the scale a fifth once more; what pitch is 5 in the key of A!—ANSWER. E.

Then we will take the pitch E for 1.

Teacher may explain to class that, as it would be impossible to sing the scale with the pitch E, represented by the upper space, taken for 1, we take the pitch E represented by the first line.

What pitch is 4 in the key of A!—D.

Then in place of the pitch D we sing what!—D-sharp.

What is the rule!—"Sharp-4," etc.

What is the signature of the key of E!—Four sharps.

SCALE IN KEY OF E.

Do	Re	Mi	Fa	Sol	La	Si	Do.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8.
e	f#	g#	a	b	c#	d#	e.

e f# g# a b c# d# e

How does the pitch D-sharp differ from D!—It is a half-step higher.

No. 46.

THE FLOWER OF FRIENDSHIP.

1. How sweet was the blos-som of friend-ship that grew Where sun-beams re-fleet-ed its bright ros-y hue;
 2. How fond-ly I prize it, and guard it with care, That blos-som so ten-der, so love-ly and fair;

3. O friend-ship, dear friend-ship, how blest was the hour When first I be-held thee, my own gen-tle flower!

I culled it with rap-ture, and bore it a-way To bloom on my bo-som the long sum-mer day.
I breathed its soft fra-grance with pleas-ure un-told, Its worth is more pre-cious than sil-ver or gold.

And treas-ured for ev-er the loved one shall be, That plant-ed the blos-som now bloom-ing for me.

No. 47.

WAKE UP, LITTLE DAISY.

Sprightly.

1. Wake up, lit-tle dai-sy, the sum-mer is nigh, The dear lit-tle rob-in is up in the sky, The snow-drop and cro-cus are nev-er so
2. I ask pleasant sun-shine to rest on your head, The dew and the raindrops to moist-en your bed; And then ev-ery morn-ing I just take a

3. Moth-er oft-en tells me, "If I would be wise, And honored, and hap-py, I ear-ly must rise;" So I'm up in the morn-ing, and out in the
4. List-en, lit-tle dai-sy, I'll whisper what's said :-The lark thinks you're la-zy, and love your warm bed; But I'll not be-lieve it, for now I can

slow; Then wake up, lit-tle dai-sy, and has-ten to grow. Wake up, Wake up, Wake up, lit-tle dai-sy, and has-ten to grow.
peep, To see your lit-tle face, but you're still fast a-sleep. Wake up, Wake up, Wake up, lit-tle dai-sy, and has-ten to grow.

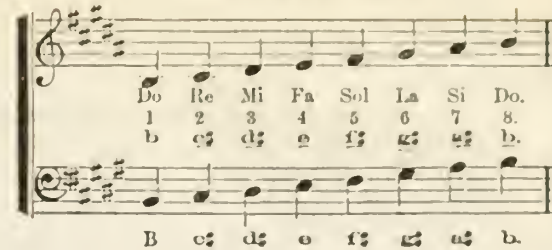
dew, With all the lit-tle birds, and the hon-cy-bees too. Wake up, Wake up, Wake up, lit-tle dai-sy, and has-ten to grow.
see Your bright lit-tle eye soft-ly wink-ing at me. Wake up, Wake up, Wake up, lit-tle dai-sy, and has-ten to grow.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TRANSPOSITION—FIVE SHARPS.

TEACHER. Following our old rule in transposition, we will move the scale a fifth from E; what pitch is 5 in the key of E?—ANSWER. B.
Then we will take the pitch B for 1.
But what pitch is 4 in the key of E?—A.
Then in the place of pitch A we sing what?—A-sharp.
What is the rule?—"Sharp-4," etc.
What will be the signature of the key of B?—Five sharps.

SCALE IN KEY OF B.

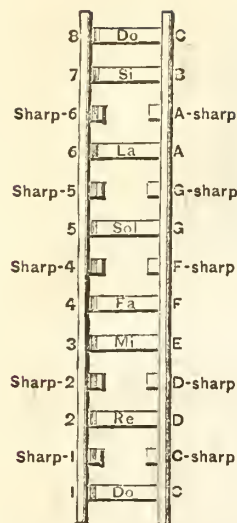


No. 48.

EVENING GREETING.—EXERCISE IN THE KEY OF B.

ALL.

* In a concert, this may be sung with pleasing effect as an echo, by pupils at a distance.



What is the name of the pitch a half-step above C?—C-sharp.
Half-step above C-sharp?
Half-step above D?
Half-step above D-sharp?
Half-step above E?
Half-step above F? etc.

What is the name of the tone half-step above 1?—Sharp-1
Half-step above sharp-1?
Half-step above 2?
Half-step above sharp-2?
Half-step above 3?
Half-step above 4? etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

TRANSPPOSITION BY FLATS.

TEACHER. In all our transposing thus far, we moved the scale each time what distance?—ANSWER. A fifth.

Each time we transposed the scale a fifth we used how many new tones?—One.

What new tone did we use?—Sharp-4 in the place of 4.

Suppose we try the experiment of transposing the scale a fourth instead of a fifth, as heretofore. First, we will all sing the scale in the key of C. *Teacher and class sing the scale in the key of C.*

Now we will sing up to 4 of the scale, and then stop. *All sing up to 4.*

What pitch is 4 of the scale in the key of C?—F.

Very well; now we will take the pitch F for 1. All sing it to the syllable Do. *All sing.*

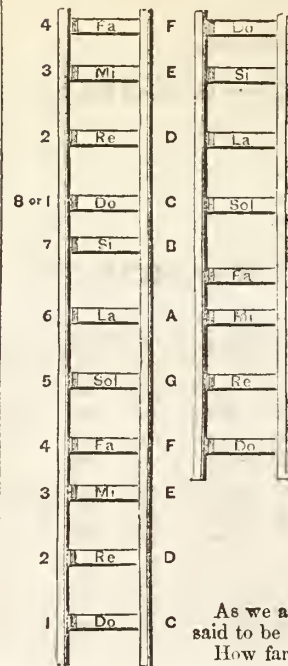
Now all sing with me the scale up and down, taking the pitch F for 1. *All sing.*

Teacher will write scale out on the board.

We will now divide the class; one part singing this exercise with the syllables that belong to the key of C, viz.: Fa Sol La, etc.; the rest using the syllables Do Re Mi Fa, etc. *Class sings; one part singing Do Re Mi, etc.; the others, Fa Sol La, etc. On the fourth note there will be a clash between the parts. Teacher may then say:*

There seems to be some disturbance between the parts on the fourth note, or B. Let us see if we can discover what it is.

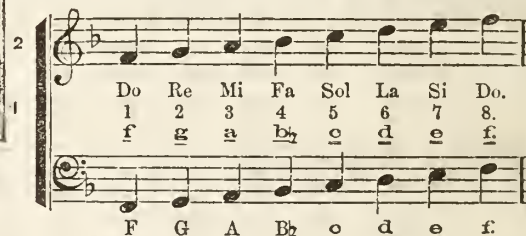
Teacher draws on the board the accompanying diagram:



By looking at this diagram you will see where the trouble is. Those of you who sang Do Re Mi, etc., sang 3 of the scale to the pitch A, and as the interval from A to B is a whole step, and the interval from 3 to 4 is only a half-step, if you sing A as 3, you cannot sing B as 4. For 4 you sing a pitch half-step lower than B. The name of the pitch-tone half-step lower than B is B-FLAT.*

You will now see where the trouble was in your singing. One part of the class sang the pitch B, and the others B-flat, which is a half-step lower. When the pitch B-flat is to be sung, it is indicated by placing the character *b* on the degree of the staff which represents the pitch B.

SCALE IN KEY OF F.



As we always sing the pitch B-flat when F is taken for 1, B-flat is said to be the signature to the key of F.

How far have we transposed the scale now?—A fourth.

How many new tones were we obliged to use?—One.

What was that?—B-flat.

How does B-flat differ from B?

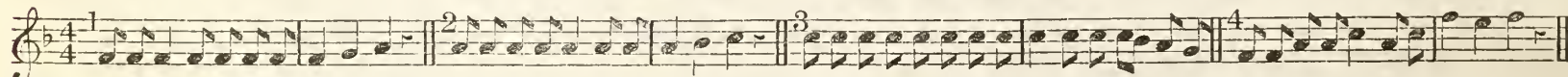
What then is the signature or sign to the key of F?

In what key is the following tune written? etc.

* FLAT, in musical language, means *lower*; B-flat, a half-step lower than B.

No. 49.

ARE YOU READY?—CANON (FOUR IN ONE).



TEACH'R. Are you all ready for the coming scale? 'Tis the key of F rising on the gale; Join the joyous carol, every one, without fail. For it is the key of F rising on the gale. SON'S. We are all ready for this pleasant scale. Now the key of F rises on the gale; Pleasant is the chorus, and we'll join, without fail, in the pleasant key of F rising on the gale.

No. 50.

MOTHER, CHILDHOOD, FRIENDS, AND HOME.—EXERCISE IN KEY OF F.

1. Twined with ev - ery earth - ly tie, Mem'ries sweet that can - not die, Breath - ing still wher - e'er we roam, "Moth - er, child - hood, friends, and home!"

2. Oth - er climes may charm a - while, Oth - er eyes in beau - ty smile; Yet we mur - mur as we roam, "Moth - er, child - hood, friends, and home!"

Green the gar - den where we played, Dear the old fa - mil - iar shade; In our dreams how oft they come,—Moth - er, child - hood, friends, and home.

All of joy we fond - ly prize, Twined with all our fond - est ties; Sa - cred still wher - e'er we roam,—Moth - er, child - hood, friends, and home.

No. 51.

EXERCISE IN WHICH THE PITCH B-FLAT OCCURS AS AN ACCIDENTAL

Do Sol La Se* La, Re Re Do Si Do, Do Sol La Se La, Re Re Do Si Do. Re Re Si Sol

Do Re Mi, Re Re Si Sol Do Mi Re, Do Do Sol Sol Se Se La, Re Re Do Si Do.

* Pronounced Say.

Before singing this exercise, let the teacher ask:
What pitch is 4 in the key of F?—B-flat.
What, then, will be the pitch of sharp-4?—B.

When any pitch represented by the letter only, occurs in a tune as an accidental, in the place of the pitch which has been represented by a flat or sharp (as B in place of B-flat, or F in the place of F-sharp), it is represented by a character called a NATURAL; thus, 4.

No. 52.

VALEDICTORY SONG.

Good night, good night.... 1. In this glad em-ploy Ma-ny mo-ments of joy Have we measured in
2. Good night: may we meet For a glo-rious re-peat In the church on Mount

Good night.....

Good night, good night, good night, good night.... 1. In this glad em-ploy Ma-ny mo-ments of joy Have we measured in
2. Good night: may we meet For a glo-rious re-peat In the church on Mount

Good night, good night, good night, good night....

har-mo-ny true, har-mo-ny true; The time rolled a-long, Like a sweet var-ied song, a sweet.... var-ied
Zi-on a-bove; Zi-on a-bove; There an-gels shall join In the con-cert di-vine, the con-cert di-

har-mo-ny true..... The time rolled a-long, Like a sweet var-ied song,.....
Zi-on a-bove;.... There an-gels shall join In the con-cert di-vine,.....

The time rolled a-long, Like a sweet var-ied
There an-gels shall join In the con-cert di-

song, And with sighs we must all say good night, say good night, must all say good night, good night, good night.....
vine, And the cho-rus of all shall be love, shall be love, the cho-rus of all shall be, be love.....

good night..... good night, good night, good night.....
be love,..... be love, be love, be love.....

And with sighs we must all say good night..... say good night..... say good night, good night.....
And the cho-rus of all shall be love,..... shall be love, shall be love, be love.....

song, say good night, must all say good night, good night, good night.....
vine, shall be love, the cho-rus of all..... shall be love.....

No. 53.

KEEP TO THE WORK YOU BEST CAN DO.—ROUND.

Keep to the work you best can do, And let all oth-er business go; And hold this home-ly prov-erb fast, "Good cob-bler, ne'er for- get your last."

No. 54.

GOOD NIGHT, DEAR FRIENDS.

T. E. PERKINS. By permission.

1. Good night, dear friends, the bell of time Is peal - ing now its sil - ver chime; How sweet the ech - oes fall!
2. Good night, dear friends, the hal - lowed beams That clus - ter round the tran - quil scenes From sur - er re - gions fall;

3. Good night, dear friends, our part - ing lay, When oth - er years have passed a - way, Will mem - 'ry still re - call



An - oth - er hap - py eve - is past, Our part - ing hour has come at last; Good night, good night to all.
We joy to catch their wel - come ray, And still we lin - ger, while we say, Good night to all.

May guard - ian an - gels gen - tly keep Their vig - ils o'er your balm - y sleep; Good night, good night to all.

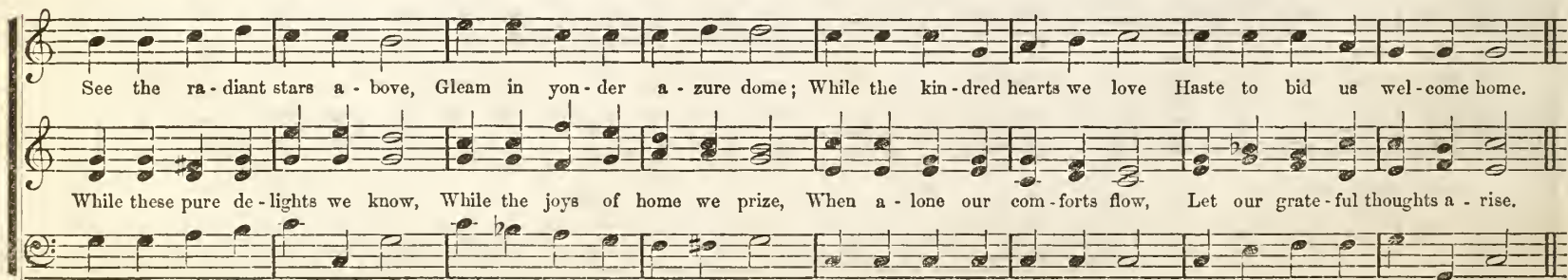
No. 55.

EVENING PRAISE.—FLAT-SEVEN AND SHARP-FIVE AS ACCIDENTALS.



1. To his pal - ace in the west, Slow - ly sinks the gold - en sun; 'Tis the hour of tran - quil rest, Now our dai - ly work is done.

2. Gath - ered round the ge - nial hearth, All are hap - py, all are gay; Friendship lends her smile to mirth, Chas - ing ev - ery care a - way:



See the ra - dant stars a - bove, Gleam in yon - der a - zure dome; While the kin - dred hearts we love Haste to bid us wel - come home.

While these pure de - lights we know, While the joys of home we prize, When a - lone our com - forts flow, Let our grate - ful thoughts a - rise.

CHAPTER XX.

TRANSPOSITION—TWO FLATS.

TEACHER. In our last transposition, how far did we move the scale?—ANSWER. A fourth.

We found that we sang what new tone?—B-flat, in the place of B.

What number of the scale is the pitch B in the key of C?—7.

And when we transposed to F (a fourth), we substituted flat-7 for 7. We will find that whenever we move the scale a fourth we shall be obliged to substitute flat-7 for 7 in the old scale. Hence this

RULE—Flat-7 transposes the scale a fourth.

We will now transpose the scale again, following this rule. What pitch is 4 in the key of F?—B-flat.

Very well; we will take this pitch B-flat for 1. But in order to do this according to our rule we must substitute flat-7. What pitch is 7 in the key of F?—E.

Then, when we transpose, in the place of E, or 7, we shall sing what?—E-flat, or flat-7.

Then when B-flat is taken for 1, how many flats will we have?—Two.

What will they be?—B-flat and E-flat.

What, then, is the signature to the key of B-flat?—B-flat and E-flat, or two flats.

The teacher may, if he thinks best, draw a diagram on the board, to show the class that the rule, "Flat-7," etc., will hold good in this transposition as in the first.

SCALE IN KEY OF B FLAT.

Do	Re	Mi	Fa	Sol	La	Si	Do
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8.
\flat_7	\flat_7	\flat_7	\flat_7	\flat_7	\flat_7	\flat_7	\flat_7

B \flat o d e \flat f g a b \flat .

What is the rule for transposing when we move the scale a fourth?—"Flat-7," etc.

What is the rule when we move the scale a fifth?—"Sharp-4," etc.

How far did we transpose when we went from C to F?—A fourth.

What is the signature to the key of F?—One flat (B-flat).

How far did we transpose when we went from F to B-flat?—A fourth.

What is the signature to the key of B-flat?—Two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

In what key is the next tune written?

How do you know?

No. 56.

COME TOGETHER.

1. Come to - geth - er, men and broth - ers, Come to - geth - er for the right; Come to - geth - er in the dawn - ing, Come to - geth - er in the light;

2. Come to - geth - er, earth and heav - en, Wait ex - pect - ant of the time; Free - dom light - ly o'er us lin - gers, With a smile of hope sub - lime.

As the rays of sun - ny glad - ness Min - gle on the mountains gray, Min - gle we in bonds fra - ter - nal, Blend - ing joy - ful - ly as they.

An - gels lin - ger at the por - tals Of the bright and hap - py world, Gaz - ing down with joy - ful glad - ness Where free ban - ners are un - furled.

No. 57.

VACATION SONG.

From the German.

1. Joy! joy! now we are free, Va - ca - tion time has come; We lay a - side our books with care, And haste the wel - come

2. Come, come, let us a - way To those we love so dear; At home with friends we soon shall be, And part - ed ones we

smile to share Of na - ture's wood - land, ring - ing With sing - ing.

long to see, With joy will gath - er near us, And cheer us.

3. Wake, wake up with the dawn,
And roam the fields so gay;
Our hearts are bounding with delight,
The summer days are long and bright;
The forest glades are ringing
With singing.

4. Joy! joy! now we are free,
Vacation time has come;
We lay aside our books with care,
And haste the welcome smile to share
Of nature's woodland, ringing
With singing.

No. 58.

THE REAPER'S SONG.

B. O. SPENCER.

1. Hark! hark! the cheer - ful reap - er's song, Tra la, tra la; la waft - ed on the breeze a - long. Tra la, tra la, tra la,
 2. How sweet to roam the mead - ows fair, Tra la, tra la; And hear it gen - tly ech - oed there, Tra la, tra la, tra la

3. Float on, thou wel - come, wel - come lay, Tra la, tra la; From ear - ly morn till close of day, Tra la, tra la, tra la

la; And tells of all we love to hear, The joy - ful har - vest time so dear. Sing mer - ri - ly, right mer - ri - ly, Tra
 la; A - round the ru - ral vil - lage green, When moon - light crowns the love - ly scene. Sing mer - ri - ly, etc.

la; While o - ver ver - dant fields I roam, And join the mer - ry har - vest home. Sing mer - ri - ly, right mer - ri - ly, Tra

la, tra la, tra la la la; Sing mer - ri - ly, right mer - ri - ly, Tra la, tra la, tra la la la.

la, tra la, tra la la la; Sing mer - ri - ly, right mer - ri - ly, Tra la, tra la, tra la la la.

No. 59.

RETURN TO SCHOOL.

Old College Melody.

ALL.

1st time, *f*; 2d time, *p*.

1. { To school and its pleas-ures a - gain we re - turn, Sing with a mer - ry cheer! }
 GIRLS. { A - gain we as - sem - ble, our les - sons to learn, Sing with a mer - ry cheer! } Hap - py va - ca - tion, how quick - ly it passed!

2. { How pleas - ant the sum - mer, and full of de - light, Sing with a mer - ry cheer! }
 BOYS. { The au - tumn is eom - ing, so tran - quil and bright, Sing with a mer - ry cheer! } Faith - ful in - struct - ors, a greet - ing for you!

Hol - i - day ram - bles are o - ver at last; Wel - come to all! Wel - come to all! Sing with a mer - ry cheer!

Let us in ear - nest our la - bors pur - sue; Wel - come to all! Wel - come to all! Sing with a mer - ry cheer!

CHAPTER XXI.

TRANSPOSITION—THREE FLATS.

TEACHER. We will now transpose the scale again, following our rule. What pitch is 4 in the key of B-flat?—ANSWER. E-flat.

Very well; then we will take the pitch E-flat for 1 in this transposition. But if we do, we shall sing flat-7 of the old key; what pitch is 7 in the key of B-flat?—A.

Then instead of A we will sing what?—A-flat.

How many flats, then, will we have as the signature to the key of E-flat?—Three.

What are they?—B-flat, E-flat, and A-flat.

SCALE IN KEY OF E-FLAT.

Do	Re	Mi	Fa	Sol	La	Si	Do.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8.
eh	f	g	ah	b \flat	c	d	eh.

eh f g ah b \flat c d eh.

No. 60.

Joyfully. f

FAREWELL TO WINTER.

Repeat ff

1. O - pen wide the doors, sing a - loud for joy, Be live - ly, boys, be live - ly, boys, be live - ly; Old crab - bed Win - ter
 2. O - pen wide the doors, sing a - loud for joy, Be live - ly, boys, be live - ly, boys, be live - ly; He ac - counts the spring on

3. O - pen wide the doors, sing a - loud for joy, Be live - ly, boys, be live - ly, boys, be live - ly; For Spring is here, al -
 4. O - pen wide the doors, sing a - loud for joy, Be live - ly, boys, be live - ly, boys, be live - ly; The spring - birds raise a

must de - part, He packs his rub - bish, loth to start, And loit - ers round from room to room, With coughs, and sighs, and
 ev - ery gale, And turns, with ter - ror, weak and pale; The poor old man is filled with fear, He knows his mor - tal

rea - dy here— I hear her voice, so sweet and clear; And, gen - tly tap - ping, see her stand, With clus - tered flower - buds
 joy - ful strain, And hear the rea - dy, sweet re - frain, An ech - o from each answering breast, Come in, come in, thou

looks of gloom. Be live - ly, boys, be live - ly, boys, be live - ly, boys, be live - ly, be live - ly.
 foe is near. Be live - ly, boys, be live - ly, boys, be live - ly, boys, be live - ly, be live - ly.

in her hand. Be live - ly, boys, be live - ly, boys, be live - ly, boys, be live - ly, be live - ly.
 wel - come guest. Be live - ly, boys, be live - ly, boys, be live - ly, boys, be live - ly, be live - ly.

No. 61.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

SING ALWAYS.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Sing with a tune-ful spir-it, Sing with a cheer-ful lay, Praise to thy great Cre-at-or, While on the pil-grim way.
 2. Sing when the heart is troub-led, Sing when the hours are long, Sing when the storm-cloud gath-ers: Sweet is the voice of song.
 3. Sing in the vale of shad-ows, Sing in the hour of death, And when the eyes are clos-ing, Sing with the lat-est breath.
 Sing when the birds are wak-ing, Sing with the morn-ing light, Sing in the noon-tide's gold-en beam, Sing in the hush of night.
 Sing when the sky is dark-est, Sing when the thun-ders roll; Sing of a land where rest re-mains, Rest for the wea-ry soul.
 Sing till the heart's deep long-ings Cease on the oth-er shore; Then with the count-less num-bers there, Sing on for-ev-er more.

CHAPTER XXII.

TRANSPOSITION—FOUR FLATS.

TEACHER. Once more we will transpose the scale a fourth. What pitch is 4 in the key of E-flat?—ANSWER. A-flat.

Our next key, then, is A-flat. Changing 7 of the old scale for flat-7, we will have what?—D-flat.

How many flats, then, have we as the signature to A-flat?—Four.

What are they?—B-flat, E-flat, A-flat, and D-flat.

In what key is the tune on the opposite page written?

How do you know?

SCALE IN KEY OF A-FLAT.

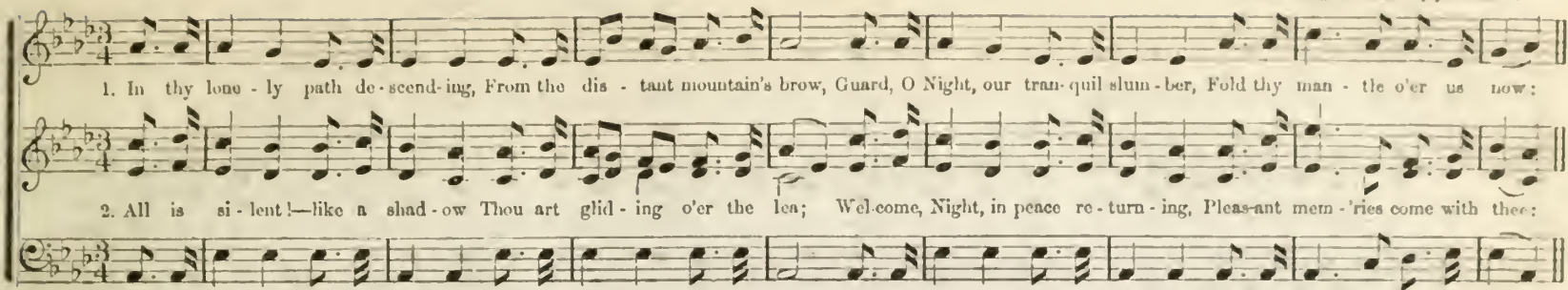
Do	Re	Mi	Fa	Sol	La	Si	Do
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8.
ab	bb	c	db	eb	f	gb	ab

Ab Bb c db eb f g ab.

No. 62.

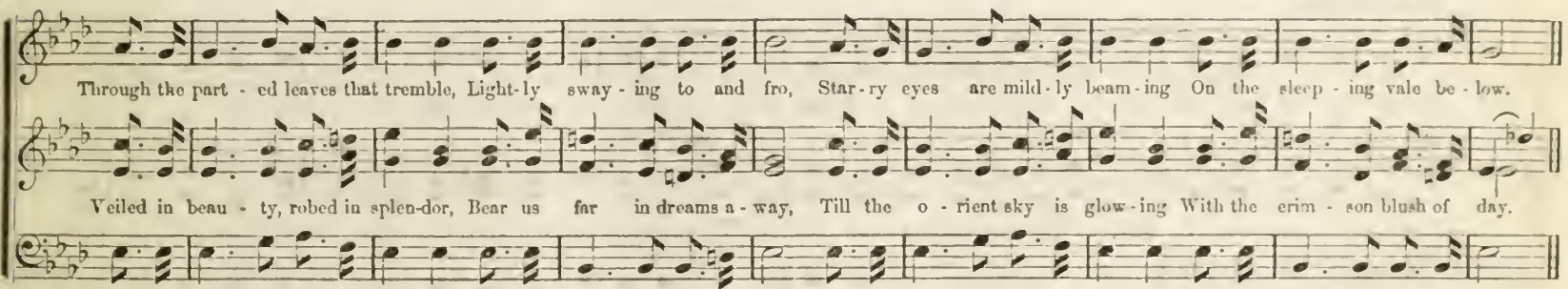
NIGHT SONG.

Arranged from HUMMEL.
From "Song Cabinet," by permission.



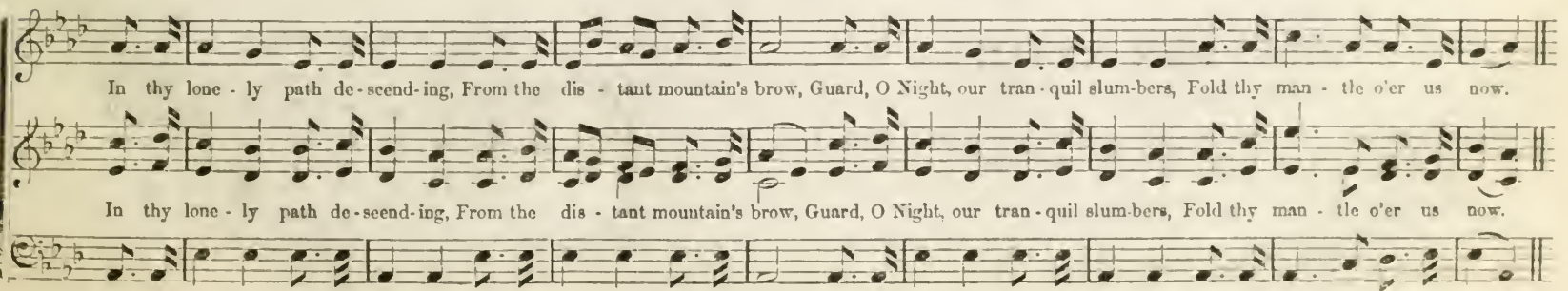
1. In thy lone - ly path de - scend - ing, From the dis - tant mountain's brow, Guard, O Night, our tran - quil slum - ber, Fold thy man - tle o'er us now:

2. All is si - lent!—like a shad - ow Thou art glid - ing o'er the lea; Wel - come, Night, in peace re - turn - ing, Pleas - ant mem - 'ries come with thee:



Through the part - ed leaves that tremble, Light - ly away - ing to and fro, Star - ry eyes are mild - ly beam - ing On the sleep - ing vale be - low.

Veiled in beau - ty, robed in splen - dor, Bear us far in dreams a - way, Till the o - rient sky is glow - ing With the erim - son blush of day.



In thy lone - ly path de - scend - ing, From the dis - tant mountain's brow, Guard, O Night, our tran - quil slum - bers, Fold thy man - tle o'er us now.

In thy lone - ly path de - scend - ing, From the dis - tant mountain's brow, Guard, O Night, our tran - quil slum - bers, Fold thy man - tle o'er us now.

No. 63.

LIVE IN LOVE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

SEMI-CHORUS or QUARTET. CHORUS. SEMI-CHORUS or QUARTET. CHORUS. *Repeat in Full Chorus.*

1. Heaven a-wakes the gen-tle strain, Live in love, Live in love; Earth re-peats the sound a - gain, Live, oh, live in love.

2. An - gel voic - es chant the song, Live in love, Live in love; Here be-low the notes pro-claim, Live, oh, live in love.

SEMI-CHORUS. *Repeat in Chorus.*

When the tears of sor-row flow, And the heart is filled with woe, Hear, in ac-cents soft and low, Live, oh, live in love.

When the heart from care is free,.... When the time glides mer-ri-ly,.... That sweet voice still calls for thee, Live, oh, live in love.

CHAPTER XXIII.

TRANSPOSITION — FIVE FLATS.

TEACHER. Following our rule for transposition, we will move the scale a fourth from A-flat. What pitch is 4 in the key of A-flat?—ANSWER. D-flat.

Then we will take the pitch D-flat for 1.

But what pitch is 7 in the key of A-flat?—G.

Then in the place of G we will sing what pitch?—G-flat.

What is the rule?—"Flat-7," etc.

What will be the signature to the key of D-flat?—Five flats.

What are they?—B-flat, E-flat, A-flat, D-flat, and G-flat.

SCALE IN KEY OF D-FLAT.

Do	Re	Mi	Fa	Sol	La	Si	Do.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8.
db	eb	f	gb	ab	bb	c	db.

No. 64.

HURRAH FOR SPARKLING WATER!

HUBERT P. MAIN.

Lively.

1. Hur - rah for spark - ling wa - ter! The cool, the pure, and free; The sil - ver plash - ing wa - ter, That mur - murs o'er the lea.
 2. Hur - rah for spark - ling wa - ter! We love the pearl - y rill, That glides a - long the val - ley, Be - side the woodland hill.

3. As stream with stream u - nit - ing, In beau - ty wend their way To seek the might - y o - cean, And min - gle with its spray,

It gives us health and vig - or, It makes us bold and strong. Un - furl the Temp'rance ban - ner, And this shall be our song:—
 The mer - ry, laugh - ing wa - ter, We hail it with de - light; It fills our hearts with glad - ness, And makes our dwell - ing bright.

So may our grow - ing num - bers, Our strength and un - ion prove, Till all shall reach the hav - en Of joy, and peace, and love.

CHORUS.

ritard.

Hur - rah! hur - rah! hur - rah! Hur - rah for spark - ling wa - ter! Hur - rah! hur - rah for wa - ter! The cool, the pure and free.

Hur - rah!... hur - rah!..... Hur - rah for spark - ling wa - ter! Hur - rah! hur - rah for wa - ter! The cool, the pure and free.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHROMATIC SCALE.

The teacher may, with the aid of an instrument, teach the class to sing the Chromatic Scale. He can best do this by taking a part at a time. Thus, teacher says, "Listen." Teacher plays and sings Do Di Re.* Class sings it after him. Then teacher sings Re Ri Mi. Class sings it. Then the teacher, Do Di Re Ri Mi. Class sings it after him. In this way the teacher may, in a short time, teach the class to sing the Chromatic scale, ascending and descending.

TEACHER. The class will have observed that the intermediate tone which comes between any two tones forming an interval of a step, is named, is going up the scale, from the last tone below, and in descending the scale, from the last tone above. Thus, the tone half-step above C is called C-sharp, and the same tone in descending the scale is called D-flat. The scale represented with all the intermediate tones is called the CHROMATIC SCALE.

CHROMATIC SCALE, ASCENDING.

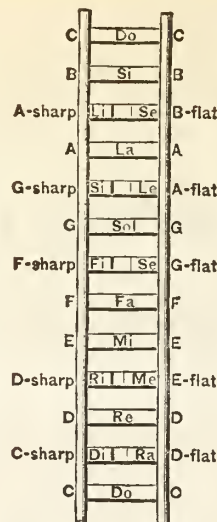


CHROMATIC SCALE, DESCENDING.



The teacher should continue to practise the exercise songs in the different keys; always

* The syllables of the Chromatic scale are pronounced Doe Dee Ray Ree Mee Fah Fee Solo See Lah Lee See Doe; Doe See Say Lah Lay Solo Say Fah Mee May Ray Rah Doe.



requiring the class to beat the time; and the lessons should be constantly reviewed by questions, such as:

In what key is Exercise song No. — ?

How do you know?

What kind of time is represented?

What number of the scale is the first tone in the treble?

What is the pitch?

What number of the scale is the first tone in the base? etc

CHAPTER XXV.

THE MINOR SCALE.

TEACHER. In all of our practice thus far we have used only the Major Scale. From the Major Scale, however, may be formed another, called its RELATIVE MINOR SCALE.

Teacher and class sings the Major Scale in the key of C.

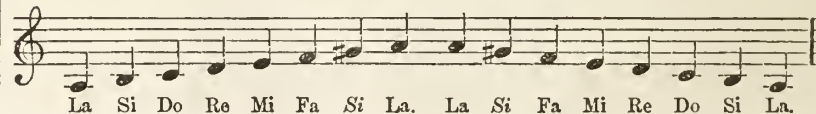
Now let the teacher commence at 1 and sing down to 6 below (Do Si La), and stop.

What number of the scale did I sing last?—6 below.

What is the pitch of 6 below in the key of C?—A.

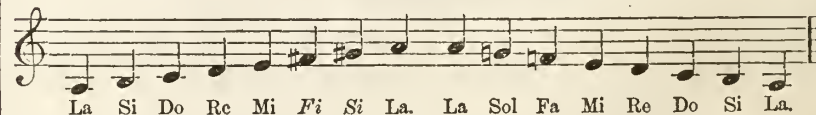
Commencing with this tone (6 below), a new scale may be formed which is called the Relative Minor to the scale which we have just sung.

HARMONIC MINOR SCALE.



After carefully practising the Minor Scale, the teacher may call the attention of the class to another form of the Minor Scale, which is sometimes used, and which is called the MELODIC MINOR.

MELODIC MINOR SCALE.



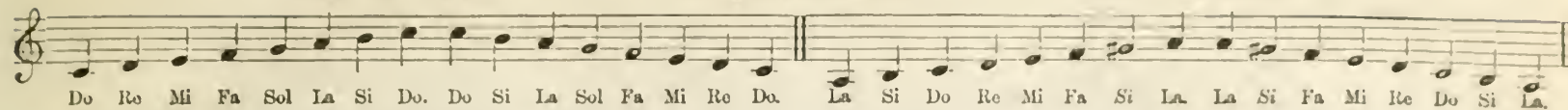
As the Harmonic form of the Minor Scale is the one most frequently used, we have only introduced exercises in that scale. It will be well for the teacher to practise with the class the Minor Scale in all of the different keys.

MAJOR SCALES, WITH THEIR RELATIVE MINORS.

SCALE OF C MAJOR.

(No signature to either key.)

SCALE OF A MINOR.



SCALE OF G MAJOR.

(Signature to both keys, One Sharp.)

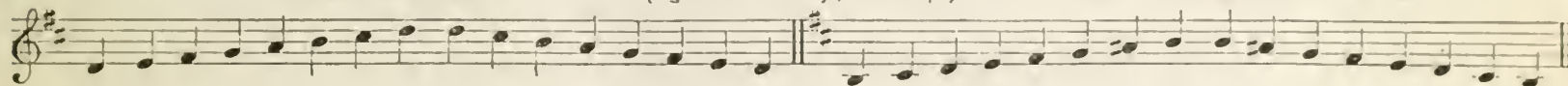
SCALE OF E MINOR.



SCALE OF D MAJOR.

(Signature to both keys, Two Sharps.)

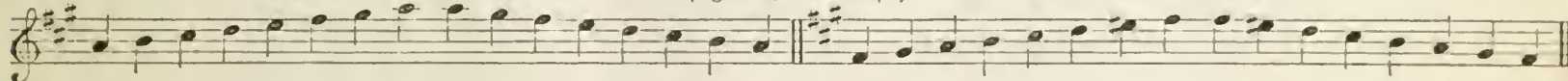
SCALE OF B MINOR.



SCALE OF A MAJOR.

(Signature, Three Sharps.)

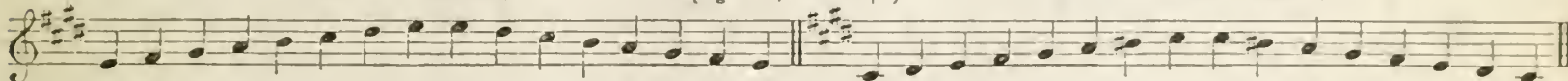
SCALE OF F-SHARP MINOR.



SCALE OF E MAJOR.

(Signature, Four Sharps.)

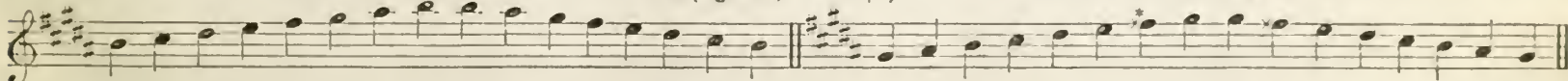
SCALE OF C-SHARP MINOR.



SCALE OF B MAJOR.

(Signature, Five Sharps.)

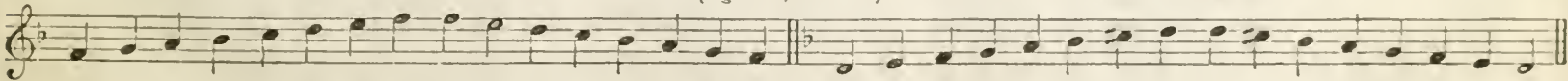
SCALE OF G-SHARP MINOR.



SCALE OF F MAJOR.

(Signature, One Flat.)

SCALE OF D MINOR.



SCALE OF B FLAT MAJOR.

(Signature, Two Flats.)

SCALE OF G MINOR.

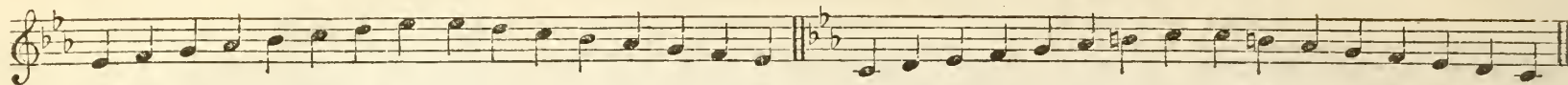


* DOUBLE-SHARP, two half-steps, or one step, higher.

SCALE OF E-FLAT MAJOR.

(Signature, Three Flats.)

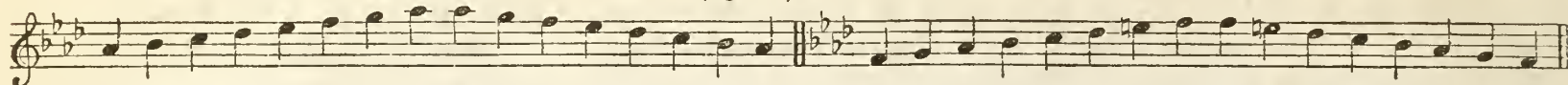
SCALE OF C MINOR.



SCALE OF A-FLAT MAJOR.

(Signature, Four Flats.)

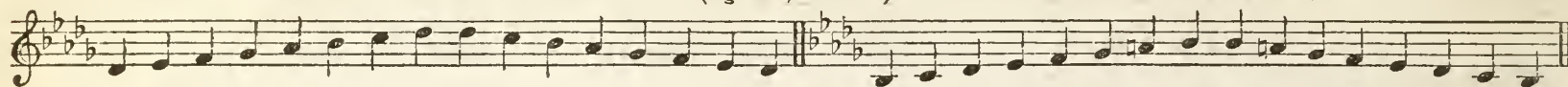
SCALE OF F MINOR.



SCALE OF D-FLAT MAJOR.

(Signature, Five Flats.)

SCALE OF B-FLAT MINOR.



No. 65.

WE MISS THEE, THOU LOVED ONE.—EXERCISE IN A MINOR.

L. B. WOODBURY.

First three verses of the exercise in A minor, 3/4 time.

1. We miss thee, thou loved one, through-out the long day,
 2. Thy lil - ies are bloom - ing, thy ros - es still bloom,
 3. We tend them in si - lence, we watch them through tears,

And the eve wear - eth sad - ly, for thou art a - way;
 Thy wood - bine still twin - cth its grace - ful fes - toon;
 And each ope - ning blos - som un - grate - ful ap - pears;

Final verse of the exercise in A minor, 3/4 time.

And we weep when we think that thy young life is o'er;
 Thy sweet-scent - ed jes' - mine its white blos - soms wave,
 Why look they so love - ly, how can they still bloom,

And the haunts that once knew thee shall know thee no more.
 Though the dear hand that trained them is cold in the grave.
 When she who so loved them lies low in the tomb?

No. 66.

THE FALLING SNOW.

T. F. PERKINS. By permission.

In a flowing, easy manner.

1. Grace - ful - ly down, qui - et - ly down, Falls the white snow on the mead - ows so brown; Sum - mer has gone,

2. Look at the hills, man - tled in snow, See how it falls in the val - ley be - low; O - ver the lawn,

Fine.
au - tunn has fled, All the sweet blos - soms are dead: Look at the trees, frost - y and bright,
o - ver the plain, Win - ter is creep - ing a - gain: Hap - py are we, mer - ry are we,

D. C.
See how they spar - kle and wave in the light; O - ver the lawn, o - ver the plain, Win - ter is creep - ing a - gain.
Slid - ing a - way in our in - no - cent glee; O - ver the brook, bound with a chain, Win - ter hath wov - en a - gain.

A—an Italian preposition, meaning to, in, by, at, &c.
Accelerando—accelerating the time, gradually faster and faster.
Adagio, or *Adasio*—slow.
Adagio Assai, or *Molto*—very slow.
Ad Libitum—at pleasure.
Affettuoso—tender and affecting.
Agitato—with agitation.
Alla Capella—in Church style.
Allegro—quick. *Allegro Assai*—very quick.
Allegretto—less quick than *Allegro*.
Allegro ma non Troppo—quick, but not too quick.
Amabile—in a gentle and tender style.
Amateur—a lover but not a professor of music.
Amoroso, or *Con Amore*—affectionately, tenderly.
Andante—gentle, distinct, and rather slow, yet connected.
Andantino—somewhat quicker than *Andante*.
Animato, or *Con Anima*—with fervent, animated expression.
Animo, or *Con Animo*—with spirit, courage, and boldness.
Antiphone—music sung in alternate parts.
Ardito—with ardor and spirit.
Arioso—in a light, airy, singing manner.
A Tempo—in time.
A Tempo Giusto—in strict and exact time.
Ben Marcato—in a pointed and well-marked manner.
Bis—twice.
Brillante—brilliant, gay, shining, sparkling.
Cadence—closing strain; also a fanciful, extemporaneous embellishment at the close of a song.
Cadenza—same as the second use of *Cadence*. See *Cadence*.
Calando—softer and slower. [ody.
Cantabile—graceful, singing style; a pleasing, flowing melody.
Canto—the treble part in a chorus.
Choir—a company or band of singers; also that part of a church appropriated to the singers.
Chorist, or *Chorister*—a member of a choir of singers.
Col, or *Con*—with. *Col Arco*—with the bow.
Comodo, or *Commodo*—in an easy and unrestrained manner.
Con Affetto—with expression.
Con Dolcezza—with delicacy.
Con Dolore, or *Con Duolo*—with mournful expression.
Conductor—one who superintends a musical performance; same as Music Director.
Con Energico—with energy.
Con Espressione—with expression.
Con Fuoco—with ardor, fire.
Con Grazia—with grace and elegance.
Con Impeto—with force, energy.
Con Justo—with chaste expression.
Con Moto—with emotion.
Con Spirito—with spirit, animation.

Coro—Chorus.
Da—for, from, of. *Da Capo*—from the beginning.
Decani—the priests, in contradistinction to the lay or ordinary choristers.
Declamando—in the style of declamation.
Decrescendo—diminishing, decreasing.
Devozione—devotional.
Dilettante—a lover of the arts in general, or a lover of music.
Di Molto—much or very.
Divoto—devotedly, devoutly.
Dolce—soft, sweet, tender, delicate.
Dolcemente, *Dolcessa*, or *Dolcissimo*. See *Dolce*.
Dolente, or *Doloroso*—mournful.
Doloroso—in a plaintive, mournful style.
E—and. *Elegante*—elegance.
Energico, or *Con Energia*—with energy.
Espressivo—expressive.
Fine, *Fin*, or *Finale*—the end.
Forzando, *Forz.*, or *Fz.*—sudden increase of power <.
Fugue, or *Fuga*—a composition which repeats or sustains, in its several parts throughout, the subject with which it commences, and which is often led off by some one of its parts.
Fugato—in the fugue style. *Fughetto*—a short fugue.
Giusto—in just and steady time.
Grazioso—smoothly, gracefully.
Grave—slow and solemn movement.
Impressario—manager of Concerts or Operas.
Lacrimando, or *Lacrimoso*—mournful, pathetic.
Lamentevole, *Lamentando*, *Lamentibile*—mournfully.
Larghetto—slow, but not so slow as *Largo*.
Larghissimo—extremely slow.
Largo—slow.
Legato—close, gliding, connected style.
Lento—gradually slower and softer.
Lento, or *Lentamente*—slow.
Ma—but. *Maestoso*—majestic, majestically.
Maestro Di Capella—chapel master, or conductor of church music.
Marcato—strong and marked style.
Messa Di Voce—moderate swell.
Moderato, or *Moderatamente*—moderately, in moderate time.
Molto—much or very.
Molto Voce—with a full voice.
Morendo—gradually dying away.
Mordente—a beat, a transient shake.
Mosso—emotion.
Moto—motion. *Andante Con Moto*—quicker than *Andante*.
Non, *Non Troppo*—not too much.
Orchestra—a company or band of instrumental performers; also that part of a theatre occupied by the band.

Pastorale—applied to graceful movements in sextuple time.
Perdendo, *Perdendosi*—same as *Lento*.
Piu—more. *Piu Mosso*—with more motion, faster.
Pizzicato—snapping the violin string with the fingers.
Poco—a little. *Poco Adagio*—a little slow.
Poco a Poco—by degrees, gradually.
Portamento—the manner of sustaining and conducting the voice from one sound to another.
Precentor—conductor, leader of a congregation.
Presto—quick.
Prestissimo—very quick.
Rallentando, or *Allentando*, or *Slentando*—slower and softer by degrees.
Recitando—a speaking manner of performance.
Recitante—in the style of recitative. [power.
Recitative—musical declamation.
Rinforzando, *Rinf.*, or *Rinforzo*—suddenly increasing in [power.
Ritardando—slackening the time.
Semplice—chaste, simple.
Sempre—throughout, always; as, *Sempre Forte*—loud throughout.
Senza—without; as, *Senza Organo*—without the organ.
Sforzando, *Sforzato*—with strong force of emphasis, rapidly diminishing >.
Siciliana—a movement of light, graceful character.
Smorendo, *Smorzando*—dying away.
Soave, *Soavement*—sweet, sweetly. See *Dolce*.
Solfeggio—a vocal exercise.
Solo—for a single voice or instrument.
Sostenuto—sustained.
Sotto—under, below. *Sotto Voce*—with subdued voice.
Spirito, *Con Spirito*—with spirit and animation.
Staccato—short, detached, distinct.
Subito—quick.
Tace, or *Tacet*—silent, or be silent.
Turdo—slow.
Tasto Solo—without chords.
Tempo—time. *Tempo a Piacere*—time at pleasure.
Tempo Giusto—in exact time.
Ten., *Tenuto*—hold on. See *Sostenuto*.
Tutti—the whole, full chorus.
Un—a; as, *Un Poco*—a little.
Va—go on; as, *Va Crescendo*—continue to increase.
Verse—same as *Solo*.
Vigoroso—bold, energetic.
Vivace—quick and cheerful.
Virtuoso—a proficient in art.
Voce Di Petto—the chest voice.
Voce Di Testa—the head voice.
Voce Solo—voice alone.
Volti Subito—turn over quickly

SPRING TIME.

57

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

WM. F. SHEPHERD

1. Mer - ri - ly, oh mer - ri - ly the time glides by, In the balm - y Spring, When the young birds sing

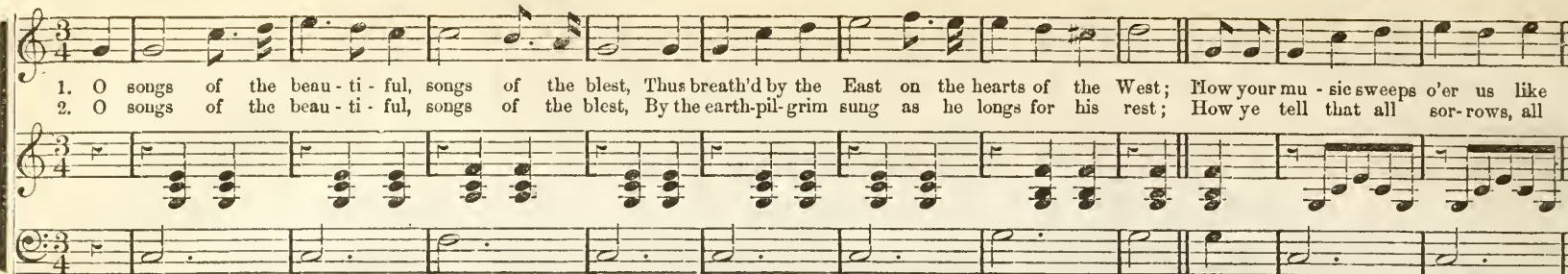
2. Cheer - i - ly, oh cheer - i - ly our foot - steps roam, By the mos - sy glade, In the cool - ing shade;

Wak - ing up the vi - o - let with mild blue eye, While the may - bells gai - ly ring. Na - ture, lav - ish

Mer - ry come the swal - lows to their green - wood home, When the day - beams gent - ly fade. Like the Spring in

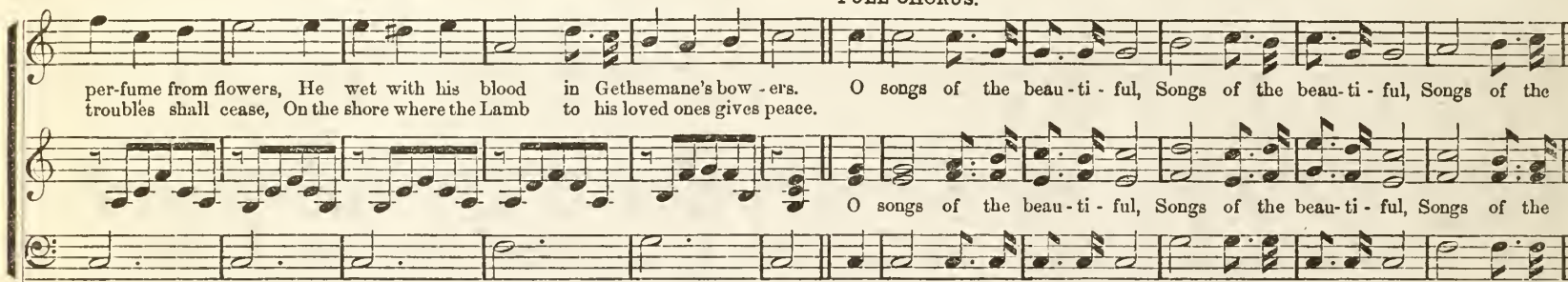
of her treas - ure, Fills her cup with pur - est pleas - ure, While in sweet and var - ied meas - ure, Mu - sic floats a - long—Yes!—

beau - ty gleam - ing, So with joy our youth is beam - ing, While our hearts, of pleas - ure dream - ing, Pass the hours a - way—Yes!—



1. O songs of the beau - ti - ful, songs of the blest, Thus breath'd by the East on the hearts of the West; How your mu - sic sweeps o'er us like
2. O songs of the beau - ti - ful, songs of the blest, By the earth-pil-grim sung as he longs for his rest; How ye tell that all sor-rows, all

FULL CHORUS.



per-fume from flowers, He wet with his blood in Gethsemane's bow-ers. O songs of the beau - ti - ful, Songs of the beau - ti - ful, Songs of the
troubles shall cease, On the shore where the Lamb to his loved ones gives peace.

O songs of the beau - ti - ful, Songs of the beau - ti - ful, Songs of the

QUARTETTE. *pp**ritard.*


beau - ti - ful, songs of the blest; O songs of the beau - ti - ful, songs of the beau - ti - ful, Songs of the beau - ti - ful, songs of the blest.

beau - ti - ful, songs of the blest; O songs of the beau - ti - ful, songs of the beau - ti - ful, Songs of the beau - ti - ful, songs of the blest.

3 O songs of the beautiful, songs of the blest,
Breathing hope to the spirit, and balm to the blest,
Still around us your Paradise—music shall roll,
Still whisper of Christ to each sin-laden soul!

4 O songs of the beautiful, songs of the blest,
We are but earth-pilgrims here, longing for rest;
Dear fathers, dear mothers, all households that long
For the smile of the Lord, and the glorified's song.

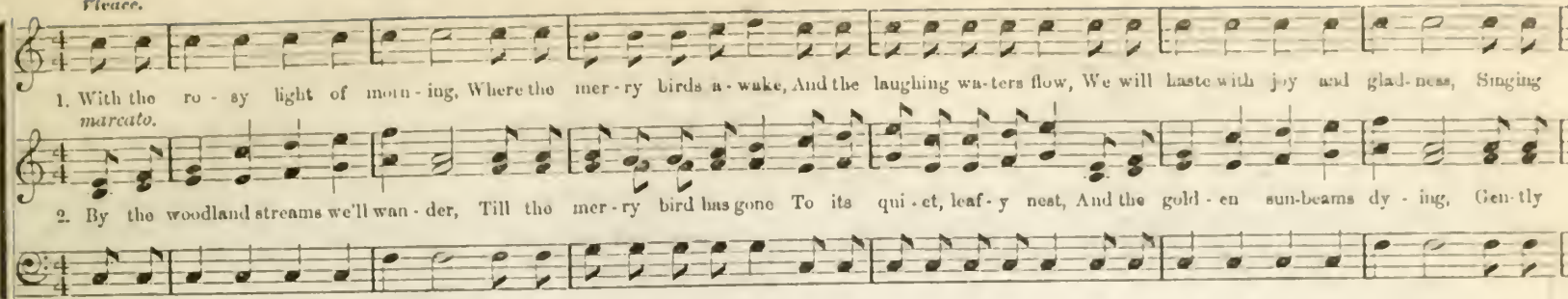
5 O songs of the beautiful, songs of the blest,
Thus breath'd by the East on the hearts of the West.
In your sweet music swelling from Calvary's sod,
We have mercy and Paradise promised by God!

WITH THE ROSY LIGHT.

THEO. F. SEWARD.

59

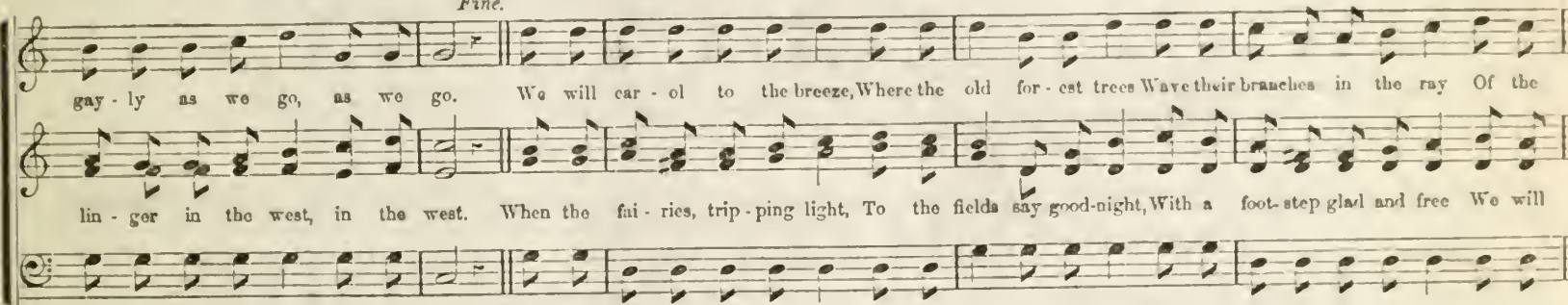
Piace.



1. With the rosy light of morn-ing, Where the mer-ry birds a-wake, And the laugh-ing wa-ters flow, We will laste with joy and glad-ness, Singing
marcato.

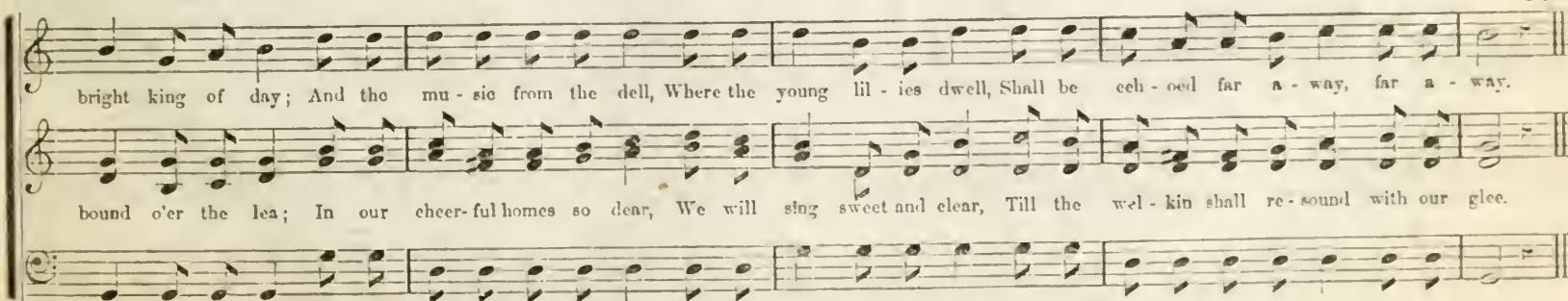
2. By the woodland streams we'll wan-der, Till the mer-ry bird has gone To its qui-et, leaf-y nest, And the gold-en sun-beams dy-ing, Gen-tly

Fine.



gay-ly as we go, as we go. We will car-ol to the breeze, Where the old for-est trees Wave their branches in the ray Of the
lin-ger in the west, in the west. When the fai-ries, trip-ping light, To the fields say good-night, With a foot-step glad and free We will

D. C.



bright king of day; And the mu-sic from the dell, Where the young lil-ies dwell, Shall be eel-oed far a-way, far a-way.
bound o'er the lea; In our cheer-ful homes so dear, We will sing sweet and clear, Till the wel-kin shall re-sound with our glee.

OUR FAIRY QUEEN. Quartet or Chorus.

T. J. COOK.

TENOR. *mp*
 SOPRANO. *mp*
 ALTO.
 BASS.

Hark! the fair-y's foot is tripping, Light-ly o'er the meadows green, To the sound of wa-ters
 Hark! the fair-y's foot is tripping, tripping, tripping, Light-ly o'er the meadows green, To the sound of wa-ters

mp *m* *Sva*

dripping, Hark! it is our fair-y queen. Let no im-age of des-pair,...
 dripping, dripping, dripping, Hark! it is our fair-y queen. Let no im-age of des-pair,...

f *f* *f* *Sva*

OUR FAIRY QUEEN. Continued.

61

A little slower.

Let no i - dle thought of grief . . . Leave one sin - gle trace of care, . . . On their life's un - spot - ted leaf ;

Let no i - dle thought of grief. . . Leave one sin - gle trace of care, . . . On their life's un - spot - ted leaf ; La la

Sva~~~~~

The first system of the musical score for 'OUR FAIRY QUEEN. Continued.' consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo marking 'A little slower.' is at the top right. The lyrics are: 'Let no i - dle thought of grief . . . Leave one sin - gle trace of care, . . . On their life's un - spot - ted leaf ;' and 'Let no i - dle thought of grief. . . Leave one sin - gle trace of care, . . . On their life's un - spot - ted leaf ; La la'. There is a 'Sva~~~~~' marking above the piano staff.

A tempo.

la

la la la la, la la la la la la, la

la

Sva~~~~~

A tempo.

The second system of the musical score continues with four staves. The top two staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The tempo marking 'A tempo.' is at the top left. The lyrics are: 'la' and 'la la la la, la la la la la la, la'. There is a 'Sva~~~~~' marking above the piano staff. The piano part features triplets marked with a '3' and a '3'.

f Hark! it is our fair - y queen!

f Hark! it is our fair - y queen! She

Sva ~~~~~

pp *ppp*

f She comes, she comes! Yes, it is our fair - y queen, Yes, it is our fair - y queen,

comes, she comes! She comes, she comes! Yes, it is our fair - y queen, Yes, it is our fair - y queen,

f *Sva* ~~~~~ *Sva* ~~~~~

Yes, it is our fair - y queen, our fair - y queen, our fair - y queen, our fair - y queen, it is our fair - y

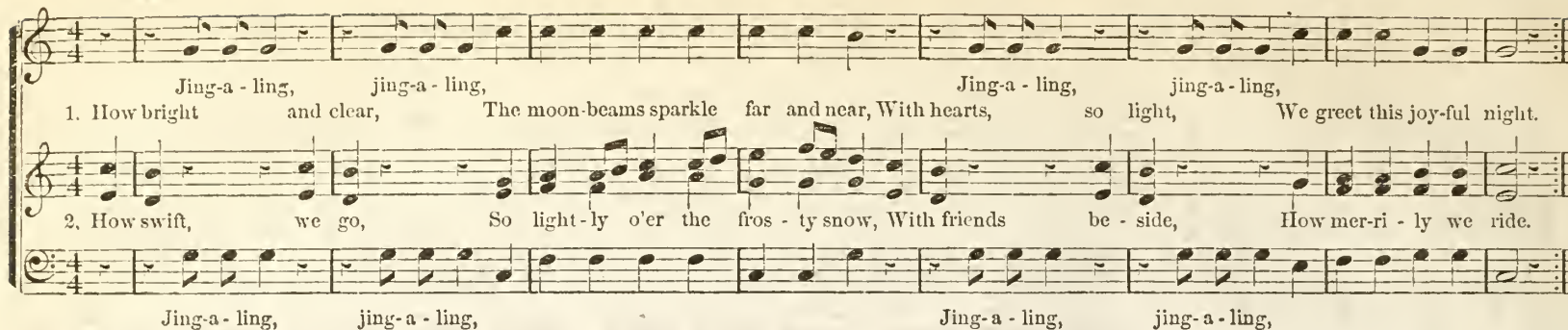
Yes, it is our fair - y queen, our fair - y queen, our fair - y queen, our fair - y queen, it is our fair - y

queen.

queen.

Syn *Syn*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The vocal parts have lyrics, and the piano accompaniment includes a wavy line labeled 'Syn' (Synchro) above the staff. The score concludes with a double bar line.

Lively.


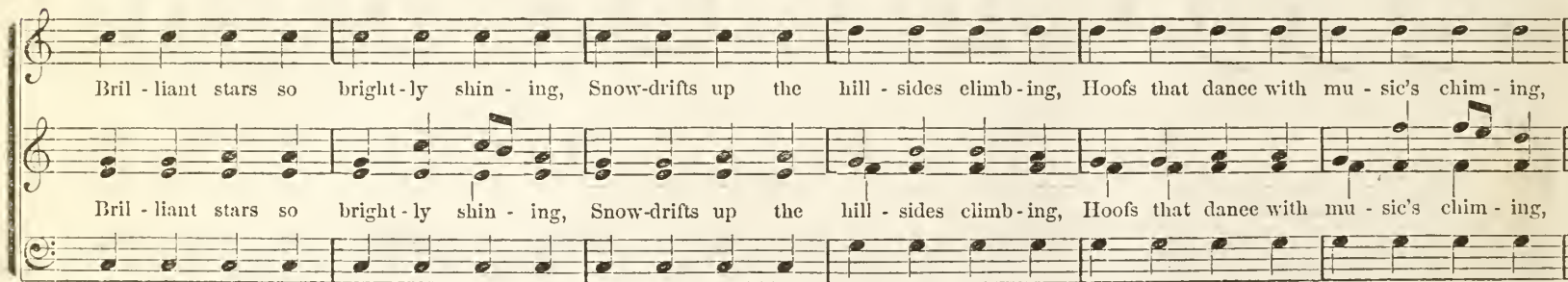
Jing-a - ling, jing-a - ling, Jing-a - ling, jing-a - ling,

1. How bright and clear, The moon-beams sparkle far and near, With hearts, so light, We greet this joy-ful night.

Jing-a - ling, jing-a - ling, Jing-a - ling, jing-a - ling,


2. How swift, we go, So light-ly o'er the fros - ty snow, With friends be - side, How mer-ri - ly we ride.

Jing-a - ling, jing-a - ling, Jing-a - ling, jing-a - ling,



Bril - liant stars so bright-ly shin - ing, Snow-drifts up the hill - sides climb-ing, Hoofs that dance with mu - sic's chim - ing,

Bril - liant stars so bright-ly shin - ing, Snow-drifts up the hill - sides climb-ing, Hoofs that dance with mu - sic's chim - ing,



What a scene of gay de - light! Jing a - ling, jing-a - ling, Jing-a - ling, jing-a - ling, Hap - py hearts and fa - ces beam - ing,

What a scene of gay de - light! Jin - gle go the bells so mer-ri - ly, Hap - py hearts and fa - ces beam - ing,

Jing-a - ling, jing-a - ling, Jing-a - ling, jing-a - ling,

pp

Jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, What a joy-ful, joy-ful night. Jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, the
Voi-ces sing-ing out so cheer-i-ly, What a joy-ful, joy-ful night. Jin-gle go the

pp

Jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, Jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling,

jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, mer-ri-ly, Hap-py hearts and fa-ces beam-ing, Jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling,
bells so mer-ri-ly, Hap-py hearts and fa-ces beam-ing, Voi-ces ring-ing out so cheer-i-ly, bells so mer-ri-ly, Hap-py hearts and fa-ces beam-ing, Voi-ces ring-ing out so cheer-i-ly,
jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, Jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling,

What a joy-ful, joy-ful night With hearts Jing-a-ling, so light, jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, jing, jing, jing.
ff We greet this joy-ful night. What a joy-ful, joy-ful night! With hearts so light, *ff* We greet this joy-ful night.
Jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling, jing, jing, jing.

Slow, Expressive.

1. { Let them rest, let them rest, where we tenderly bore them, The war drum is silent, the bat-tle is o'er, }
 The long weary march of the sol-dier is end-ed, The call of the bugle will rouse them no more. } O sweetly they slumber where green drooping branches, Of

2. { Let them sleep, let them sleep, while our country deplores them, Her chieftains, her heroes, so true to her laws, }
 Like those who bequeathed her the birthright of freedom, They fought for her glory and fell in her cause. } Say throbs there a bosom that will not remember, [With

Cres. *Ritard.*
 cy-press and wil-low en - cir - cle their grave, Our tri-col-ored ban-ner floats proudly a - bove them, And the bold crest-ed ea-gle keeps watch o'er the brave.

Cres. *Ritard.*
 grateful e - motions those he - roes so brave, Green, green be the laurels of fame they have gather'd, They shall bloom on our pathway and brighten their grave.

MORNING IN THE COUNTRY.

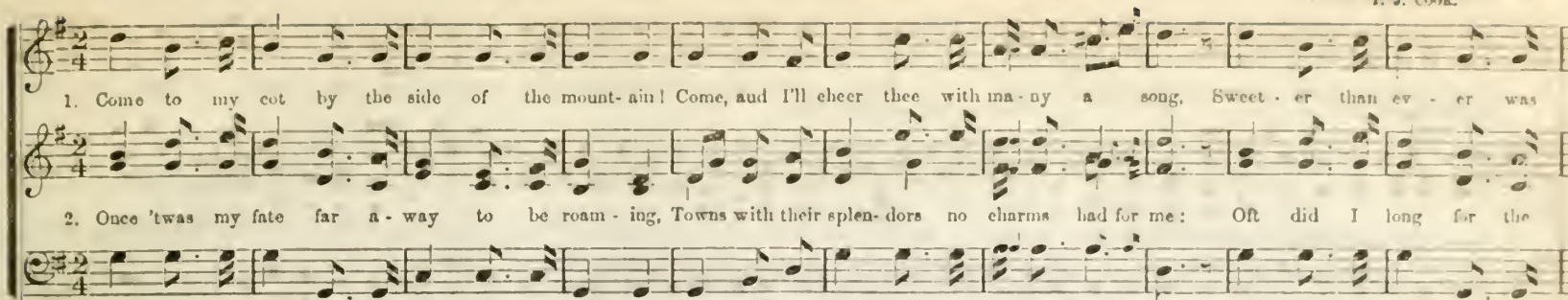
1. The sun up-springs, And splendor flings On vale, and hill, and mere; Oh morning air! Oh, world so fair! Oh, gold-en sun-light clear!
 2. On na-ture's face, Each path we trace, Must ev - er glo - rious be; By wood or wave, In o - cean cave, On mead, or mountain free!

3. Oh, na - ture! thro' Thy pathways true, Thus led by friendship's hand, So wan-der we, Close bound to thee, In - to the bet - ter land!

COME TO MY COT. Quartet.

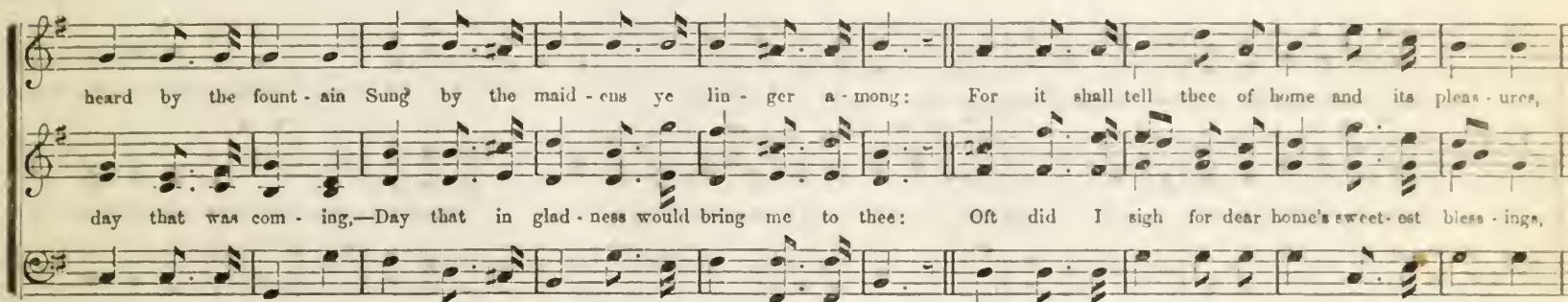
67

T. J. COOK.



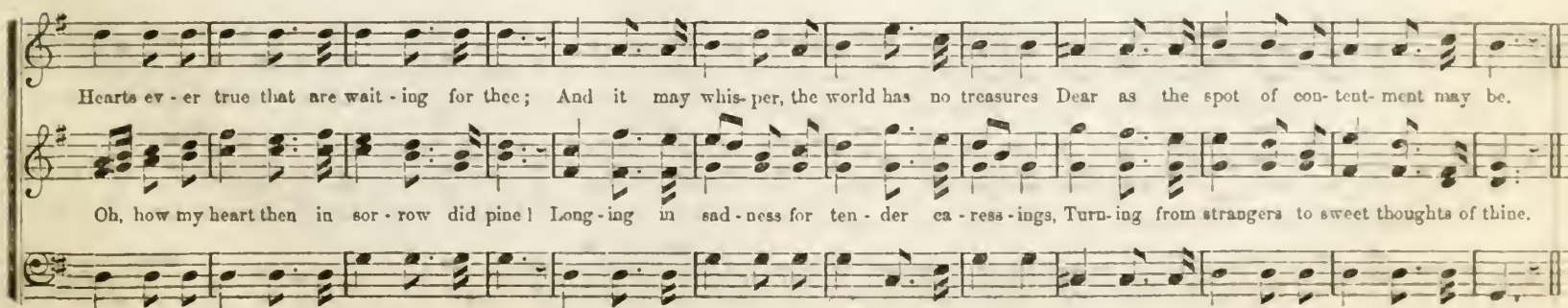
1. Come to my cot by the side of the mount-ain! Come, and I'll cheer thee with ma-ny a song, Sweet-er than ev-er was

2. Once 'twas my fate far a-way to be roam-ing, Towns with their splen-dors no charms had for me: Oft did I long for the



heard by the fount-ain Sung by the maid-ens ye lin-ger a-mong: For it shall tell thee of home and its pleas-ures,

day that was com-ing,—Day that in glad-ness would bring me to thee: Oft did I sigh for dear home's sweet-est bless-ings,



Hearts ev-er true that are wait-ing for thee; And it may whis-per, the world has no treasures Dear as the spot of con-tent-ment may be.

Oh, how my heart then in sor-row did pine! Long-ing in sad-ness for ten-der ca-ress-ings, Turn-ing from stran-gers to sweet thoughts of thine.

CHEERFULNESS, THOU BUOYANT SPIRIT.

WM. F. SHEERWIN.

1. Cheerfulness, thou buoyant spirit, Floating on a sun - - - ny ray, a sunny ray, Laden, like a bee, with hon - ey, Useful la - bor to re - pay :
 Cheerfulness, thou buoyant spir - it, Floating on a sun-ny ray,

2. Thine is all the untaught music, Sounding thro' the sum - mer air; the summer air; Insect, bird, and bubbling fountain, Whisp'ring breeze and sounding sphere ;

Rosebuds young thy bosom wreathing, Where no sound of grief is breathing, Lilies fair thy forehead crown, Which has never known a frown.

Thine the skill and heav'nly power, Sweets to draw from every flow-er; Thine to bask in cloudless morn, Cull the rose and leave the thorn.

Rosebuds young thy bosom wreathing, Where no so sound of grief is breathing, Li - lies fair thy forehead crown,

CHORUS. *Faster. ff*

Let our mer - ry cho - rus praise thee, Sounds of string and voice we raise thee, Trumpet clang and bu - gle tone, Hail thee on thy sun - ny throne.

Reap-er's song, and sky - lark's sing - ing, To thy joy - ful praise are ring - ing : Cla - rion, voice and harp u - nite In thy cho - rus, spir - it bright.

THE MOUNTAINEER.

69

T. J. COOK.

1. High o - ver the mountains in free - dom I dwell, No spot on earth's bo - som could please me so well; Here blos - soms the rock - rose, so

2. In win - ter, when forced to de - scend to the plains, I say, "Well, the spring will re - turn soon a - gain! The spring will re - turn, and melt

gold - en and bright, Here tin - kles the herd - bell from morn - ing to night: I look for the vil - lage, but find it no more—The mists of the val - ley have

ice - track and snow, And then, with new joy, to the mountains I'll go." High o - ver the mountains in freedom I dwell, No spot on earth's bosom could

cov - er'd it o'er: I breathe the pure air, play a tune on my horn, And thank my kind Mak - er that here I was born.

please me so well; Here blos - soms the rock - rose, so gold - en and bright, Here tin - kles the herd - bell, from morn - ing to night.

GLEE. Sigh no more, Ladies.

R. J. S. STEVENS.

TENOR. *mf*
 Sigh no more, la - dies, La - dies, sigh no more, Men were de - ceiv - ers ev - er, men were de - ceiv - ers ev - er; One foot on
 ALTO.
 Sigh no more, la - dies, La - dies, sigh no more, Men were de - ceiv - ers ev - er, men were de - ceiv - ers ev - er; One foot on
 2nd SOPRANO.
 Sigh no more, la - dies, La - dies, sigh no more, Men were de - ceiv - ers ev - er, men were de - ceiv - ers ev - er; One foot on
 1st SOPRANO.
 Sigh no more, la - dies, La - dies, sigh no more, Men were de - ceiv - ers ev - er, men were de - ceiv - ers ev - er; One foot on
 BASS
 Sigh no more, la - dies, La - dies, sigh no more, Men were de - ceiv - ers ev - er, men were de - ceiv - ers ev - er; One foot on

sea, and one on shore, To one thing con-stant nev - er, to one thing con-stant nev - er. Then sigh not so,
 sea, and one on shore, To one thing con-stant nev - er, to one thing con-stant nev - er. Then sigh not so,
 sea, and one on shore, To one thing con-stant nev - er, to one thing con-stant nev - er. Then sigh not so.
 sea, and one on shore, To one thing con-stant nev - er, to one thing con-stant nev - er. Then sigh not so,

GLEE. Continued.

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f *mf* *cres.*

but let them go, and be you blithe and bonny, and be you blithe and bonny, Con-vert-ing all your sounds of woe, con-vert-ing all your

but let them go, and be you blithe and bonny, and be you blithe and bonny, Con-vert-ing all your sounds of woe, con-vert-ing all your

but let them go, and be you blithe and bonny, and be you blithe and bonny, Con-vert-ing all your sounds of woe, con-vert-ing all your

but let them go, and be you blithe and bonny, and be you blithe and bonny, Con-vert-ing all your sounds of woe, con-vert-ing all your

f *p* *f* *pp* **FIRST.**

sounds of woe To Hey non-ny non-ny, Hey non-ny non-ny, Hey non-ny non-ny, Hey non-ny non-ny.

sounds of woe To Hey non-ny non-ny, Hey non-ny non-ny, Hey non-ny non-ny, Hey non-ny non-ny.

sounds of woe To Hey non-ny non-ny, Hey non-ny non-ny, Hey non-ny non-ny, Hey non-ny non-ny.

sounds of woe To Hey non-ny non-ny, Hey non-ny non-ny, Hey non-ny non-ny, Hey non-ny non-ny.

mf Sing no more dit - ties, La - dies, sing no more, Of dumps so dull and hea - vy, of dumps so dull and hea - vy. *p*

Sing no more dit - ties, La - dies, sing no more, Of dumps so dull and hea - vy, of dumps so dull and hea - vy

Sing no more dit - ties, La - dies, sing no more, Of dumps so dull and hea - vy. of dumps so dull and hea - vy. *p*

Sing no more dit - ties, La - dies, sing no more, Of dumps so dull and hea - vy, of dumps so dull and hea - vy.

f The frauds of men were ev - er so, since sum - mer first was lea - fy, since sum - mer first was lea - fy. *p* Repeat from \S :

The frauds of men were ev - er so, since sum - mer first was lea - fy, since sum - mer first was lea - fy.

The frauds of men were ev - er so, since sum - mer first was lea - fy, since sum - mer first was lea - fy.

The frauds of men were ev - er so, since sum - mer first was lea - fy, since sum - mer first was lea - fy. *p*

THE LAND WE LOVE. Chorus for the Fourth of July.

73

Words by GEORGE W. FIRDSEY.

T. F. SEWARD. By permission.

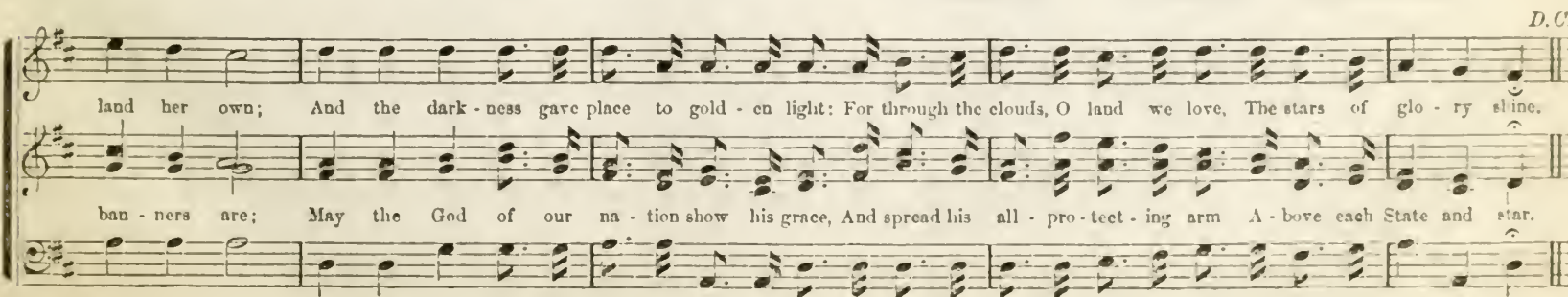


1. To thee be glo - ry in the com - ing years, Land we love, Land we love; By fa - thers' blood, and by our moth - ers' tears, We'll
D.C. To thee be glo - ry, etc.

2. Low un - to thee shall all the na - tions bow, Land we love, Land we love; Co - lum - bia's sons shall tru - ly keep their vow: All
D.C. To thee be glo - ry, etc.



Fine.
stand by thee, O land we love..... When we shat - tled the sword of Eng - land's might, Free - dom called this dear
lands shall praise thee, land we love, O land we love. Now the heavens kind - ly bend to thy em - brace, While the starred skies thy



D.C.
land her own; And the dark - ness gave place to gold - en light: For through the clouds, O land we love, The stars of glo - ry shine,
ban - ners are; May the God of our na - tion show his grace, And spread his all - pro - tect - ing arm A - bove each State and star.

1. Dash-ing through the snow, In a one horse o - pen sleigh,... O'er the hills we go,..... Laughing all the way;
 2. A day or two a - go, I thought I'd take a ride, And soon Miss Fan - ny Bright Was seat - ed by my side; The
 3. A day or two a - go, The sto - ry I must tell, I went out on the snow, And on my back I fell; A
 4. Now the ground is white, Go it while you're young,... Take the girls to - night, And sing this sleighing song; Just

Bells on bob tail ring,..... Mak - ing spir - its bright,..... O, what sport to ride and sing A sleigh-ing song to - night.
 horse was lean and lank, Mis - for - tune seem'd his lot, He got in - to a drift - ed bank, And we - we got up - sot.
 gent was rid - ing by, In a one horse o - pen sleigh, He laughed as there I sprawling lay, But quick - ly drove a - way.
 get a bob tailed bay, Two - for - ty as his speed,..... Hitch him to an o - pen sleigh, And crack, you'll take the lead.

CHORUS.

Jin - gle bells, Jin - gle bells, Jin - gle all the way; Oh! what joy it is to ride In a one horse o - pen sleigh.
 Jin - gle bells, Jin - gle bells, Jin - gle all the way; Oh! what joy it is to ride In a one horse o - pen sleigh.

Jin - gle bells, Jin - gle bells, Jin - gle all the way, Oh! what joy it is to ride In a one horse o - pen sleigh.

Jin - gle bells, Jin - gle bells, Jin - gle all the way, Oh! what joy it is to ride In a one horse o - pen sleigh

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment in G major and 2/4 time, featuring a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

HYMN. "Oh! ye Voices gone."

Words by Mrs. HEMANS.

WM. F. SHEERWIN.

1. Oh! ye voi - ces gone, Sounds of ear - ly years,..... Hush that haunt - ing tone; Melt me not to tears;

2. With the winds of spring, With the breath of flowers,.... Float - ing back, ye bring Thoughts of van - ished hours.

All a - round for - get— All who love you well— Yet sweet voi - ces, yet— O'er my soul ye swell.

Hence your mu - sic take! Oh! ye voi - ces gone!.... This lone heart ye make, But more deep - ly lone.

The hymn is written for four parts: Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. It is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The score includes two systems of music. The first system contains the first two verses. The second system contains the final lines of the hymn. The vocal parts are clearly delineated by their range and the lyrics provided below each staff.

BOAT SONG.

T. J. COOK.

Lively.

1. Our boat is off! our boat is off! See how she floats the wave! As if on wing the fai - ry thing Skims o'er the wa - ters brave. With laugh and
 2. We'll speed away, through dashing spray, O'er waves of ev - ery hue; And bound a - long, with cur - rent strong, Up - on the wa - ters blue. With laugh, etc.

3. As safe are we, as proud - ly free, As birds that cleave the air; Our wings are white, as swift our flight, As sea - gulls dart - ing there. With laugh and

song we glide a - long, Up - on the rip - pling sea; All fac - es bright with pure de - light, Oh, who so mer - ry as we! All fac - es bright with
 song we glide a - long, Up - on the rip - pling sea; All fac - es bright with pure de - light, Oh, who so mer - ry as we! All fac - es bright with

pure de - light, Oh, who so mer - ry as we! Oh, who so mer - ry as we! mer - ry as we, mer - ry as we, so mer - ry, so mer - ry as we!.....
 pure de - light, Oh, who so mer - ry as we! Oh, who so mer - ry as we! mer - ry as we, mer - ry as we, so mer - ry, so mer - ry as we!.....

WELCOME TO SPRING!

T. J. COOK 77

1. Wel-come to spring! wel-come to spring! Spring with love - ly, love - ly flowers; Heav - en has sent her to glad - den the earth With

2. Wel-come to spring! wel-come to spring! Spring with sweet and love - ly flowers; Wel-come the lamb - kins that sport on the hill, And

This system contains the first two verses of the song. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is simple and repetitive, with the lyrics written below the notes.

beau - ti - ful sun - shine and flowers; Birds and flowers are round us now, Songs breathe forth from ev - ery bough.

chil - dren that dance in the bowers; Hap - py song - sters gai - ly sing, Her - alds of the glad - some spring.

This system continues the melody from the first system. It includes the same treble and bass staves and key signature. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words like 'beau - ti - ful' and 'chil - dren' split across lines.

Wel - come to spring! wel - come to spring! To bright and glad - some spring; Wel - come, wel - come, spring.....

Wel - come to spring! wel - come to spring! To bright and glad - some spring; Wel - come, wel - come, spring.....

This system contains the final two verses of the song. It features the same treble and bass staves and key signature. The melody is simple and repetitive, with the lyrics written below the notes. The first verse ends with a double bar line, and the second verse begins with a new line of music.

GOOD MORNING.

T. J. COOK.

Lively.

1. Day is break - ing o'er the hills, Danc - ing on the lit - tle rills; Rouse we then, my broth - ers all, Cheer - ly to each

2. Wel - come back the friend - ly sun— He a long night's work has done; He has been, while we have slept, Been where ma - ny

oth - er call Good morn - ing! Good morn - ing! Good morn - ing! Good morn - ing!

waked and wept. Good morn - ing! Good morn - ing! Good morn - ing! Good morn - ing! Good morn - ing! Good morn - ing!

Good morn - ing! Good morn - ing! Good morn - ing! Good morn - ing!

Good morn - ing! Good morn - ing! Good morn - ing! Good morn - ing! Good morn - ing! Good morn - ing!

GOOD NIGHT. Trio.

WM. B. CROSBY. 79

Soprano.

And now, be - fore we part, we'll say good night, We'll say once more good night, good night, good night,
Alto.

And now, before we part, we'll say once more good night, we'll say... good night, good night, good night, We'll say once more good night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good night,
Bass.

And now, be - fore we part, we'll say good night, We'll say once more good night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good night,
Alto.

Good night to all, Sweet - ly sleep 'till morn - ing light, Good night to all, good night, good night, good night,
Alto.

Good night, good night to all, good night, good night to all, good night, good night, good night, good night, good night to all, good night, good night to all, good night, good night.

Good night to all, Sweet - ly sleep 'till morn - ing light, Good night to all, good night, good night, good night,
Alto.

1. A song, a song to the bub - bling and spring, So clear noon - and bright;
 2. How sweet it is, when tired and faint With noon - tide heat, Let us to all its the

3. No grief or dis - cord here is found, None here is found, Poace, and love, and
 prais - es sing, Sing, sing to - night. Spark - ling lit - tle fount - ain, Sing - ing ev - er gay - ly,
 gush - ing wave, Cool, cool and sweet. Spark - ling, &c.

Spark - ling lit - tle fount - ain, Sing - ing ev - er gay - ly, Cheer us with thy mu - sic, Cheer us, cheer us dai - ly.

Spark - ling lit - tle fount - - - - - ain, Sing - ing ev - er gay - - - - - ly,

Spark - ling lit - tle fount - ain, Sing - ing ev - er gay - ly, Cheer us with thy mu - sic, Cheer us, cheer us dai - ly,

Cheer us with thy mu - - - - - sic, Cheer us, cheer us,

cres......*dim.*.....

1. Sing - ing,	sing - ing,	sing - ing,	sing - ing,	sing - ing,	sing - ing,	sing - ing,	sing - ing,	sing - ing,	sing - ing,	sing - ing,	sing - ing	ev - er
2. Spark - ling,	spark - ling,	spark - ling,	spark - ling,	spark - ling,	spark - ling,	spark - ling,	spark - ling,	spark - ling,	spark - ling,	spark - ling,	spark - ling	ev - er
3. Gurg - ling,	gurg - ling,	gurg - ling,	gurg - ling,	gurg - ling,	gurg - ling,	gurg - ling,	gurg - ling,	gurg - ling,	gurg - ling,	gurg - ling,	gurg - ling	ev - er

Cheer us with thy mu - - - - - sic, Cheer us, cheer us,

cres......*dim.*.....

Sing - ing, sing - ing, (Same words as under *Alto*.)

Musical score for the first system of 'The Fountain'. It consists of four staves. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics: 'dai - ly. Tra la la la la la la la la la la, Tra la la, tra la la,'. The second and third staves are piano accompaniment. The fourth staff is a bass line. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

Musical score for the second system of 'The Fountain'. It consists of four staves. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics: 'Tra la la la la la la la la la la, Cheer us, cheer us dai - ly.' The second and third staves are piano accompaniment. The fourth staff is a bass line. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

4.

Then drink away, boys, freely drink,
 Yes, drink, drink, drink ;
 Fill your cups, fill to the brink,
 Fill to the brink.
 Sparkling little fountain, &c.
 Foaming, foaming, &c.

5.

A bumper now to ladies all,
 To ladies all ;
 To ladies short, and ladies tall,
 I like them all.
 Sparkling little fountain, &c.
 Ladies, ladies, &c.

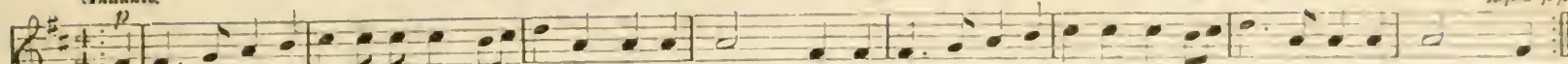
SINCE FIRST I SAW YOUR FACE.

THOMAS FORD. 1699.

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Andante.

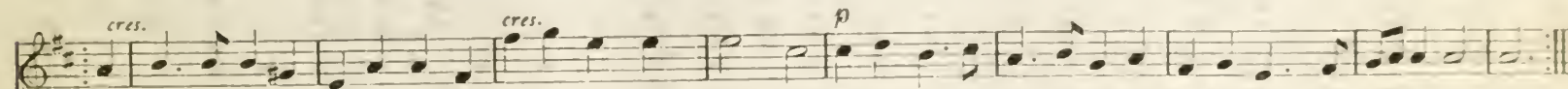
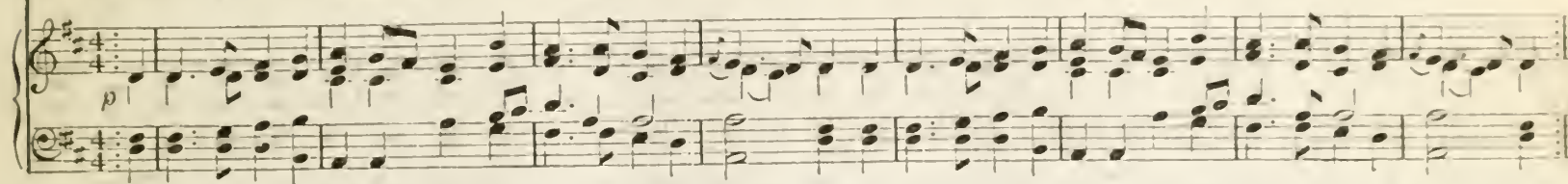
Repeat p p



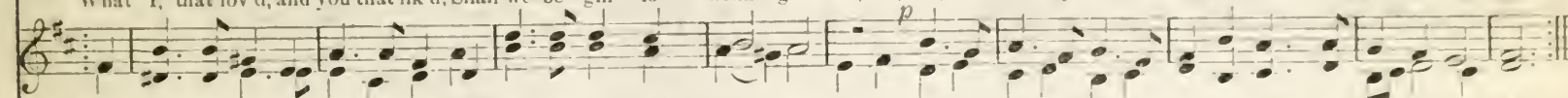
1. Since first I saw your face, I resolv'd To hon-or and re-nown you; If now I be disdain'd I wish My heart had nev-er known you.



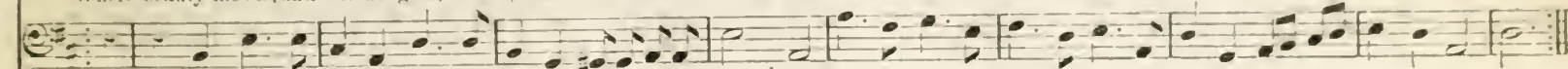
2. The sun, whose beams most glorious are, Re-ject-eth no be-hold-er, And your sweet beauty, past compare, Made my poor eyes the bold-er.



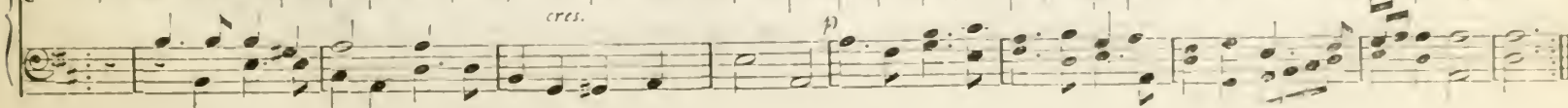
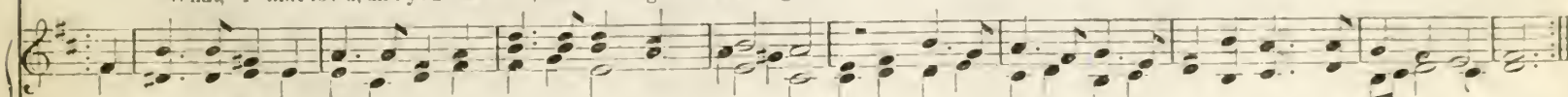
What I, that lov'd, and you that lik'd, Shall we be-gin to wran-gle? No, no, no, no, my heart is fast, And can-not dis-en-tan-gle.



Where beauty moves, and wit delights, And signs of kind-ness bind me, There, O there, O there, where'er I go, I leave my heart behind me.



What, I that lov'd, and you that lik'd, Shall we begin to wran-gle?



Not too slow.

1. Win - ter's er - el reign is o - ver, Ver - nal airs blow soft a - gain; Black - bird, sky - lark, thrush and plo - ver,
 2. Mes - sen - gers of spring are fly - ing, Far from re - gions o'er the sea; Voice to voice its wel - come ery - ing,

3. Sheep and kine their stalls for - sak - ing, Snuff with joy the breath of spring; While the voice of joy a - wak - ing,

Join and swell this mer - ry strain. Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la,
 Raise the song of tune - ful glee. Tra la la, &c.

Makes the echo - ing wood - lands ring. Tra la la la, Tra la la la, Tra la la la la la,

pp Tra la la la..... la la la la la la la, Tra la la la, Tra la, Tra la.
cresc. Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la, Tra la.

TEMPERANCE GLEE. "Water is best."

WM. F. SHEERWIN. 85

DUET.



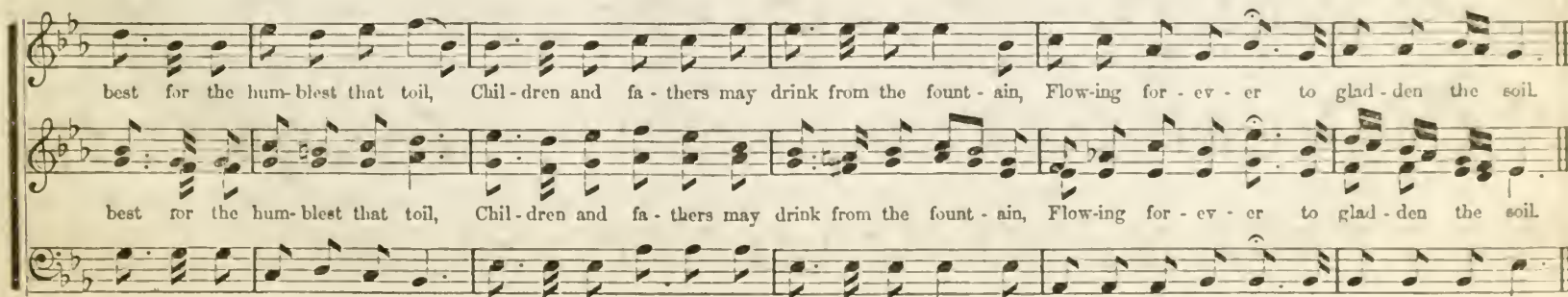
1. Wa - ter is best for the trees of the for - est, Wa - ter is best for the flow'rs of the field; Streams from the mount - ain are
2. Em - blem of pur - i - ty, truth, and of free - dom, Still let me love thee, and still be thou mine, Glid - ing in stream - let or

CHORUS. Tenor.



flow - ing in beau - ty, Pur - est of pleas - ure for - ev - er they yield. Wa - ter is best for the rich and the might - y, Wa - ter is
roll - ing in o - cean, Tell - ing of God, ev - er glo - rious di - vine.

Wa - ter is best for the rich and the might - y, Wa - ter is



best for the hum - blest that toil, Chil - dren and fa - thers may drink from the fount - ain, Flow - ing for - ev - er to glad - den the soil.

best for the hum - blest that toil, Chil - dren and fa - thers may drink from the fount - ain, Flow - ing for - ev - er to glad - den the soil.

Allegro.

1. O, the mer - ry har - vest time! The mer - ry, match - less har - vest time! O, the mer - ry har - vest time! The mer - ry, match - less
 2. Now's the hap - py har - vest time, The hap - py, hon - ored har - vest time; Now's the hap - py har - vest time, The hap - py, hon - ored

3. Praise, then, all the har - vest time, Ye chil - dren of the har - vest time! Praise, then, all the har - vest time, Ye chil - dren of the

har - vest time! What can vie, Be - neath the sky, With the mer - ry har - vest time? What can vie, Be - neath the sky, With the
 har - vest time; Ere the earth Doth mix in mirth, With her sons at har - vest time; Ere the earth Doth mix in mirth, With her

har - vest time! Girls and boys, Who know the joys Of the fruit - ful har - vest time Girls and boys, Who know the joys Of the

mer - ry har - vest time? What tho' sum - mer birds have fled, Sing - ing, to an - oth - er elime, — We have tongues that mu - sic shed, And a
 sons at har - vest time. Not a storm doth vex her brow, Flood - ing rain, or frost - y time, But the sun - ny dis - tance now, Laugheth

fruit - ful har - vest time! Leave to spring the love - sweet flowers, Win - ter, too, its song and rhyme, Sum - mer all her balm - y hours, We've our

THE MERRY HARVEST TIME. Concluded.

87

song at har-vest time. Come! come! come, come, come! Come, o'er the hills the moon is glanc-ing, Now's the time for
out, "Tis har-vest time!" Come! come, &c.

dance at har-vest time. Come! come! come, come, come! Come, o'er the hills the moon is glanc-ing, Now's the time for

sing-ing and danc-ing; Come, o'er the hills the moon is glanc-ing, Now's the time for sing-ing and danc-ing; Now's the time, Now's the time, the

sing-ing and danc-ing; Come, o'er the hills the moon is glanc-ing, Now's the time for sing-ing and danc-ing; Now's the time, Now's the time, the

mer-ry, mer-ry har-vest time; Now's the time, Now's the time, the mer-ry, mer-ry har-vest time.

mer-ry, mer-ry har-vest time; Now's the time, Now's the time, the mer-ry, mer-ry har-vest time.

Allegretto. 1st Soprano

Dr. CALLCOTT.

*mf**cres.*

Mark the mer-ry elves of fai-ry land! Mark the merry elves of fai-ry land! In the cold moon's gleamy glance, In the cold moon's gleamy glance, In the

2d Soprano.

Mark the mer-ry elves of fai-ry land! Mark the merry elves of fai-ry land! In the cold moon's gleamy glance, In the cold moon's gleamy glance, In the

Bass.

p cold moon's gleamy glance, *p dolce.* They with shadow-y mor-rie dance;

p dolce. cold moon's gleamy glance, They with shadow-y mor-rie dance, They with shadow-y morrie dance; *p* *dim.* *pp* Soft mu-sic dies a-long the land, Soft mu-sic

p *dim.* Soft mu-sic dies a-long the des-ert land,.....

pp *mf* *p* *dim. slowly.* *pp* *f Con spirito.* *p slower.* *dim.*

Soft mu-sic dies a-long the des-ert land, a-long the des-ert land, a-long the des-ert land. Soon at peep of cool-ey'd day, Soon the num'rous

dies, Soft mu-sic dies a-long the des-ert land, a-long the des-ert land, a-long the des-ert land. Soon at peep of cool-ey'd day, Soon the num'rous

pp Soft mu-sic dies a-long the des-ert land.

THE FAIRIES. Concluded.

89

f *Con spirito.* *slower.* *dim.* *p* *Tempo primo.*

lights de - cay; Soon at peep of cool - ey'd day, Soon the num'rous lights de - cay. Mer - ri - ly now, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly now, mer - ri - ly, Aft - er the

lights de - cay; Soon at peep of cool - ey'd day, Soon the num'rous lights de - cay. Mer - ri - ly now, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly now, mer - ri - ly, Aft - er the

f *p* *cres.* *p*

dew - y moon they fly; Mer - ri - ly now, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly now, mer - ri - ly, Aft - er the dew - y moon they fly, Aft - er the dew - y moon they fly;

dew - y moon they fly; Mer - ri - ly now, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly now, mer - ri - ly, Aft - er the dew - y moon they fly; Aft - er the dew - y moon they fly;

f *p* *mf* *p* *cres.* *f*

Mer - ri - ly now, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly now, mer - ri - ly, Aft - er the dew - y moon they fly,..... Aft - er the dew - y moon they fly, they fly, they fly.

Mer - ri - ly now, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly now, mer - ri - ly, Aft - er the dew - y moon they fly,..... Aft - er the dew - y moon they fly, they fly, they fly.

they fly,

Con Spirito.

Arranged from AUBER, by W. B. B.

TENOR *f*
1. We hail thee! we hail thee! We hail thee, glad spring - time! We hail..... thee!

SOP.
2. We hail thee! we hail thee! We hail thee, glad spring - time! We hail..... thee!

ALTO.
f

BASE.
f

f
Play eight Measures as a Symphony.

p Bird - songs, as she goes, Seem to mock her woes; Win - ter, wan and gray,..... Sad - ly steals a -

p Spring with warmth and flowers, Grass with leaf - y bowers; Songs of love and glee,..... Ring - ing mer - ri -

p

cres.

cres.

cres.

cres.

ly, ... All earth and air re-sound, And join the joy-ful sound. Then wel - come! then wel - come! We

way; ... All earth and air re-sound, And join the joy-ful sound. Then wel - come! then wel - come! We

hail thee, glad spring-time! We hail ... thee! A - zure vio-lets blow - ing, Lim - pid wa - ters flow - ing,

hail thee, glad spring-time! We hail ... thee! A - zure vio-lets blow - ing, Lim - pid wa - ters flow - ing,

WE HAIL THEE, GLAD SPRING-TIME. Concluded.

cres. *ff*

A - zure vio - lets blow - ing, Lim - pid wa - ters flow - ing; She comes, she comes, she comes, the glorious spring! She

cres. *ff*

A - zure vio - lets blow - ing, Lim - pid wa - ters flow - ing; She comes, she comes, she comes, the glorious spring! She

comes, she comes, she comes, the glorious spring! We hail thee! We hail thee! We hail thee!

comes, she comes, she comes, the glorious spring! We hail thee! We hail thee! We hail thee!

1. When pleasure crowns the fes-tive scene, Or beau-ty's ra-diant eye se-rene, Still brighter makes the play-ful beam From joy its lus-tre bring-ing;
mu-sic dwells, and wild and free Rings out her peal of mer-ry glee, And tells how blest the world would be If cares were lost in sing-ing;

2. The brook-let sing-ing mur-murs by, The mountain rills with joy re-ply, The leaf-let hears the zeph-yr sigh And wakes from dew-y slum-bers;
shad-y grot and mos-sy plain Still mu-sic breathes her dul-cet strain, While na-ture joins her glad re-frain And swells her pur-est num-bers;

1st. 2d.

There Who has not wond'ring paused to hear Childhood repeat its art-less song, Sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, Sing-ing cheer-i-ly all day long!

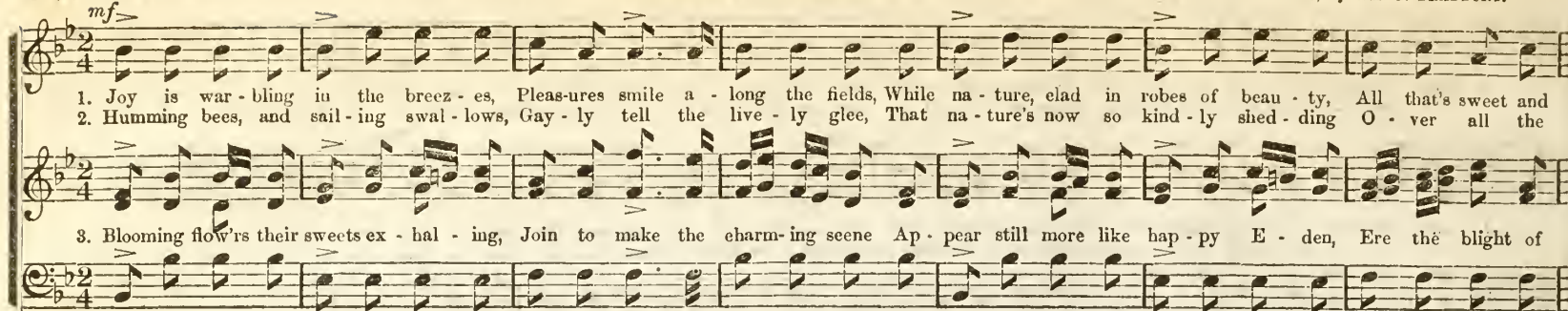
O'er Gayly the bird in leaf-y nest Blends with the breeze her artless song, Sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, Sing-ing cheer-i-ly all day long.

Sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, Sing-ing cheer-i-ly all day long.

Sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, Sing-ing cheer-i-ly all day long.

3 In rural cot or princely hall,
'Tis music lends a charm to all;
The same enchanting echoes fall
And lighten every sorrow;
Around the happy, social hearth,
Where love and friendship have their birth,
The simple lay of joyous mirth
Proclaims a bright to-morrow;
Sing till the heart beats high with joy,
Sing till the soul is full of song,
[Singing, singing, singing, singing,
Singing cheerily all day long.]

mf



1. Joy is war-bling in the breez-es, Pleas-ures smile a-long the fields, While na-ture, elad in robes of beau-ty, All that's sweet and
 2. Humming bees, and sail-ing swal-lows, Gay-ly tell the live-ly glee, That na-ture's now so kind-ly shed-ding O-ver all the

3. Blooming flow'rs their sweets ex-hal-ing, Join to make the charm-ing scene Ap-pear still more like hap-py E-den, Ere the blight of

fz



love-ly yields. Heav'n now shed its mild-est splen-dor O'er the land, and o'er the deep; See all en-joy the com-mon pleas-ure, While in hap-py
 eye can see: "Wel-come," says the flock that's feed-ing On the ver-dant grass-y hills; And "welcome," ech-oes ma-ny songs-ters, Chirp-ing round the

hu-man sin. Glad we hail thee, love-ly spring-time! Wel-come tru-ly is thy smile; Oh, would that all like thee were love-ly, Free from woe, and



crowds they sweep. Hail! hail this hap-py day! Hail! hail this hap-py day! Hail this day, yes, hail this day, yes, hail this hap-py day!
 rip-pling rills. Hail! hail, &c.

free from guile. Hail! hail this hap-py day! Hail! hail this hap-py day! Hail this day, yes, hail this day, yes, hail this hap-py day!

NIGHT. Trio for Female Voices.

FRANZ ABT.

95

Moderately.

p 1st Soprano.

1. Soft - ly roam, gen - tle night; O'er the fields with dew im - pearled; Smile in tran - quil, star - ry light,

2d Soprano.

2. Pure and clear, calm, be - nign, See you gold - en eve - ning star; Lord, is this a glance of thine,

Alto.

SOLO. *mf*

On the si - lent, sleep - ing world! Sick - ness and sor - row hush them to rest; Bless us, and rock us

Dark - ness seat - t'ring near and far! Heav - en - ly splen - dor light us to rest; Fa - ther, hand ten - der,

mf TUTTI

in dreams on breast; Sick - ness and sor - row hush them to rest; Bless us, and rock..... us in dreams on thy breast.

keep us still blest; Heav - en - ly splen - dor, light us to rest; Fa - ther, hand ten - der, keep us still blest.

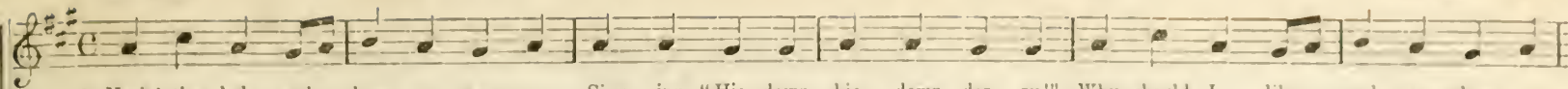
1. How mer - ry the life of a bird must be, a bird must be, a bird must be,.... Skimming a - bout o'er the
 2. How hap - py the life of a bird must be, a bird must be, a bird must be,.... Where'er it list - eth a -
 3. "Ye poor wing - less mor - tals," they seem to say, they seem to say, they seem to say,.... Come where the twigs in the

breez - y sea, the breez - y sea; Crest - ing the bil - lows like sil - ver - y foam, And wheel - ing a - way to its
 way to flee, a - way to flee; Sail - ing wber - ev - er its fan - ey may eall, Then dash - ing a - down thro' the
 breez - es sway, the breez - es sway; Sing - ing and swing - ing, the world here is fair, The leaves are all dane - ing in

WHISTLING DUET.

cliff - built home. Whistle or Flute.
 wa - ter - fall.
 soft summer air. Accomp.—Vocal or Inst.

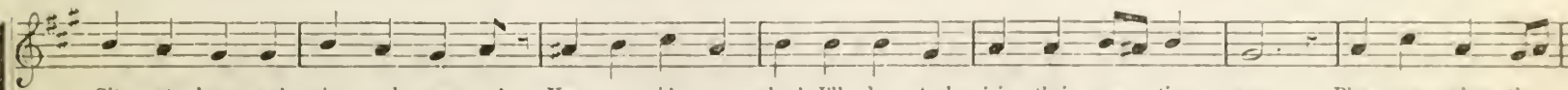
NOTE.—In the Whistling Duet let the ladies all sing the melody using the syllable *la*, while the gentlemen all whistle.



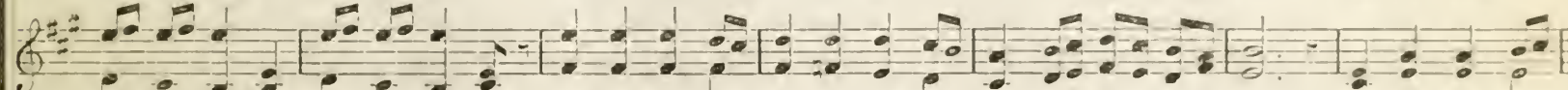
1. Hark! the lads and lass - es mer - ry, Sing - ing. "Hie down, hie down der - ry!" Why should I, like owl so drea - ry,



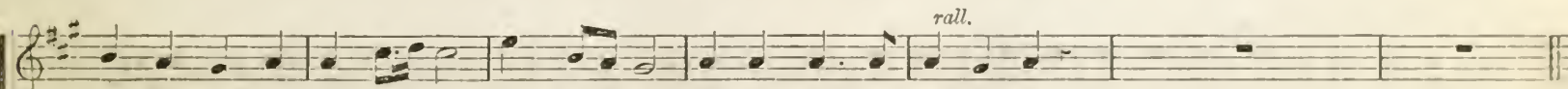
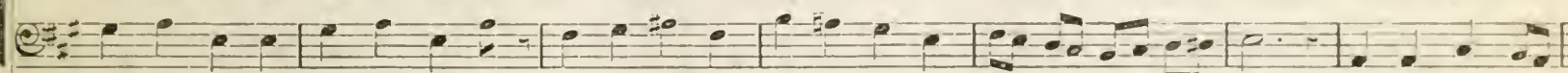
2. Eu - ry not the sons of la - bor, Danc - ing to the pipe and ta - bor, Lured a while from care and du - ty



Sit at home, and pine and wea - ry! Yes, a - side my wheel I'll lay, And join their pas - time gay. Pleas - ure makes the



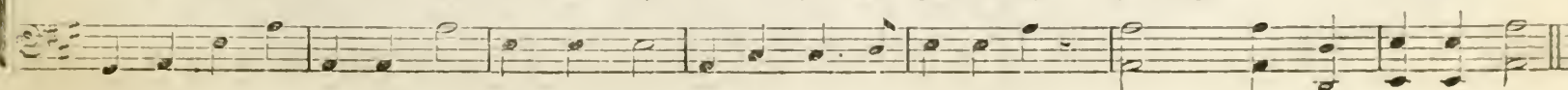
By some snail - ing, rus - tic beau - ty; Down by yon - der oak - en grove, How trip - ping - ly they move. Pleas - ure makes the



bo - som cheer - y, While, then, bright shines the day, I will join their pas - time gay.



bo - som cheer - y, While, then, bright shines the day. I will join their pas - time gay. *mf a tempo.*



THE FOOT TRAVELER.

FRANZ ABT.

1. On foot I gay-ly take my way, Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah! O'er mountains bare, and meadows gay, Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah! And
 2. No snail-paced friend I want, not I, Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah! At ev-ery step to stop and sigh, Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah! No

3. Foot-trav-el to the gay is sweet, Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah! But heav-y hearts make heav-y feet, Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah! The

he who is not of my mind, An-oth-er trav'ling mate may find—He can-not go with me, He can-not go with me. Hur-rah, hur-
 gloom-y man, to scowl and groan, And o-ver oth-ers' sins to moan, I'd rath-er trudge a-lone, I'd rath-er trudge a-lone. Hur-rah, hur-
 man who loves the sunshine bright, And nev-er peeps be-hind for night, That is the man for me, That is the man for me. Hur-rah, hur-

rah! Tra la la la la, Hur-rah, hur-rah! Tra la la la la, Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah! Tra la la la la.
 rah! Tra la la, &c.

rah! Tra la la la la, Hur-rah, hur-rah! Tra la la la la, Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah! Tra la la la la.

ZEPHYRS SOFT THEIR FRAGRANCE.

99

J. L. HATTON.

Andante. p

p

1. Zeph - yrs soft their fragrance Round my path - way fling; . . . Ah! . . . what deep de - sir - ing Wafts to me the spring! Heart, why wild - ly

2. Peace from pain and sor - row! Peace from love and hate! . . . Peace from vain re - pin - ings That up - on thee wait! These from off thy

beat - ing, Greet'st thou not the spring! Cease thy sad re - pent - - ing,—"Peace it will not bring." Zeph - yrs soft their fra-grance

spir - it, Nev - er shalt thou fling; Yet, oh heart! for - get them, In the smile of spring. Zeph - yrs soft their fra-grance

Round my path-way fling; Ah! what deep de - sir - ing Wafts to me the spring! the spring! Wafts to me the spring!

Round my path-way fling; Ah! what deep de - sir - ing Wafts to me the spring! Wafts to me, Wafts to me the spring!

Allegretto Vivace.

GEO. F. ROOT, From "Haymakers," by permission.

A - way to the meadows, a - way! Come, come, come A - way to the meadows, a - way! For soon the sun will a - rise; O come to the hayfields a -

A - way to the meadows, a - way! Come, come, come A - way to the meadows, a - way! For soon the sun will a - rise; O come to the hayfields a -

way; Come to the field, Come to the field, the glow of the morn, the glow of the morn spreads o'er the skies. No

way; Haste, O haste, See the glow..... of the morn..... spreading o - ver the glit - ter - ing skies. No

See the glow of the morn, the glow of the morn spreads o'er the skies.

sluggards are we, But will - ing and free, A - way, a - - way, yes, And swift - ly shall fall The wav - ing grass tall, O

sluggards are we, But will - ing and free, A - way, a - - way, yes, And swift - ly shall fall The wav - ing grass tall, O

A - way to the field, a - way to the field, A -

haste a - way, Come a - way to the meadows, a - way, Come, while yet 'tis the dawn of the day; A - way to the meadows, a -

haste a - way, Come a - way to the meadows, a - way, Come, while yet 'tis the dawn of the day; A - way,.....

way to the field, a - way to the field, A - way to the meadows, a -

way, a - way, A - way to the meadows, a - way! 1. How cheer - ful is the farm - er's life, How pure the air he breathes; Not his the merchant's

..... A - way to the meadows, a - way! 2. We love to plough, we love to plant, We love to reap the grain, For all in turn give

way, a - way,

wear - ing care, Nor his the sigh he heaves; No fac - tory walls con - fine his limbs, Nor crowd in heat - ed streets; But out in na - ture's glorious home His

health and strength, And bring us hon - est gain; But most of all we love the field, Where perfumed o - dors rise, As, gleam - ing in the morning sun, We

healthful toil he greets. Then a - way to the hayfield, a - way! Come, O come, A - way to the hayfield, a - way, For soon the sun will ap-pear, Yes,

swing our glittering scythes. Then a - way to the hayfield, a - way! Come, O come, A - way to the hayfield, a - way, For soon the sun will ap-pear, Yes,

off to the meadows, a - way! Hast-en a - way, hast-en a - way, a - way to the meadows, a - way, a - way, a - way to the meadows, a - way!

off to the meadows, a - way! Haste, O haste, We'll a - way,..... a - way to the meadows, a - way!

We'll a - way to the meadows, a - way, a - way,

Andante teneramente.

SLEEP, MY DARLING.

Welsh Melody.

1st Soprano.

*rall.**a tempo.*

1. Sleep, my darling, take thy rest, Slumber sweetly thro' the night, May good angels vi-gil keep
Pillow'd on a mother's breast; Slumber till the morning light: While thine eyes are clos'd in sleep.

2d Soprano.

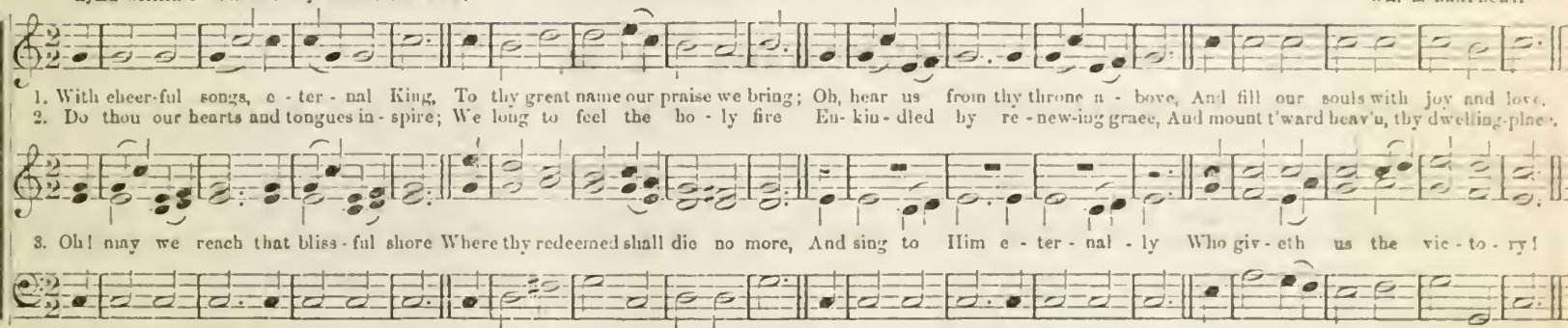
2. May their kind and fost'ring care Oh, a-bove thy gen-tle head Sleep, my darling, take thy rest, Pillow'd on a mother's breast.
Bass. Guard thy heart from every care; May their radiant wings be spread!

THE VICTORY:

DEDICATION. L. M.

Hymn written for this work by WM. F. SHERWIN.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



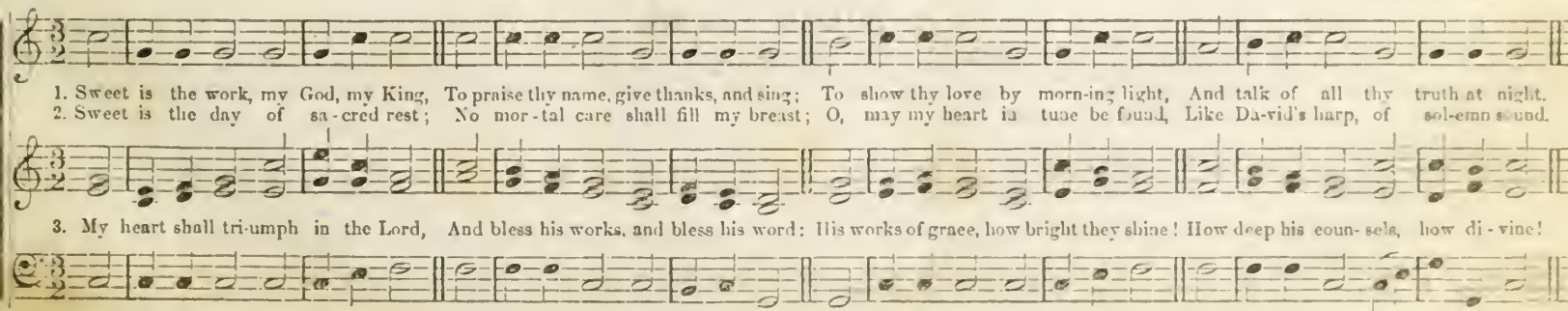
1. With cheer-ful songs, e - ter - nal King, To thy great name our praise we bring; Oh, hear us from thy throne a - bove, And fill our souls with joy and love.
 2. Do thou our hearts and tongues in - spire; We long to feel the ho - ly fire En - kin - dled by re - new-ing grace, And mount t'ward heav'n, thy dwelling-place.

3. Oh! may we reach that bliss - ful shore Where thy redeemed shall die no more, And sing to Him e - ter - nal - ly Who giv - eth us the vic - to - ry!

Glorious.

BRADBURY. L. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.



1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing; To show thy love by morn-ing light, And talk of all thy truth at night.
 2. Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest; No mor-tal care shall fill my breast; O, may my heart in tune be found, Like Da-vid's harp, of sol-emsound.

3. My heart shall triumph in the Lord, And bless his works, and bless his word: His works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep his coun-sels, how di-vine!

1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise; Let the Re-deemer's name be sung Through every land, by ev - ery tongue.

2. Your loft - y themes, ye mor-tals, bring; In songs of praise di - vine-ly sing; The great sal - va - tion loud pro-claim, And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

3. In ev - ery land be - gin the song; To ev - ery land the strains be - long: In cheer-ful sounds all voic-es raise, And fill the world with loudest praise.

HAUPTMANN. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. There is a re - gion love-lier far Than sa-ges tell or po - ets sing, Brighter than noonday glo - ries are, And soft-er than the tints of spring.

2. It is not fanned by summer's gale; 'Tis not refreshed by ver - nal showers; It nev - er needs the moonbeam pale, For there are known no eve - ning hours.

3. It is all ho - ly and se - rene, The land of glo - ry and re - pose; No cloud obscures the ra - diant scene; There not a tear of sor - row flows.

NICO. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

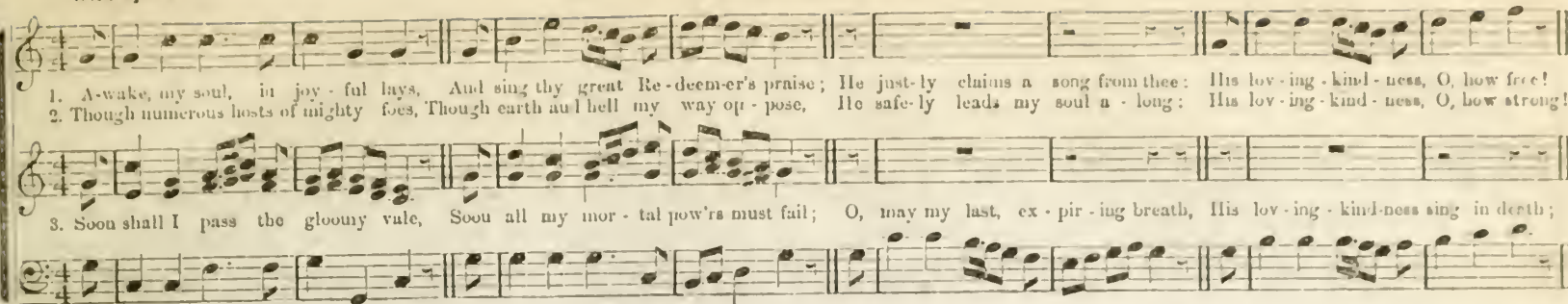
1. Soon may the last glad song a - rise, Through all the millions of the skies— That song of triumph which re - cords That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2. Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms, be, O - be-dient, mighty God, to thee; And o - ver land, and stream, and main, Now wave the sceptre of thy reign.

With Spirit.

JUBILEE. L. M.

CHUSTER G. ALLEN. 105



1. A-wake, my soul, in joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Re-deem-er's praise; He just-ly claims a song from thee: His lov-ing-kind-ness, O, how free!

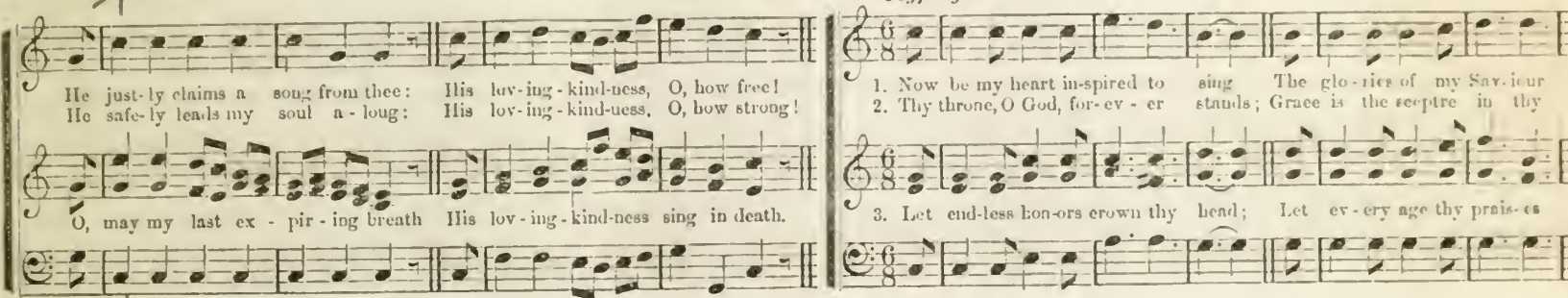
2. Though numerous hosts of mighty foes, Though earth and hell my way op- pose, He safe-ly leads my soul a- long: His lov-ing-kind-ness, O, how strong!

3. Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale, Soon all my mor- tal pow'rs must fail; O, may my last, ex- pir-ing breath, His lov-ing-kind-ness sing in death;

BLENNIE. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

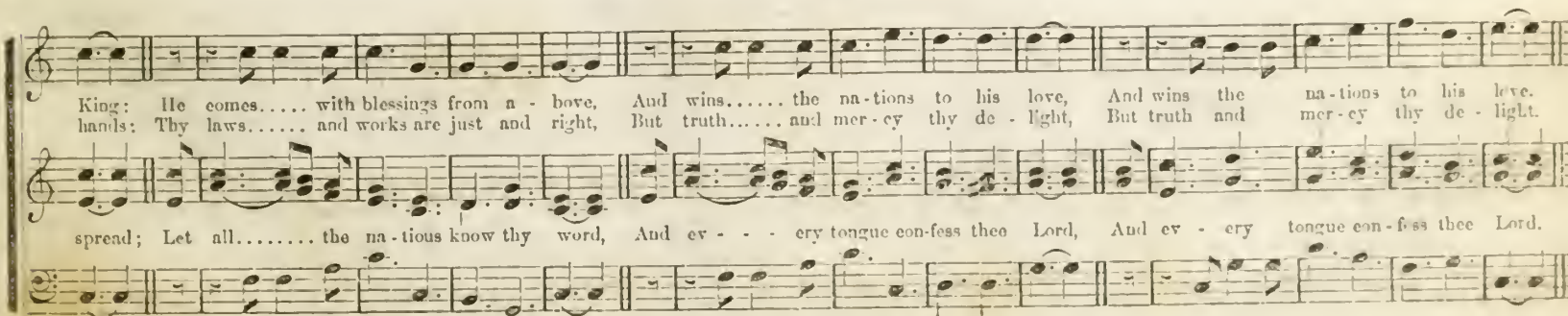
Joyfully.



He just-ly claims a song from thee: His lov-ing-kind-ness, O, how free!

He safe-ly leads my soul a- long: His lov-ing-kind-ness, O, how strong!

O, may my last ex- pir-ing breath His lov-ing-kind-ness sing in death.



King: He comes..... with blessings from a- bove, And wins..... the na-tions to his love, And wins the na-tions to his love.

hands: Thy laws..... and works are just and right, But truth..... and mer-cy thy de- light, But truth and mer-cy thy de- light.

spread; Let all..... the na-tious know thy word, And ev- - - ery tongue con-fess thee Lord, And ev- - - every tongue con-fess thee Lord.

1. Great God, at - tend, while Zi - on sings The joy that from thy presence springs: To spend one day with thee on earth, Ex - ceeds a thou - sand days of mirth.

2. Might I en - joy the meanest place With - in thy house, O God of grace, Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power, Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3. O God, our King, whose sovereign sway The glorious host of heaven o - bey, Dis - play thy grace, ex - ert thy power, Till all on earth thy name a - dore.

Gently.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. O, if my Lord would come and meet, My soul would stretch her wings in haste; Fly, fearless, through death's iron gate, Nor feel the ter - rors as she passed.

2. Je - sus can make a dy - ing bed Feel soft as down - y pil - lows are, While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweet - ly there.

GRANTVILLE. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Great God, let all our tuneful powers A - wake, and sing thy mighty name: Thy hand re - volves the eir - ling hours— Thy hand, from whence our being came.

2. Seasons and moons, still roll - ing round In beauteous or - der, speak thy praise; And years, with smil - ing mer - cy crown'd, To thee suc - ces - sive honors raise.

3. Our life, and health, and friends, we owe All to thy vast, un - bounded love; Ten thousand precious gifts be - low, And hope of no - bler joys a - bove.

INVITATION. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY. 107

1. Come, we - ry souls, with sin distressed, Come, and ac - cept the promised rest; The Saviour's gracious call o - bey, And cast your gloomy fears a - way.
2. Oppressed with sin, a pain - ful load, O, come and spread your woes a - broad; Di - vine com - pas - sion, night - y love, Will all the pain - ful load re - move.
3. Lord, we ac - cept, with thankful heart, The hope thy gra - cious words im - part; We come with trembling, yet re - joice, And bless the kind, in - vit - ing voice.

MENDELSSOHN. L. M.*

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Mod. Legato.

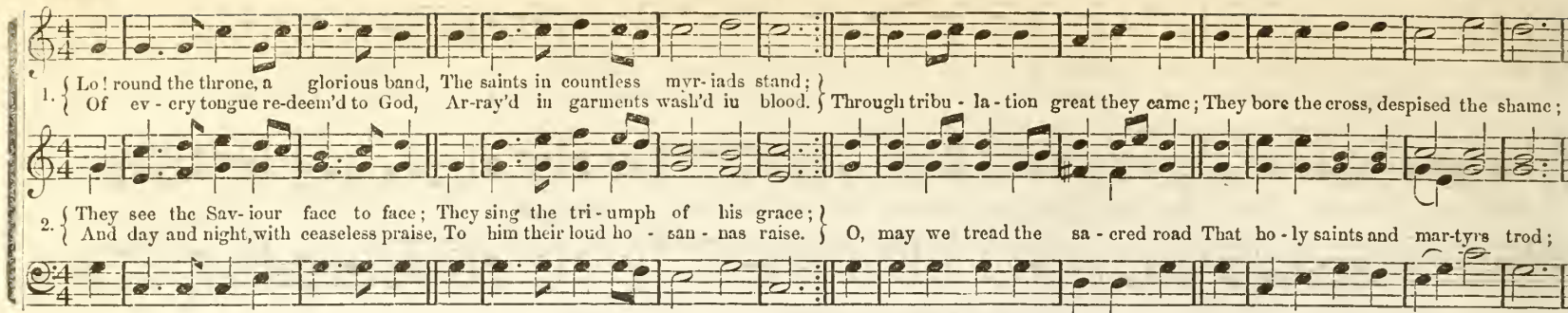
1. Why droops my soul, with grief oppressed? Whence these wild tumults in my breast? Is there no balm to heal my wound? No kind phy - si - cian to be found?
2. Blest Sav - iour, at thy feet I lie, Here to re - ceive a cure, or die; But grace for - bids that painful fear— Al - mighty grace, which triumphs here.

* Where there is no instrument the small notes in the bass should be gently sung.

ROGERS. L. M.

WM. F. SHEERWIN.

1. O, stay thy tears; for they are blest, Whose days are past, whose toil is done: Here midnight care disturbs our rest; Here sor - row dims the noon - day sun.
2. O, cheerless were our lengthened way; But heav'n's own light dispels the gloom, Streams downward from e - ter - nal day, And casts a glo - ry round the tomb.
3. O, stay thy tears; the blest a - bove Have hailed a spir - it's heavenly birth, And sung a song of joy and love; Then why should anguish reign on earth?

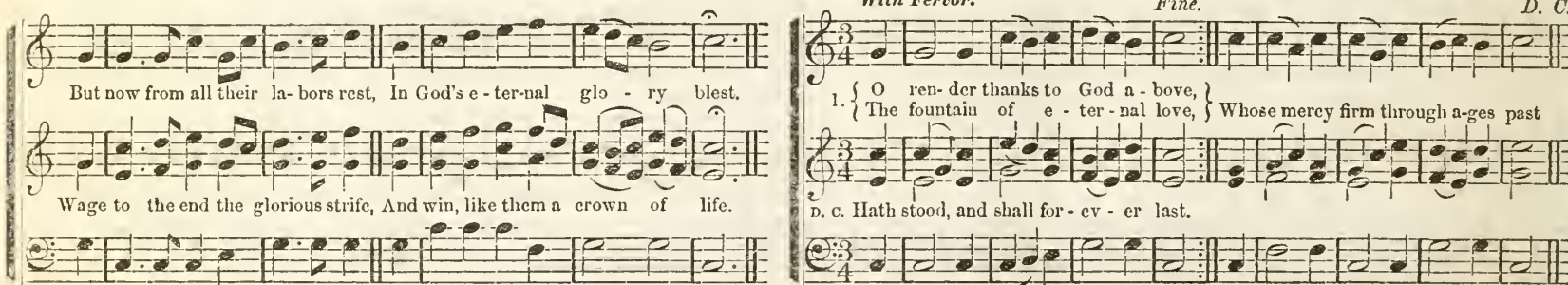


1. { Lo! round the throne, a glorious band, The saints in countless myr-iads stand; }
Of ev-ry tongue re-deem'd to God, Ar-ray'd in garments wash'd in blood. } Through tribu-la-tion great they came; They bore the cross, despised the shame;

2. { They see the Sav-iour face to face; They sing the tri-umph of his grace; }
And day and night, with ceaseless praise, To him their loud ho-san-nas raise. } O, may we tread the sa-cred road That ho-ly saints and mar-tyr's trod;

BENNETT. L. M.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

*With Fervor.**Fine.**D. C.*


But now from all their la-bors rest, In God's e-ter-nal glo-ry blest.

Wage to the end the glorious strife, And win, like them a crown of life.

1. { O ren-der thanks to God a-bove, }
The fountain of e-ter-nal love, } Whose mercy firm through a-ges past
d. c. Hath stood, and shall for-ev-er last.

PEACE. L. M.

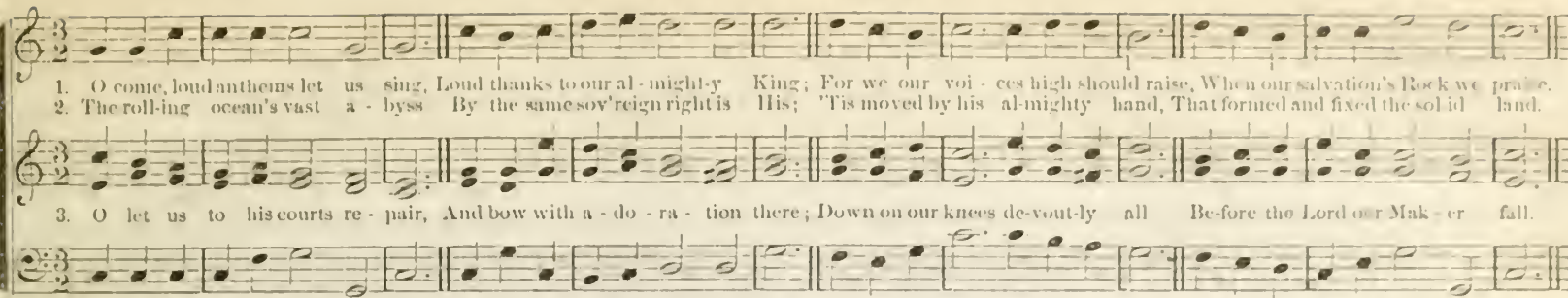
CHESTER G. ALLEN.



1. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, calm my mind, And fit me to approach my God; Re-move each vain, each worldly thought, And lead me to thy blest a-bode.

2. Hast thou im-part-ed to my soul A liv-ing spark of ho-ly fire? O, kin-dle now the sa-cred flame, And make me burn with pure de-sire.

3. A brighter faith and hope im-part, And let me now my Sav-iour see; O, soothe and cheer my burdened heart, And bid my spir-it rest in thee.




1. O come, loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our al-might-y King; For we our voi-ces high should raise, When our salvation's Rock we praise.
 2. The roll-ing ocean's vast a-byss By the same sov'reign right is His; 'Tis moved by his al-mighty hand, That formed and fixed the solid land.

3. O let us to his courts re-pair, And bow with a-do-ra-tion there; Down on our knees de-vout-ly all Be-fore the Lord our Mak-er fall.

CORINNA. L. M.

WM. B. BRADFORD.

Very joyous and spirited.

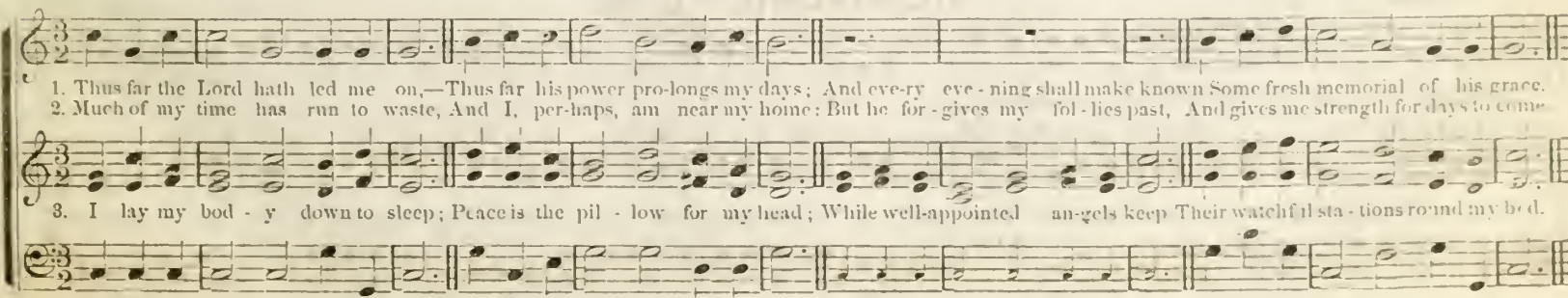


1. Awake, my soul, in joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeem-er's praise; He just-ly claims a song from thee: His lov-ing kind-ness, O how free! His lov-ing kind-ness, O how free!
 2. He saw me ru-ined by the fall, Yet loved me not-with-standing all; He saved me from my lost-es-tate: His lov-ing kind-ness, O how great! His lov-ing kind-ness, O how great!

3. Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale—Soon all my mortal powers must fail: O may my last ex-pir-ing breath His lov-ing kind-ness sing in death, His lov-ing kind-ness sing in death.

LEWISBURG. L. M.

W. C. BUTCHER.



1. Thus far the Lord hath led me on,—Thus far his power pro-longs my days; And eve-ry eve-ning shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.
 2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps, am near my home; But he for-gives my fol-lies past, And gives me strength for days to come.

3. I lay my bod-y down to sleep; Peace is the pil-low for my head; While well-appointed an-gels keep Their watchful sta-tions round my bed.

1. My spir-it sinks with-in me, Lord; But I will call thy grace to mind, And times of past dis-tress re-cord, When I have found my God was kind.

2. I'll chide my heart, that sinks so low; Why should my soul indulge in grief? Hope in the Lord, and praise him too; He is my rest, my sure re-lief.

Majestic.

COMMAND. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. I will ex-tol thee, Lord! on high; At thy com-inand dis-eas-es fly; Who, but a God, can speak and save, From the dark bor-ders of the grave? From the dark borders of the grave?

2. His an-ger but a mo-ment stays. His love is life, and length of days; Tho' grief and tears the night employ, The morning-star restores the joy. The morning-star restores the joy.

Legato.

BLANFORD. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Almight-y God, thy con-stant care, Hath been our snre support and stay, And bith-er gladly we re-pair, Our ear-ly sa-cri-fice to pay, Our ear-ly sa-cri-fice to pay.

2. And may that stream which maketh glad The cl-ty of our God be-low, Re-vive the drooping, cheer the sad, As still its healing wa-ters flow, As still its heal-ing wa-ters flow.

Very Spirited.

OTSEGO. L. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. My heart is fix'd on thee, my God; I rest my hope on thee a - lone; I'll spread thy sa - cred truths a broad,—To all man-kind thy love make known.
2. A - wake, my tongue: a - wake, my lyre; With morning's ear-liest dawn a - rise; To songs of joy my soul in - spire, And swell your mu-sic to the skies.

3. E - ter - nal God, co - les - tial King, Ex - alt ed be thy glo - rious Name; Let hosts in heaven thy praises sing, And saints on earth thy love pro - claim.

Moderato.

ROLLAND. L. M.

WM. L. BRADBURY.

1. How pleasaut, how divinely fair, O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are! With long desire my spirit faints To meet th'assemblies of thy saints, To meet th'assemblies of thy saints.

2. My flesh would rest in thine abode, My panting heart cries out for God; My God, my King, why should I be So far from all my joys and thee, So far from all my joys and thee.

SHELDON. L. M.

WM. D. BRADBURY.

With Animation.

With increasing Energy.

1. O happy day that fix'd my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all a - broad, And tell its raptures all a - broad.
2. O happy bond, that seals my vows To Him who merits all my love; Let cheerful anthems fill his house, While to that sacred shrine I move, While to that sacred shrine I move.

3. Now rest, my long-divided heart; Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest; Nor ev - er from thy Lord de - part; With him of ev - ery good pos - sess'd, With him of ev - ery good pos - sess'd.

Legato—but not heavy. Increase towards the end.

1. How pleasant, how di-vine-ly fair, O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are! With long de-sire my spir-it faints To meet th' assemblies of thy saints. 2. My flesh would rest in

2. Blest are the men whose hearts are set To find the way to Zion's gate; God is their strength; and thro' the roa l, They lean upon their helper, God. 4. Cheerful they walk, with

thine a-bode; My panting heart eries out for God; My God, my King, why should I be So far from all my joys and thee? So far.... from all my joys and thee.

growing strength, Till all shall meet in heav'n at length; Till all before thy face appear, And join in no-bler worship there, And join in nobler wor-ship there.

CARMEL. L. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN,

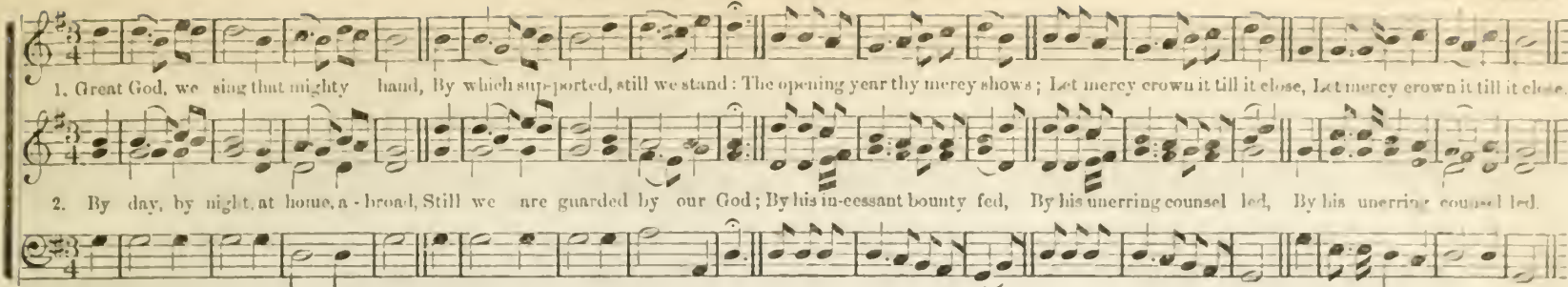
1. Inscribed up-on the cross we see, In glow-ing let-ters, "God is love;" He bears our sins up-on the tree; He brings us mer-cy from a-bove.

2. The cross! it takes our guilt a-way; It holds the faint-ing spir-it up; It cheers with hope the gloom-y day, And sweetens ev-ery bit-ter cup;—

3. The balm of life, the cure of woe, The meas-ure and the pledge of love; The sin-ner's ref-uge here be-low, The an-gel's theme in heaven a-bove.

NORTHAMPTON. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY. 113

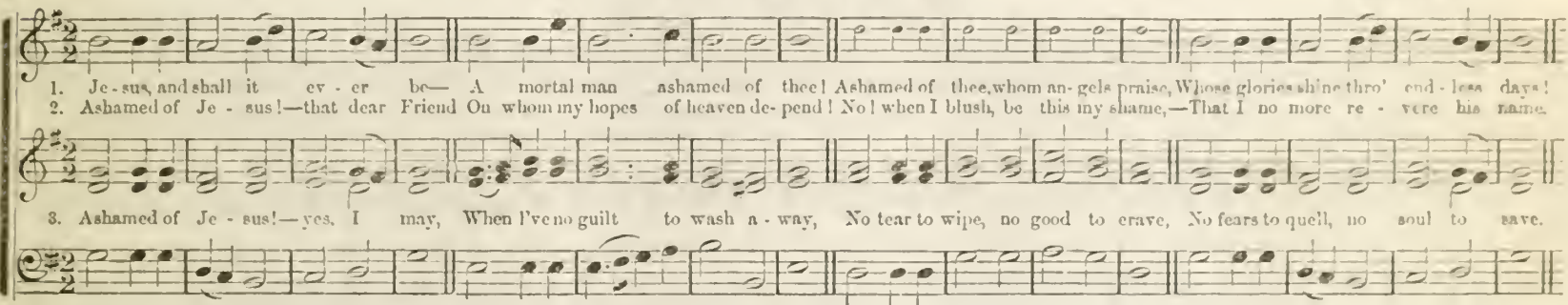


1. Great God, we sing that mighty hand, By which sup-ported, still we stand: The opening year thy mercy shows; Let mercy crown it till it close, Let mercy crown it till it close.

2. By day, by night, at home, a-broad, Still we are guarded by our God; By his in-cessant bounty fed, By his unerring counsel led, By his unerring counsel led.

MEROE. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



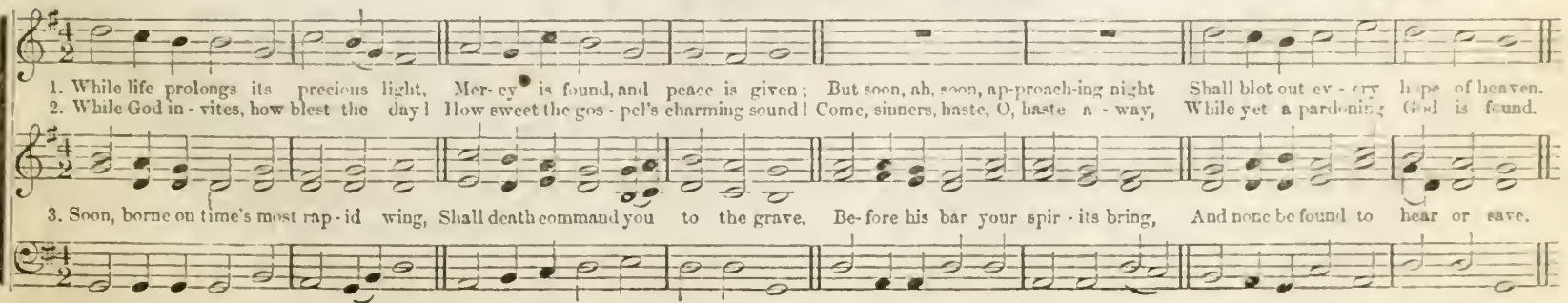
1. Je-sus, and shall it ev-er be— A mortal man ashamed of thee! Ashamed of thee, whom an-gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' end-less days!

2. Ashamed of Je-sus!—that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heaven de-pend! No! when I blush, be this my shame,—That I no more re-vere his name.

3. Ashamed of Je-sus!—yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a-way, No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.

ENTREATY. L. M.

W. F. SHERWIN.



1. While life prolongs its precious light, Mer-cy is found, and peace is given; But soon, ah, soon, ap-proach-ing night Shall blot out ev-ery hope of heaven.

2. While God in-vites, how blest the day! How sweet the gos-pel's charming sound! Come, sinners, haste, O, haste a-way, While yet a pardon-ing God is found.

3. Soon, borne on time's most rap-id wing, Shall death command you to the grave, Be-fore his bar your spir-its bring, And none be found to hear or save.

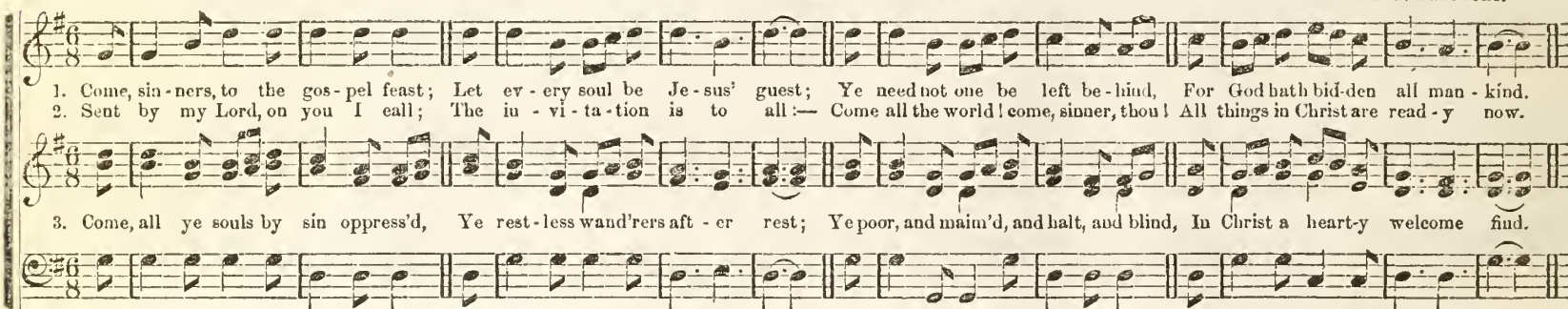


1. God of my life, through all my days I'll tune the grateful notes of praise; The song shall wake with opening light, And war-ble to the si-lent night.
 2. When death o'er nature shall pre-vail, And all the powers of language fail, Joy through my swimming eyes shall break, And unceasing thanks I can-not speak.

3. But, O, when that last con-flict's o'er, And I am chained to earth no more, With what glad ac-cents shall I rise, To join the mu-sic of the skies!

MILBRIDGE. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

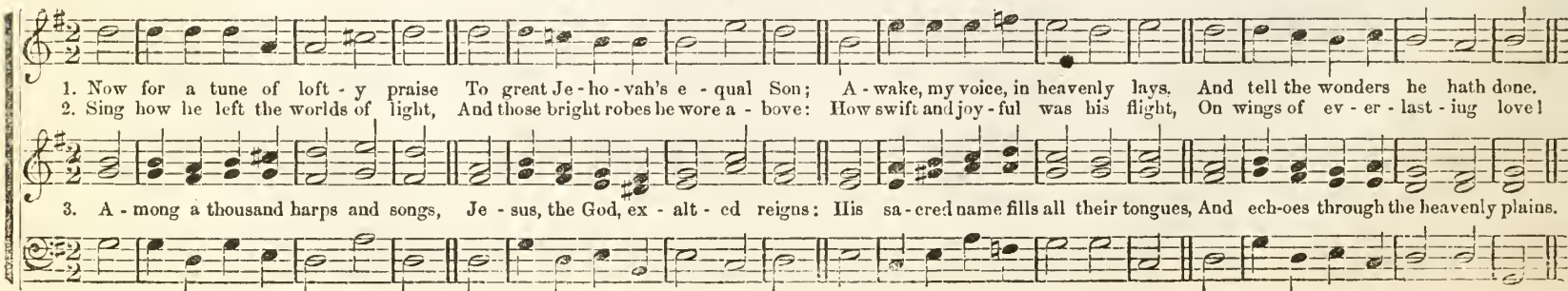


1. Come, sin-ners, to the gos-pel feast; Let ev-ery soul be Je-sus' guest; Ye need not one be left be-hind, For God hath bid-den all man-kind.
 2. Sent by my Lord, on you I call; The in-vi-ta-tion is to all:— Come all the world! come, sinner, thou! All things in Christ are read-y now.

3. Come, all ye souls by sin oppress'd, Ye rest-less wand'ers aft-er rest; Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind, In Christ a heart-y welcome find.

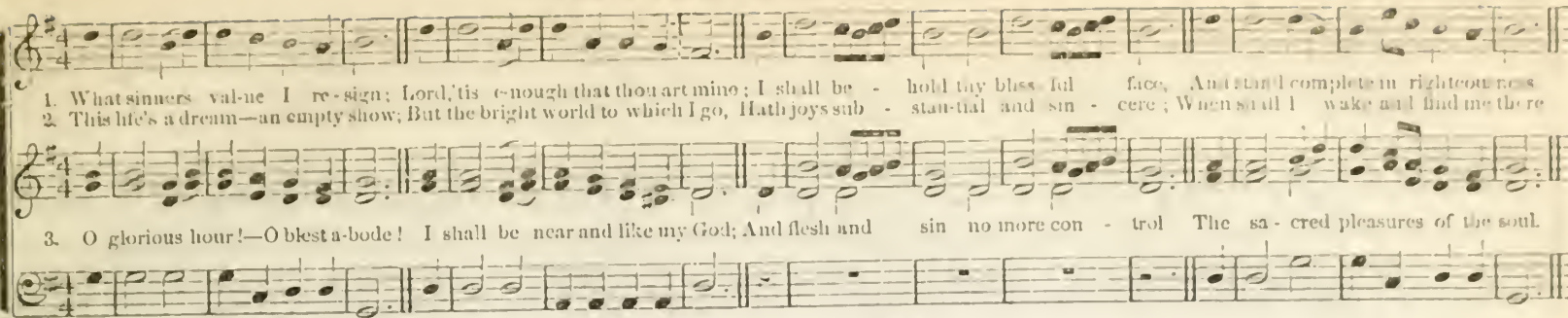
AMERICAN CHANT. L. M.

CH. ZEUNER. From the "Am. Harp."



1. Now for a tune of loft-y praise To great Je-ho-vah's e-qual Son; A-wake, my voice, in heavenly lays. And tell the wonders he hath done.
 2. Sing how he left the worlds of light, And those bright robes he wore a-bove: How swift and joy-ful was his flight, On wings of ev-er-last-ing love!

3. A-mong a thousand harps and songs, Je-sus, the God, ex-alt-ed reigns: His sa-cred name fills all their tongues, And ech-oes through the heavenly plains.



1. What sinners val-ne I re-sign; Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine; I shall be - hold thy bliss-ful face, And stand complete in righteousness.

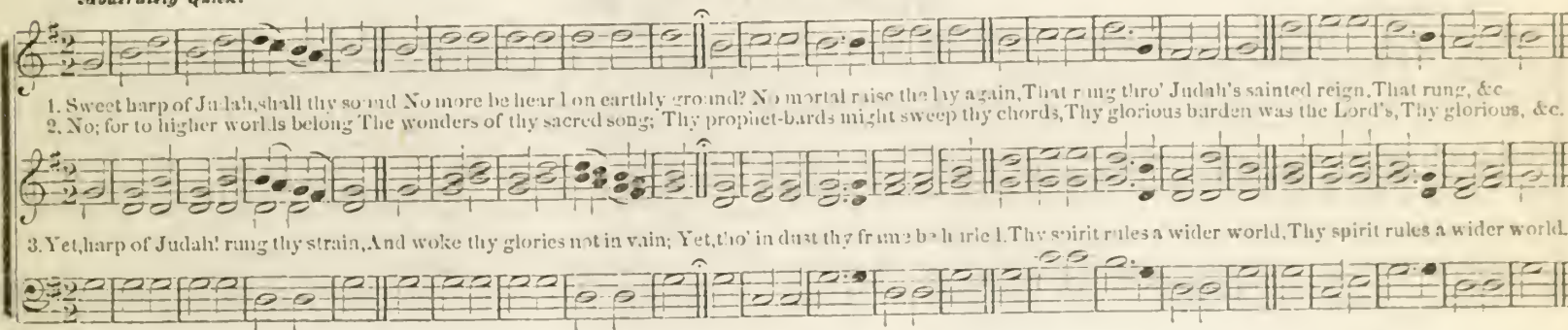
2. This life's a dream—an empty show; But the bright world to which I go, Hath joys sub - stan-tial and sin - cere; When shall I wake and find me there.

3. O glorious hour!—O blest a-bode! I shall be near and like my God; And flesh and sin no more con - trol The sa - cred pleasures of the soul.

Moderately Quick.

ANDRE. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



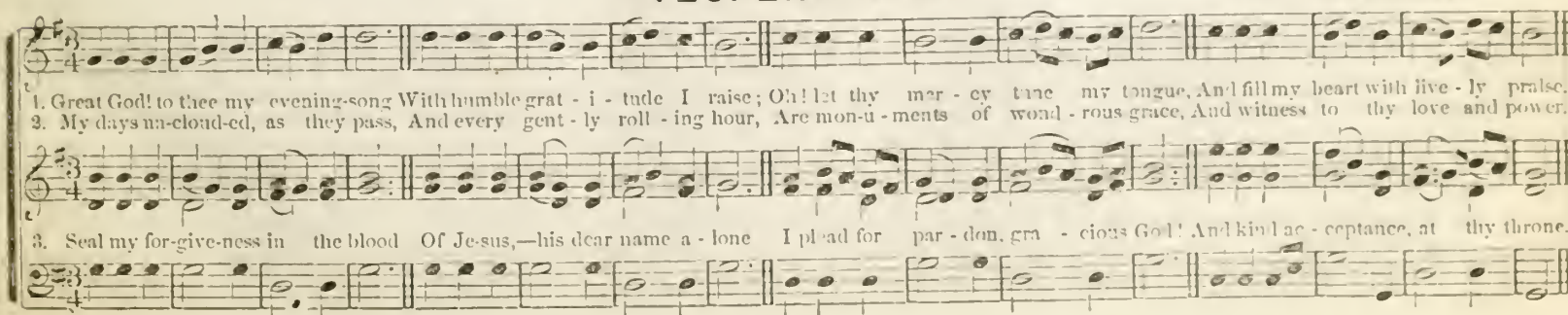
1. Sweet harp of Judah, shall thy sound No more be heard on earthly ground? No mortal raise the lay again, That rung thro' Judah's sainted reign, That rung, &c.

2. No; for to higher worlds belong The wonders of thy sacred song; Thy prophet-bards might sweep thy chords, Thy glorious barden was the Lord's, Thy glorious, &c.

3. Yet, harp of Judah! rung thy strain, And woke thy glories not in vain; Yet, tho' in dust thy frame be huried, Thy spirit rules a wider world, Thy spirit rules a wider world.

VESPER. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Great God! to thee my evening-song With humble grat - i - tude I raise; Oh! let thy mer - cy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with live - ly praise.

2. My days un-cloud-ed, as they pass, And every gent - ly roll - ing hour, Are mon-u - ments of wond - rous grace, And witness to thy love and power.

3. Seal my for-give-ness in the blood Of Je-sus,—his dear name a - lone I plead for par - don, gra - cious God! And kind ac - ceptance, at thy throne.



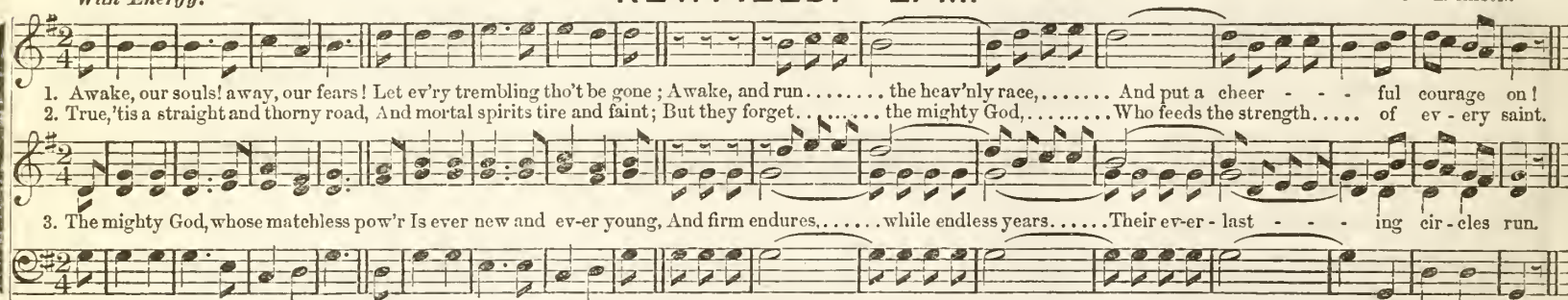
1. Great God! let all... my tune-ful powers Awake, and sing thy might - y name: Thy hand revolves my circling hours—Thy hand, from whence my be - ing came.
2. Sea-sons and moons, still roll-ing round In beauteous or - der, speak thy praise; And years with smil-ing mer-cy crown'd, To Thee suc-ces-sive hon - ors raise.

3. My life, my health, my friends, I owe All to thy vast, un-bound-ed love; Ten thousand pre-cious gifts be-low, And hope of no - bler joys a - bove.

With Energy.

NEWFIELD. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON.



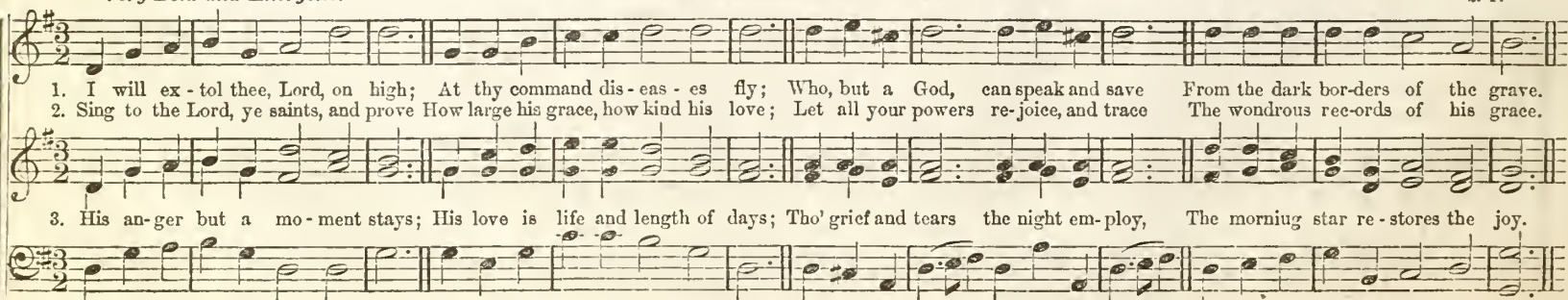
1. Awake, our souls! away, our fears! Let ev'ry trembling tho't be gone; Awake, and run..... the heav'nly race,..... And put a cheer - - - ful courage on!
2. True, 'tis a straight and thorny road, And mortal spirits tire and faint; But they forget..... the mighty God,..... Who feeds the strength..... of ev - ery saint.

3. The mighty God, whose matchless pow'r Is ever new and ev - er young, And firm endures..... while endless years..... Their ev - er - last - - - ing cir - cles run.

Very Bold and Energetic.

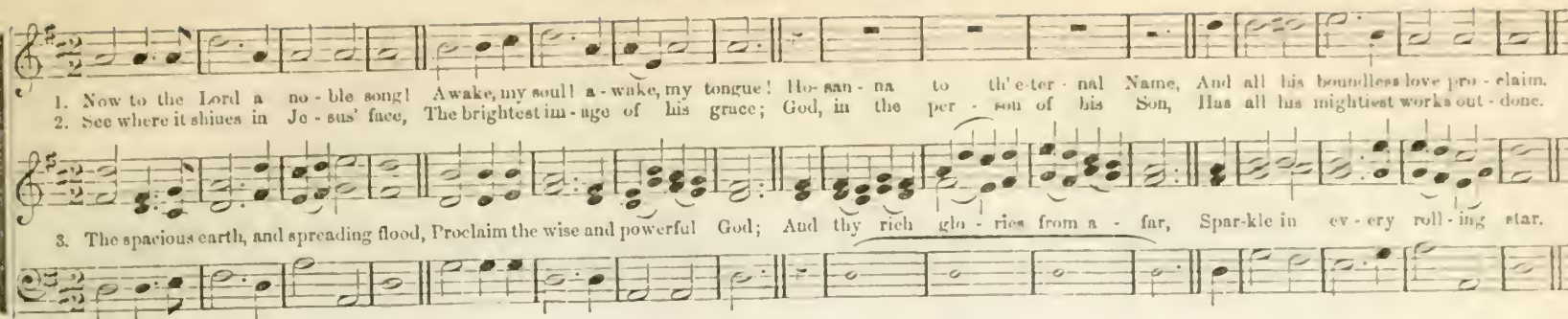
ZALMON. L. M.

S. F.



1. I will ex - tol thee, Lord, on high; At thy command dis - eas - es fly; Who, but a God, can speak and save From the dark bor - ders of the grave.
2. Sing to the Lord, ye saints, and prove How large his grace, how kind his love; Let all your powers re - joice, and trace The wondrous rec - ords of his grace.

3. His an - ger but a mo - ment stays; His love is life and length of days; Tho' grief and tears the night em - ploy, The morn-ing star re - stores the joy.



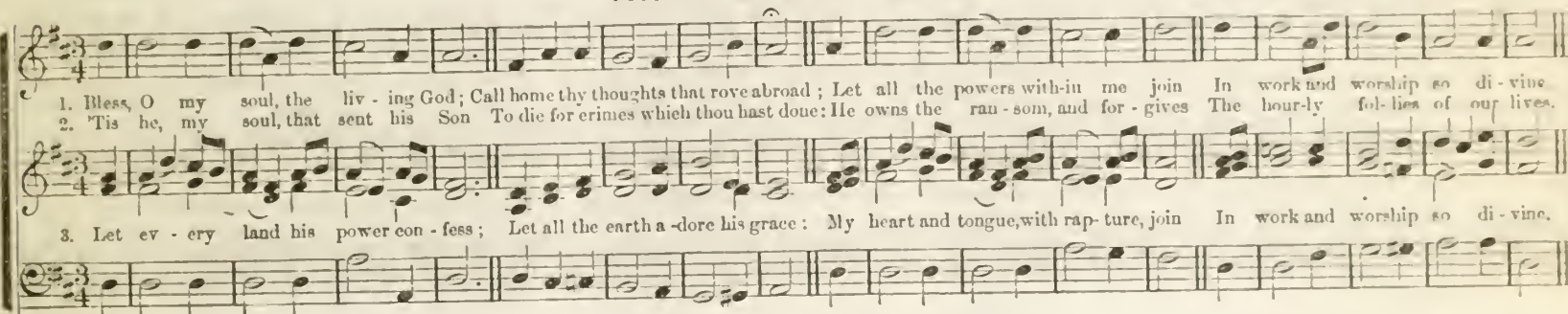
1. Now to the Lord a no - ble song! Awake, my soul! a - wake, my tongue! Ho - san - na to th' e - ter - nal Name, And all his boundless love pro - claim.

2. See where it shines in Je - sus' face, The brightest im - age of his grace; God, in the per - son of his Son, Has all his mightiest works out - done.

3. The spacious earth, and spreading flood, Proclaim the wise and powerful God; And thy rich glo - ries from a - far, Spar - kle in ev - ery roll - ing star.

KREUTZER. L. M.

Arr. by W. B. B. from C. KREUTZER.



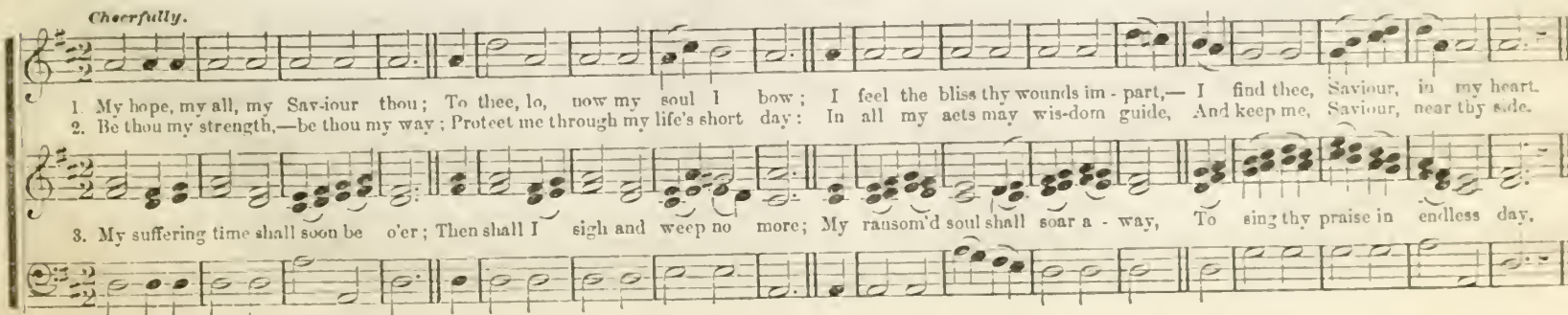
1. Bless, O my soul, the liv - ing God; Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad; Let all the powers with-in me join In work and worship so di - vine.

2. 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son To die for crimes which thou hast done; He owns the ran - som, and for - gives The hour - ly fol - lies of our lives.

3. Let ev - ery land his power con - fess; Let all the earth a - dore his grace: My heart and tongue, with rap - ture, join In work and worship so di - vine.

ABO. L. M.

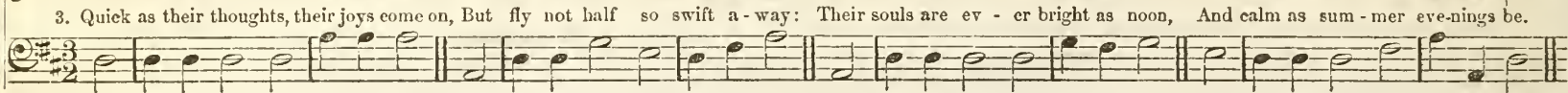
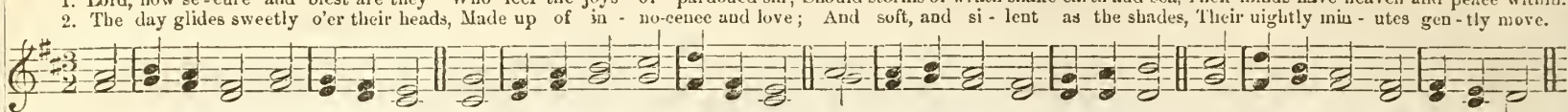
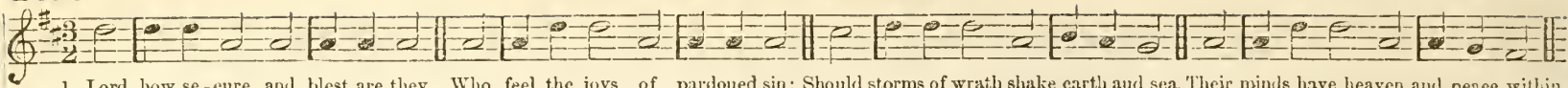
WM. B. BRADBURY.

Cheerfully.


1. My hope, my all, my Sav - iour thou; To thee, lo, now my soul I bow; I feel the bliss thy wounds im - part, — I find thee, Sav - iour, in my heart.

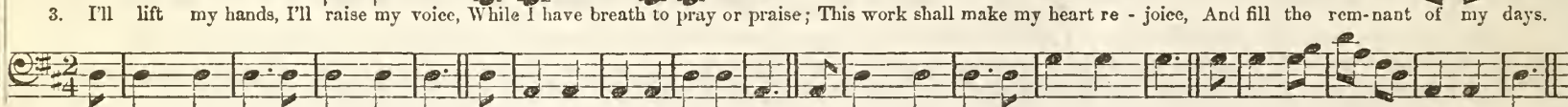
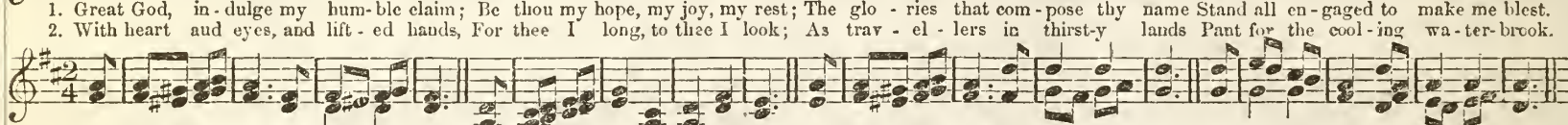
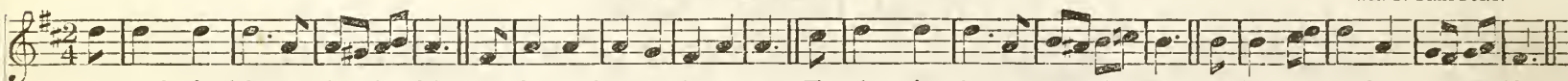
2. Be thou my strength, — be thou my way; Protect me through my life's short day: In all my acts may wis - dom guide, And keep me, Sav - iour, near thy side.

3. My suffering time shall soon be o'er; Then shall I sigh and weep no more; My ransom'd soul shall soar a - way, To sing thy praise in endless day.



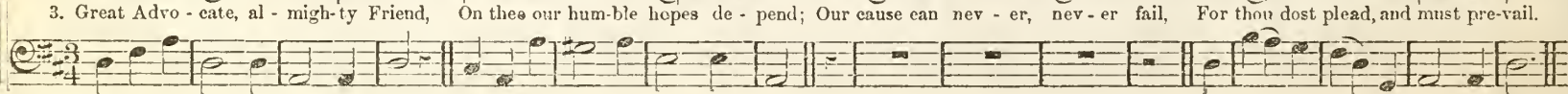
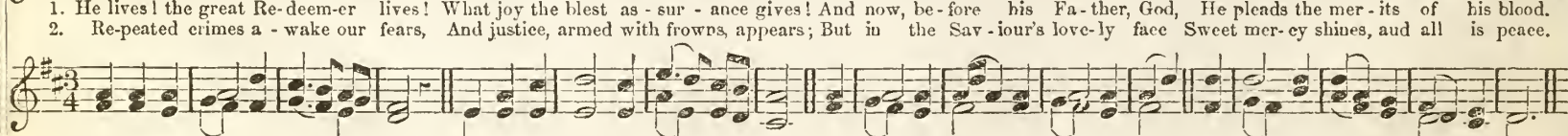
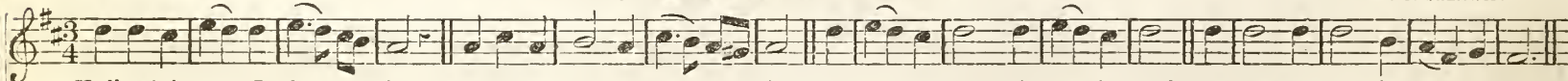
CONFIDENCE. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



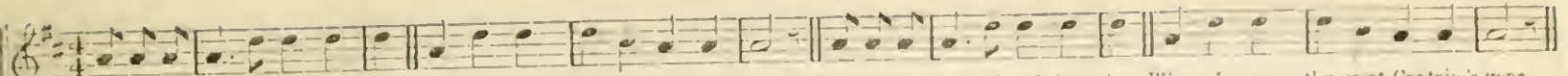
ASSURANCE. L. M.

W. F. SHERWIN.

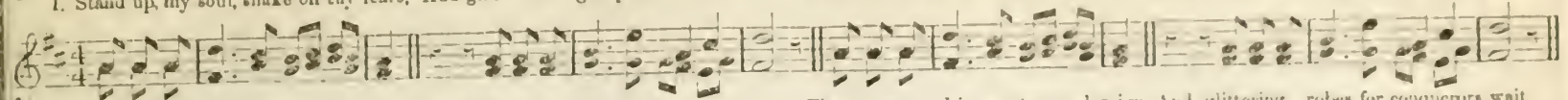


WARFARE. L. M. Double.

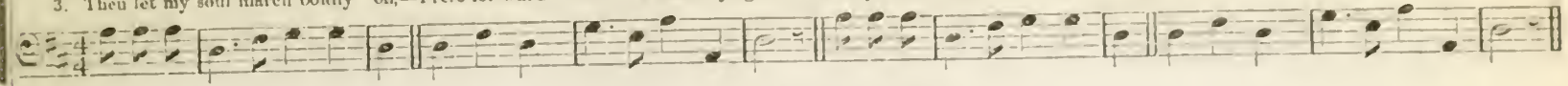
Arr. by WM. B. BRADLEY, 119
from a German Theme.



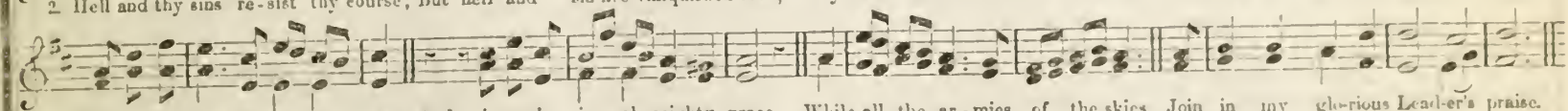
1. Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gos-pel ar-mor ou; March to the gates of end-less joy, Where Je-sus, thy grent Captain's gone.



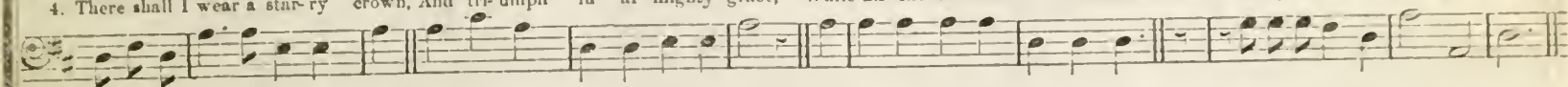
3. Then let my soul march boldly on,—Press for-ward to the heavenly gate; There peace and joy e-ter-nal reign, And glittering robes for conquerors wait.



2. Hell and thy sins re-sist thy course; But hell and sin are vanquished foes; Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross, And sung the triumph when he rose.

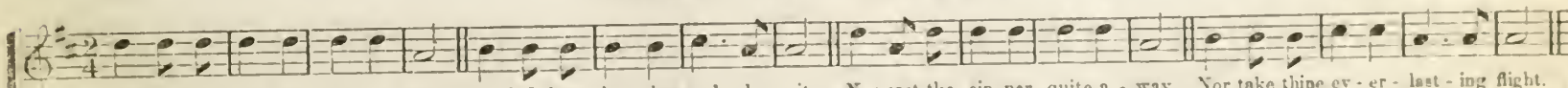


4. There shall I wear a star-ry crown, And triumph in al-mighty grace, While all the ar-mies of the skies Join in my glorious Lead-er's praise.

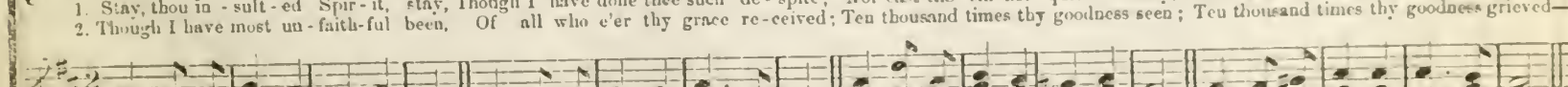


1. Stay, thou in-sult-ed Spir-it, stay, Though I have done thee such de-spite; Nor cast the sin-ner quite a-way, Nor take thine ev-er-last-ing flight.

2. Though I have most un-faith-ful been, Of all who e'er thy grace re-ceived; Ten thousand times thy goodness seen; Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved—

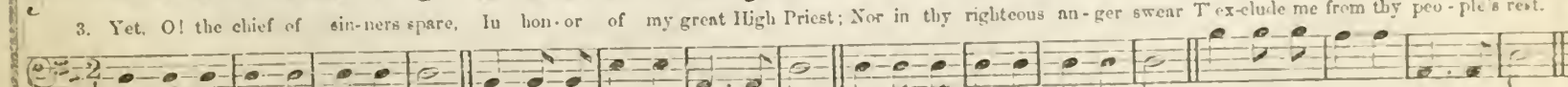


3. Yet, O! the chief of sin-ners spare, In hon-or of my great High Priest; Nor in thy righteous an-ger swear To ex-clude me from thy peo-ple's rest.



1. Stay, thou in-sult-ed Spir-it, stay, Though I have done thee such de-spite; Nor cast the sin-ner quite a-way, Nor take thine ev-er-last-ing flight.

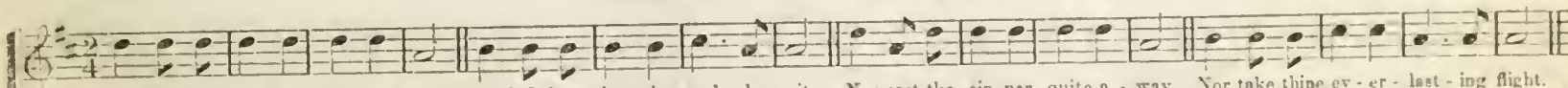
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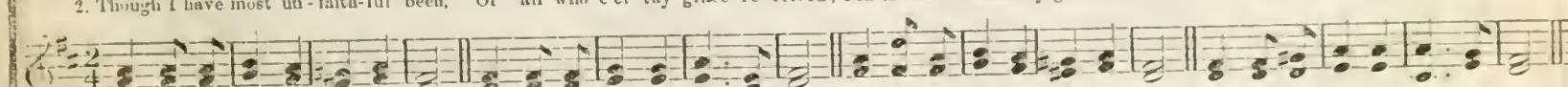
REPENTANCE. L. M.

WM. B. BRADLEY.

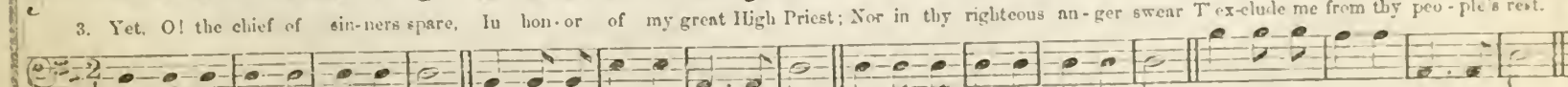


1. Stay, thou in-sult-ed Spir-it, stay, Though I have done thee such de-spite; Nor cast the sin-ner quite a-way, Nor take thine ev-er-last-ing flight.

2. Though I have most un-faith-ful been, Of all who e'er thy grace re-ceived; Ten thousand times thy goodness seen; Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved—



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1. Stay, thou in-sult-ed Spir-it, stay, Though I have done thee such de-spite; Nor cast the sin-ner quite a-way, Nor take thine ev-er-last-ing flight.

2. Though I have most un-faith-ful been, Of all who e'er thy grace re-ceived; Ten thousand times thy goodness seen; Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved—

1. Ye Christian heralds—go pro-claim Sal - va - tion in Im -manuel's name; To distant elms the ti - dings bear, And plant the rose of Sha - ron there.
 2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With ho - ly zeal your hearts in -spire, Bid rag - ing winds their fu - ry cease, And calm the sav - age breast to peace.

3. And when our la - bors all are o'er, Then shall we meet to part no more—Meet, with the blood -bought throng to fall, And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

LEONARD. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. O, praise the Lord in that blest place, From whence his goodness largely flows; Praise him in heaven, where he his face Unveiled in perfect glo - ry shows.
 2. Praise him for all the mighty acts, Which he in our be - half hath done; His kindness this re - turn ex - acts, With which our praise should equal run.

3. Let all, who vi - tal breath en - joy, The breath he doth to them af - ford, In just re - turns of praise em - ploy; Let eve - ry creature praise the Lord.

LANGLEY. L. M.

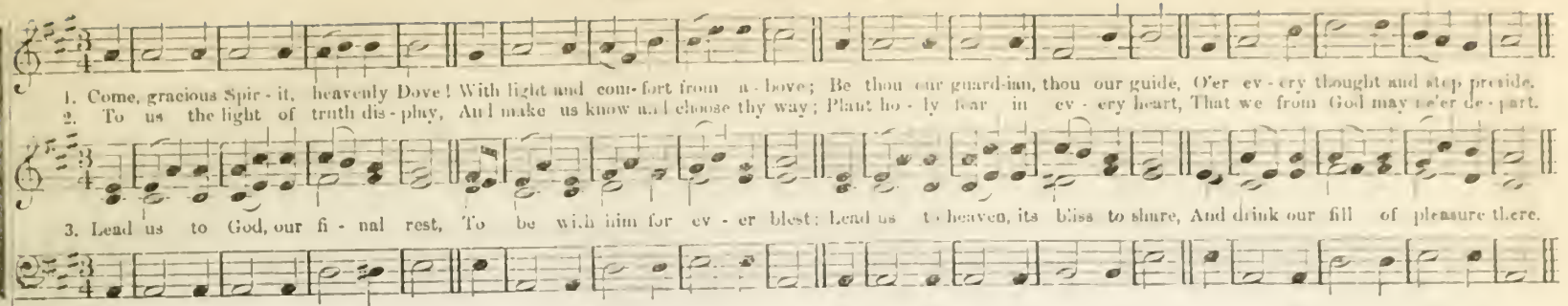
CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. A - rise, my soul, on wings sub - lime, A - bove the van - i - ties of time; Let faith now pierce the veil, and see The glo - ries of e - ter - ni - ty.
 2. Shall aught beguile me on the road,— The nar - row road that leads to God? Or can I love this earth so well As not to long with God to dwell?

3. To dwell with God,—to taste his love, Is the full heaven enjoyed a - bove: The glorious ex - peet - a - tion now, Is heavenly bliss be - gun be - low.

GUARDIAN. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY. 121



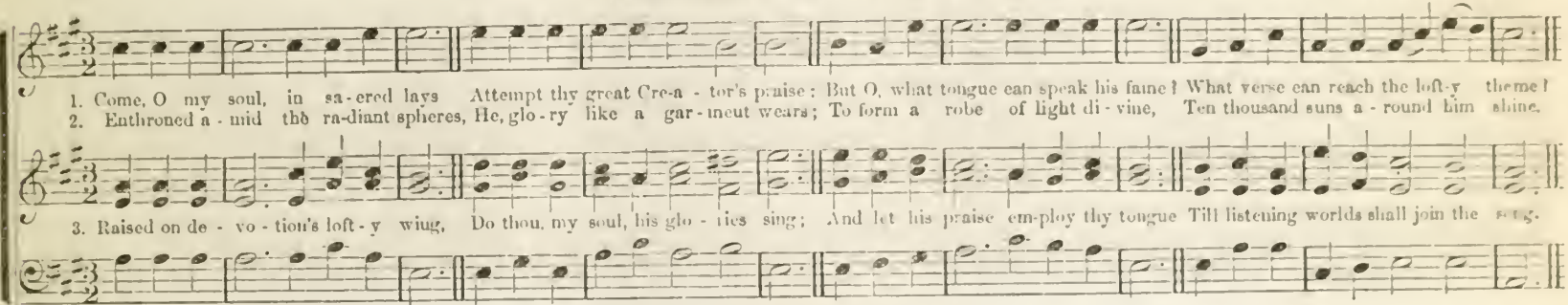
1. Come, gracious Spir - it, heavenly Dove! With light and com - fort from a - bove; Be thou our guard - ian, thou our guide, O'er ev - ery thought and step pre - side.

2. To us the light of truth dis - play, And make us know and choose thy way; Plant ho - ly fear in ev - ery heart, That we from God may ne'er de - part.

3. Lead us to God, our fi - nal rest, To be with him for ev - er blest; Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share, And drink our fill of pleasure there.

WOODBURY. L. M.

WM. F. SHERWIN.



1. Come, O my soul, in sa - cred lays Attempt thy great Cre - a - tor's praise; But O, what tongue can speak his fame! What verse can reach the loft - y theme!

2. Enthroned a - mid thb ra - diant spheres, He, glo - ry like a gar - ment wears; To form a robe of light di - vine, Ten thousand suns a - round him shine.

3. Raised on de - vo - tion's loft - y wing, Do thou, my soul, his glo - ries sing; And let his praise em - ploy thy tongue Till listening worlds shall join the song.

RETURN. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. A broken heart, my God, my King, Is all the sac - ri - fice I bring; The God of grace will ne'er de - spise A broken heart for sac - ri - fice.

2. My soul is hum - bled in the dust, And owns thy dreadful sen - tence just; Look down, O Lord, with pity - ing eye, And save the soul condemned to die.

3. O, may thy love in - spire my tongue; Sal - va - tion shall be all my song: And all my powers shall join to bless The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

1. O come, loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our Almighty King; For we our voices high should raise, When our salvation's Rock we praise.
 2. The depths of earth are in His hand, Her secret wealth at His command; The strength of hills that threat the skies, Subjected to His empire lies.

3. The roll-ing o-cean's vast a-byss By the same sovereign right is His; 'Tis moved by His almighty hand, That formed and fixed the solid land.

HEATH. L. M.

W. F. SHERWIN.

1. How sweetly flowed the gospel sound From lips of gentleness and grace, When listening thousands gathered round, And joy and gladness filled the place!
 2. From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke, To heaven he led his followers' way; Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke, Un-veil-ing an im-mor-tal day.

3. "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home; Come, all ye weary ones, and rest;" Yes, sa-cred Teacher, we will come, O-bey thee, love thee, and be blest.

DALMA. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

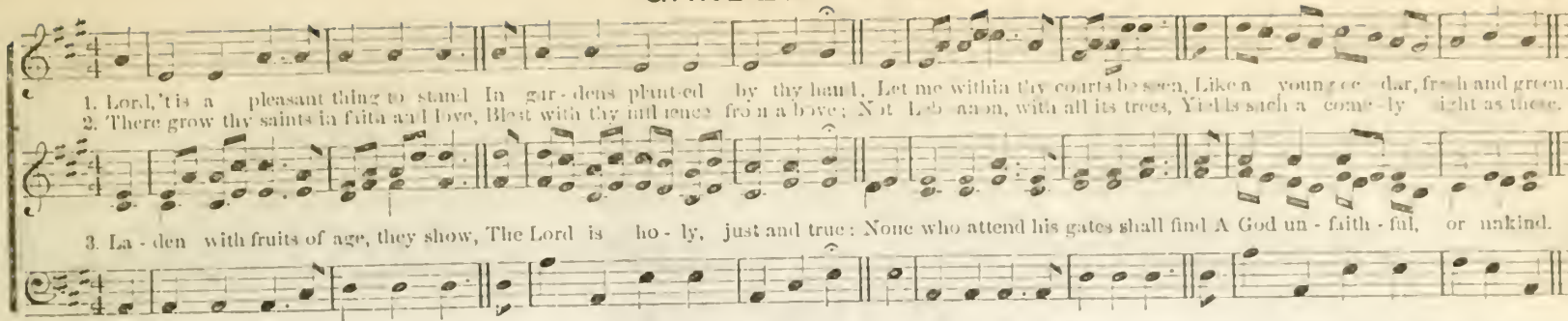
1. Ho-sau-na! let us join to sing The glories of our ris-ing King; Re-count his deeds of might, and tell How Je-sus triumphed when he fell.
 2. Soon as the morning's early ray Brings on the third, th' appointed day, Be-hold the an-gel cleave the skies, Roll back the stone, and Jesus rise.

3. With strength immortal forth he comes, And power and life from God resumes; The days of pain and sor-row past, His triumph shall for-ev-er last.

GARDEN. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

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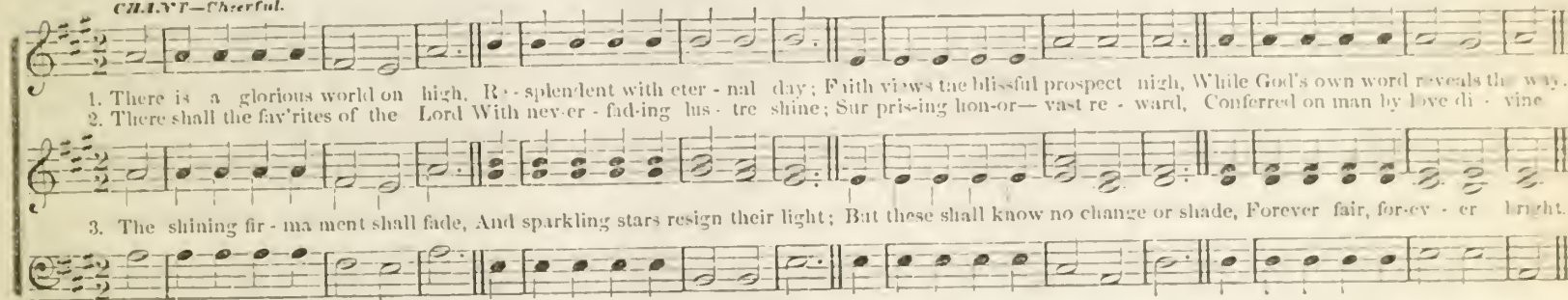


1. Lord, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand in gar-dens plant-ed by thy hand, Let me within thy courts be seen, Like a young ee-dar, fresh and green.
 2. There grow thy saints in faith and love, Bled with thy mil-reu-er from above; Not Leb-anon, with all its trees, Yields such a come-ly sight as these.
 3. La-den with fruits of age, they show, The Lord is ho-ly, just and true: None who attend his gates shall find A God un-faith-ful, or unkind.

MICAH. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

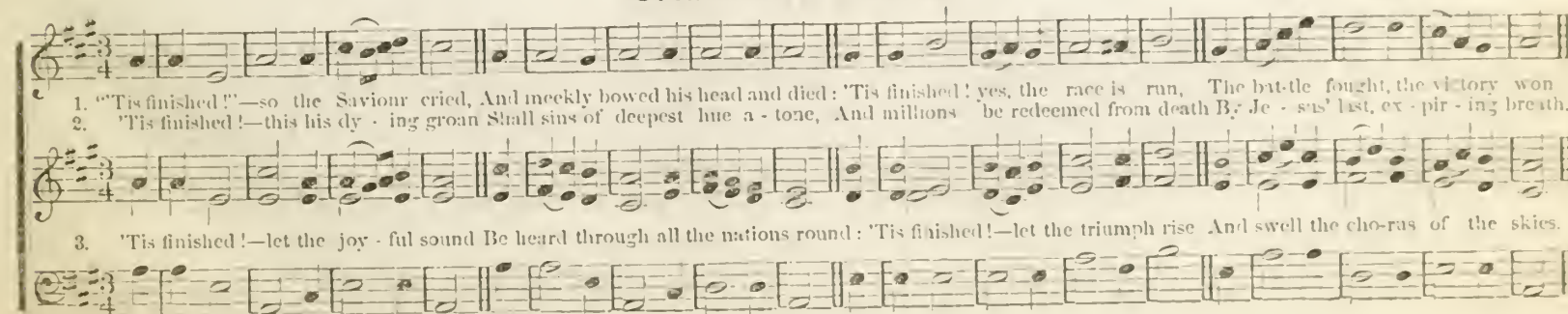
CHANT—Cheerful.



1. There is a glorious world on high, Re-splendent with eter-nal day; Faith views the blissful prospect nigh, While God's own word reveals the way.
 2. There shall the fav'rites of the Lord With nev-er-fad-ing lus-tre shine; Sur-pris-ing hon-or—vast re-ward, Conferred on man by love di-vine.
 3. The shining fir-ma-ment shall fade, And sparkling stars resign their light; But these shall know no change or shade, Forever fair, for-ev-er bright.

CALVARY. L. M. *

WM. F. SHERWIN.



1. "'Tis finished!"—so the Saviour cried, And meekly bowed his head and died: 'Tis finished! yes, the race is run, The battle fought, the victory won.
 2. "'Tis finished!"—this his dy-ing groan Shall sins of deepest hue a-tone, And millions be redeemed from death By Je-sus' last, ex-pir-ing breath.
 3. "'Tis finished!"—let the joy-ful sound Be heard through all the nations round: 'Tis finished!—let the triumph rise And swell the cho-ras of the skies.

* Suited also to the hymn "'Tis midnight—and on Olive's brow."

1. O praise the Lord with heart and voice, Your cho-ral trib-ute now pro-claim! His love to all so free-ly flows, His truth sheds glo-ry o'er his name

2. Come, trust in our Redeemer's love, Whose word is filled with power and might; Oh, live in him who lives for us! From him des-cends all life and light.

STETSON. L. M.

S. F.

Chanting style—Quarter notes rather staccato.

1. In vain my roving tho'ts would find A portion worthy of the mind: On earth my soul can never rest, For earth can never make me blest, For earth can never make me blest.

2. Can lasting happiness be found Where seasons roll their hasty round, And days and hours, with rapid flight, Sweep cares and pleasures out of sight, Sweep cares and pleasures [out of sight].

3. Arise, my tho'ts; my heart, arise, Leave this vain world and seek the skies; There purest joys for ever last, When seasons, days and hours are past, When seasons, days, and hours [are past].

MEDWAY. L. M.

PERGOLES!

With Dignity.

1. My God! per-mit me not to be A stranger to my-self and thee; A-midst a thousand tho'ts I rove, For-get-ful of my high-est love.

2. Why should my passions mix with earth, And thus de-base my heavenly birth? Why should I cleave to things be-low, And let my God, my Sav-iour, go?

3. Call me a-way from flesh and sense; One sovereign word can draw me thence; I would o-bey the voice di-vine, And all in-fe-rior joys re-sign.

LEBANON. L. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

125

1. My God, how endless is thy love! Thy gifts are every evening new; And morning mercies from above, Gently distil like early dew.

2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleeping hours; Thy sovereign word restores the light, And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3. I yield my powers to thy command, To thee I consecrate my days; Perpetual blessings from thy hand, Demand perpetual songs of praise.

PROMISE. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. When sins and fears prevailing rise, And fainting hope almost expires, Jesus, to thee I lift my eyes, To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2. If my immortal Saviour lives, Then my immortal life is sure; His word a firm foundation gives; Here let me build and rest secure.

3. Here, O my soul, thy trust repose; If Jesus is for ever mine, Not death itself, that last of foes, Shall break a union so divine.

CHANA. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Gently.

1. Behold the Saviour at thy door! He gently knocks, has knocked before; Has waited long, is waiting still,—You treat no other friend so ill.

2. O, lovely attitude! he stands With melting heart and outstretch'd hands; O, matchless kindness! and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes.

3. Admit him; for the human breast Ne'er entertained so kind a guest; Admit him; or the hour's at hand, When at his door denied you'll stand.

1. How sweet to leave the world a-while, And seek the presence of our Lord! Dear Saviour, on thy people smile, And come, according to thy word.
2. From busy scenes we now re-treat, That we may here converse with thee: Ah, Lord, behold us at thy feet! Let this the "gate of heav-en" be.

3. "Chief of ten thousand!" now ap-pear, That we by faith may see thy face; O speak, that we thy voice may hear, And let thy presence fill this place!

Smooth and Flowing.

DUMBARTON. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. When, gracious Lord, when shall it be That I shall find my all in thee? The full-ness of thy promise prove,—The seal of thine e-ter-nal love?
2. Thee, on-ly thee, I fain would find, And cast the world and flesh be-hind; Thou, on-ly thou, to me be given, Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.

3. When from the arm of flesh set free, Je-sus, my soul shall fly to thee: Je-sus, when I have lost my all, I shall up-on thy bo-som fall.

Moderato—Soft and Gentle.

BACA. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. We all, O Lord, have gone astray, And wandered from thy heavenly way: The wilds of sin our feet have trod, Far from the paths of thee our God, Far from the paths of thee, &c.
2. Hear us, great Shepherd of thy sheep! Our wanderings heal, our footsteps keep: We seek thy sheltering fold again, Nor shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain, Nor shall we seek, &c.

3. Teach us to know and love thy way; And grant, to life's remotest day, By thine unerring guidance led, Our willing feet thy paths to tread, Our willing feet thy paths to tread.

1. Oh! how I love thy ho - ly word, Thy gracious cov - e - nant, O Lord! It guides me in the peace-ful way; I think up - on it all the day.

2. What are the mines of shin - ing wealth, The strength of youth, the bloom of health! What are all joys, compared with those, Thine ev - er - last - ing word be - stows!

3. Long un - af - flict - ed, un - dis - mayed, In pleasure's path se - cure I strayed: Thou mad'st me feel thy chastening rod, And straight I turn'd un - to my God.

CAXTON. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. My shep - herd is the liv - ing Lord; Now shall my wants be well sup - plied: His prov - i - dence and ho - ly word Be - come my safe - ty, and my guide.

2. In pas - tures where sal - va - tion grows, He makes me feed, he makes me rest; There liv - ing wa - ter gen - tly flows, And all the food's di - vine - ly blest.

3. My wandering feet his ways mis - take; But he re - stores my soul to peace, And leads me, for his mer - cy's sake, In the fair paths of righteous - ness.

VORAL. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Cres. *dim.*

1. Thy will be done! I will not fear The fate pro - vid - ed by thy love; Tho' clouds and darkness shroud me here, I know that all is bright a - bove.

2. Father! for - give the heart that clings, Thus trembling, to the things of time; And bid my soul, on an - gel wings, As - cend in - to a pur - er clime.

3. There shall no doubts dis - turb its trust, No sor - rows dim ce - les - tial love; But these af - flic - tions of the dust, Like shadows of the night, re - move.

1. A-way, my un-be-liev-ing fear! Fear shall in me no more have place; My Sav-iour doth not yet ap-pear,—He hides the brightness of his face:
 2. Although the vine its fruit de-ny, Al-though the ol-ive yield no oil, The with'ring fig-trees droop and die, The fields e-lude the til-ler's toil,—
 3. In hope, be-liev-ing a-gainst hope, Je-sus, my Lord, my God, I claim; Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up; Sal-va-tion is in Je-sus' name.

But shall I there-fore let him go, And base-ly to the temp-er yield? No, in the strength of Je-sus, no, I nev-er will give up my shield.
 The emp-ty stall no herd af-ford, And per-ish all the bleat-ing race, Yet will I tri-umph in the Lord,—The God of my sal-va-tion praise.
 To me he soon shall bring it nigh; My soul shall then out-strip the wind; On wings of love mount up on high, And leave the world and sin be-hind.

DANLY. L. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

SOLO—Soprano
 1. How sweet the hour of clos-ing day, When all is peace-ful and serene. And when the sun, with cloud-less ray, Sheds mel-low lns-tre o'er the scene.
 2. Such is the Christian's part-ing hour; So peace-ful-ly he sinks to rest; When faith, en-dued from heav'n with power, Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

1. So let our lips and lives ex-press The ho-ly gos-pel, we pro-fess; So let our works and virtues shine, To prove the doctrine all-di-vine.

2. Thus shall we best proclaim a-broad The honors of our Saviour-God; When his sal-va-tion reigns within, And grace subdues the power of sin.

3. Re-li-gion bears our spi-rits up, While we ex-pect that bless-ed hope,—The bright appear-ance of the Lord:—And faith stands leaning on his word.

INCENSE. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. My God! ac-cept my ear-ly vows, Like morning-in-cense in thy house; And let my night-ly wor-ship rise, Sweet as the eve-ning sac-ri-fice.

2. Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord! From every rash and heedless word; Nor let my feet in-cline to tread The guilt-y path, where sinners lead.

3. Oh! may the righteous, when I stray, Smite, and reprove my wandering way; Their gentle words, like ointment shed, Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

Gently—not Staccato.

ALVIN. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. When we, our wearied limbs to rest, Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream, We wept, with doleful thoughts oppressed, And Zion was our mournful theme.

2. Our harps, that, when with joy we sung, Were wont their tuneful parts to bear, With si-lent strings, neglected hung, On willow-trees that withered there.

3. How shall we tune our voice to sing, Or touch our harps with skilful hands? Shall hymns of joy, to God our King, Be sung by slaves in for-eign lands?

1. Descend from heaven, im-mor-tal Dove! Stoop down, and take us on thy wings, And mount, and bear us far a-bove The reach of these in-fe-rior things.

2. Be-yond-be-yond this low-er sky, Up where e-ter-nal a-ge: roll, Where sol-id pleas-ures nev-er die, And fruits im-mor-tal bless the soul.

3. Oh! for a sight, a bliss-ful sight Of our al-might-y Fa-ther's throne! There sits the Saviour, crowned with light, Clothed in a bo-dy like our own.

WANDERER. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Re-turn, O wanderer! now re-turn, And seek thine in-jured Fa-ther's face; Those new de-sires that in thee burn, Were kindled by re-deem-ing grace.

2. Re-turn, O wanderer! now re-turn, He hears thy deep, re-pent-ant sigh; He hears thy softened spir-it mourn, When no in-tud-ing ear is nigh.

3. Re-turn, O wanderer! now re-turn; Thy Sav-iour bids thy spir-it live; Go to his bleeding feet, and learn How free-ly Je-sus can for-give.

BENJAMIN. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Thou! whom my soul admires a-bove All earth-ly joy, and earth-ly love,—Tell me, dear Shep-herd, let me know—Where do the sweet-est pastures grow?

2. Where is the shad-ow of that rock, That from the sun de-fends thy flock? Fain would I feed a-mong thy sheep,—A-mong them rest, a-mong them sleep.

3. Why should thy Bride ap-pear like one That turns a-side to paths unknown? My con-stant feet would nev-er rove,—Would nev-er seek an-oth-er love.

1. I wait-ed meek-ly for the Lord, Till he vouchsafed a kind re- ply; Who did his gra-cious car- af- ford, And heard from heav'n a my-humble cry.

2. The won-ders he for me has wrought, Shall fill my mouth with songs of praise; And oth-ers, to his wor-ship brought, To hopes of life de-liv-erance raise.

3. Then let those mercies I de-clared To oth-ers, Lord, ex-tend to me; Thy lov-ing kind-ness my re-ward, Thy truth my safe pro-tec-tion be.

WILLIAMS. L. M.

WM. F. THURLOW.

1. The heav-ens de-clare thy glo-ry, Lord; In eve-ry star thy wis-dom shines; But when our eyes be-hold thy word, We read thy name in fa-ther's face.

2. The roll-ing sun, the chang-ing light, And nights and days, thy power confess; But the blest vol-ume thou hast writ, Re-veals thy jus-tice and thy grace.

3. Nor shall thy spread-ing gospel rest, Till thro' the world thy truth has run; Till Christ has all the na-tions blest, That see the light, or feel the sun.

FAITH. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come, We walk thro' deserts dark as night; Till we ar-rive at heav'n, our home, Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2. The want of sight she well sup-plies; She makes the pearly gates ap-pear; Far in-to dis-tant worlds she pries, And brings e-ter-nal glo-ries near.

3. With joy we tread the de-sert thro', While faith inspires a heavenly ray, Tho' li-ons roar, and tem-pests blow, And rocks and dan-gers fill the way.

1. Far from my tho'ts, vain world, be gone ; Let my re - li - gious hours a - lone ; Fain would my eyes my Saviour see ; I wait a vis - it, Lord, from thee.
 2. O, warm my heart with holy fire, And kin - dle there a pure de - sire : Come, sacred Spir - it, from a - bove, And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3. Blest Saviour, what delicious fare ! How sweet thy en - ter - tainments are ! Ne'er did the an - gels taste a - bove Re - deemming grace and dy - ing love.

AMER. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Thou on - ly Sovereign of my heart, My Refuge, my al - mighty Friend—And can my soul from thee de - part, On whom a - lone my hopes de - pend ! On whom a - lone my hopes de - pend !
 2. E - ter - nal life thy words im - part ; On these my fainting spi - rit lives : Here sweeter com - forts cheer my heart, Than all the round of na - ture gives, Than all the round of na - ture gives.

3. Low at Thy feet my soul would lie ; Here safety dwells, and peace divine ; Still let me live beneath thine eye, For life, e - ter - nal life, is thine, For life, e - ter - nal life, is thine.

OBEDIENCE. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Lord, when my tho'ts delighted rove A - mid the wonders of thy love, Sweet hope revives my drooping heart, And bids in - trud - ing fears de - part.
 2. For mortal crimes a sac - ri - fice, The Lord of life, the Saviour dies ; What love ! what mercy ! how divine ! Je - sus, and can I call thee mine ?

3. Be all my heart and all my days De - vo - ted to my Saviour's praise ; And let my glad o - be - dience prove How much I owe, how much I love.

MERCY SEAT. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY. 133

1. From every stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure retreat, 'Tis found before the mercy-seat, 'Tis found before the mercy-seat.

2. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet Around one common mercy-seat, Around, &c.

3. There, there, on eagle wings we soar, And sin and sense molest no more; And heaven comes down our souls to greet, And glory crowns the mercy-seat, And glory, &c.

WATERBURY. L. M.

W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Oh! sweetly breathe the lyres above, When angels touch the quivering string, And wake, to chant Immanuel's love, Such strains as angel lips can sing!

2. And sweet, on earth, the choral swell, From mortal tongues, of gladsome lays; When pardoned souls their raptures tell, And, grateful, hymn Immanuel's praise.

3. In thee we trust,—on thee re - ly; Though we are feeble, thou art strong; Oh, keep us till our spi - rits fly To join the bright, immor - tal throng!

CIRCLEVILLE. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. O where is now that glowing love That marked our union with the Lord? Our hearts were fixed on things above, Nor could the world a joy af - ford.

2. Where is the zeal that led us then To make our Saviour's glo - ry known? That freed us from the fear of men, And kept our eye on him a - lone?

3. Be-hold, a - gain we turn to thee; O, cast us not a-way, tho' vile: No peace we have, no joy we see, O Lord our God, but in thy smile.

1. When power divine, in mortal form, Hushed with a word the rag-ing storm, In soothing ac - cents Je - sus said—"Lo! it is I; be not a - fraid."

2. Blessed be the voice that breathes from heaven, To every heart in sun-der riven, When love, and joy, and hope are fled—"Lo! it is I; be not a - fraid."

3. And when the last dread hour is come, While shuddering nature waits her doom, This voice shall call the pi-ous dead—"Lo! it is I; be not a - fraid."

HOLLIS. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Allegro.

The Duett may be omitted at pleasure.

1. What sin-ners val - ue I re - sign; Lord, 'tis e-nough that thou art mine; I shall be-hold thy blissful face, And stand com-plete in right-cons - ness, And stand complete in righteousness.

2. This life's a dream—in empty show; But that bright world to which I go Hath joys substantial and sin - cere: When shall I wake and find me there, When shall I wake and find me there.

3. O glorious hour! O blest a - bode! I shall be near and like my God, And flesh and sin no more con-trol The sa - cred pleas-ures of my soul, The sa - cred pleasures of my soul.

TWILIGHT. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve, And soft the sunbeams lingering there; For these blest hours, the world I leave, Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

2. The time—how lovely and how still; Peace shines and smiles on all be - low,—The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,—All fair with eve-ning's set - ting glow.

3. Sea-son of rest! the tranquil soul Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love; And while these sacred moments roll, Faith sees a smile - ing heaven a - bove.

1. Awake, a - rise, and hail the morn, For un - to us a Saviour's born; See how the an - gels wing their way, To usher in the glo - rious day.

2. Hark! what sweet music, what a song! Sounds from the bright, celestial throng! Sweet song, whose melting sounds impart Joy to each raptur'd, list'ning heart.

3. Come, join the angels in the sky: Glo-ry to God, who reigns on high; Let peace and love on earth a-bound, While time revolves, and years roll round.

KENDRICK. L. M.

WM. F. SHEERWIN.

1. To thee, O God, in grateful praise, All na - ture wakes harmonious lays; The roll-ing flood, beast, bird and bee, Join in per - pet - ual praise to thee.

2. The opening flower that scents the morn, The breeze that bends the golden corn, The dew-drop trembling in the sun, Praise thee, thou great and holy One.

3. The mighty orbs that roll on high, The rain-bow arch-ing o'er the sky, Old o - cean heav-ing deep and free, As - cribe un - ceas-ing praise to thee.

SHEPHERD. L. M.

WM. B. BRADLEY.

1. Thon! whom my soul admires above All earthly joy, and earthly love,—Tell me, dear Shepherd! let me know—Where do thy sweetest pastures grow?

2. Where is the sha - dow of that rock, That from the sun de - fends thy flock? Fain would I feed a-mong thy sheep,—Among them rest, a-mong them sleep.

3. Why should thy bride appear, like one That turns a - side to paths unknown? My constant feet would never rove,—Would never seek an - oth - er love.

1. Far from my tho'ts, vain world, be gone, Let my re-lig-i-ous hours alone; Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see; I wait a visit, Lord, from thee, I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2. O warm my heart with holy fire, And kindle there a pure de-sire; Come, sacred spir-it, from above, And fill my soul with heav'nly love, And fill my soul with heav'nly love.

3. Blest Saviour, what delicious fare! How sweet thine entertainments are! Never did angels taste a-bove Redeeming grace and dying love, Redeeming grace and dying love.

Moderato.

YARNA. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. To Je - sus, our ex - alt - ed Lord, The Name by heav'n and earth adored, Fain would our hearts and voi - ces raise A cheer - ful song of sa - cred praise.

2. But all the notes which mor-tals know Are weak, and lan-guish-ing, and low; Far, far a - bove our hum-ble songs, The theme de - mands im - mor - tal tongues.

3. Yet while a - round his board we meet, And hum - bly wor-ship at his feet, O let our warm af - fec-tions move, In glad re - turns of grate - ful love.

OPORTO. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Now to the Lord a no - ble song! A-wake, my soul! a-wake, my tongue! Ho-san-na to th'e - ter-nal name, And all his boundless love pro - claim.

2. See where it shines in Je - sus' face,— The brightest im-age of his grace! God, in the per - son of his Son, Has all his mightiest works out - done.

3. Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charm-ing theme; My thoughts re-joyce at Je - sus' name: Ye an-gels! dwell up - on the sound; Ye heav'ns! re-lect it to the ground.

INGERSOLL. L. M. Double.

CHESTER C. ALLEN. 137

1. E - ter - nal Source of ev - ery joy, Well may thy name our lips em - ploy, While in thy tem - ple we ap - pear, Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
 2. The flowery spring, at thy command, Embalms the air and paints the land; The summer rays with vig - or shine To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

3. Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days, Demand suc - ces - sive songs of praise; And be the grate - ful homage paid, With morning light and evening shade.

Wide as the wheels of na - ture roll, Thy hand supports the stead - y pole; The sun is taught by thee to rise, And darkness when to veil the skies.
 Thy hand in au - tumn rich - ly pours Through all our con - stant a - bund - ant stores; And win - ters, softened by thy care, No more a drear - y as - pect wear.

Here in thy house let in - ecense rise, And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes, 'Till to those loft - y heights we soar, Where days and years re - volve no more.

STILLMAN. L. M.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Ye sons of men, with joy re - cord The va - rious won - ders of the Lord; And let his power and goodness sound Through all your tribes, the earth a - round.
 2. Let the high heav'ns your songs invite, — Those spacious fields of brilliant light, Where sun, and moon, and plan - ets roll, And stars that glow from pole to pole

SOLO.

3. Thither, my soul, with rapture soar; There, in the land of praise, a - dore; The theme demands an an - gel's lay, Demands an ev - er - last - ing day.

1. Why will ye waste on tri-fling cares That life which God's com-pas-sion spares, While, in the va-rious range of thought, The one thing needful is for-got?

2. Shall God in-vite you from a-bove? Shall Je-sus urge his dy-ing love? Shall troubled conscience give you pain? And all these pleas u-nite in vain?

3. Al-mighty God, thy grace im-part; Fix deep con-vic-tion on each heart; Nor let us waste on tri-fling cares That life which thy com-pas-sion spares.

LA SALLE. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Legato.

1. My God, my King, thy various praise Shall fill the remnant of my days; Thy graee em-ploy my hum-ble tongue, Till death and glo-ry raise the song.

2. The wings of ev-ery hour shall bear Some thankful tribute to thine ear; And ev-ery set-ting sun shall see New works of beauty done for thee.

3. Let dis-tant times and nations raise The long succees-sion of thy praise, And un-born a-ges make my song The joy and la-bor of their tongue.

WATERFORD. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Connected and Smooth.

1. This day the Lord hath called his own;—O, let us then his praise de-clare, Fix our de-sires on him a-lone, And seek his face with fervent prayer.

2. Lord! in thy love would we re-joice, That bids the burdened soul be free; And, with u-nit-ed heart and voice, De-vote these sa-cred hours to thee.

3. Now let the world's de-lu-sive things No more our groveling thoughts employ, But faith be taught to stretch her wings In search of heaven's un-fail-ing joy.

With Animation.

1. Shout,—for the great Redeemer reigns, Thro' distant lands his triumph spread; Sinners, now freed from Satan's chains, Own him their Saviour and their head.
 2. Oh! may his conquests still increase; Let ev-ry foe his power subdue; While angels cel - e-brate his praise, Saints shall his rising glo - ries show.
 3. Loud hal - le - lu - jahs to the Lamb, From all be - low and all a - bove; In lof - ty songs, ex - alt his name,—In songs as last - ing as his love.

ALDRICH. L. M.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

Tenderly.

1. So fades the lovely, blooming flower, Frail, smiling so - lace of an hour; So soon our transient comforts fly, And pleasure on - ly blooms to die.
 2. Is there no kind, no heal - ing art, To soothe the anguish of the heart? Spir - it of grace, be ev - er nigh; Thy comforts were not made to die.
 3. Let gentle patience smile on pain, Till dy - ing hope re - vives a - gain; Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye, And faith points up - ward to the sky.

ORIEL. L. M.

WM. E. BRADBURY.

Slow and Gentle.

Ritard. ad lib.

1. There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for wea - ry pilgrims found; They softly lie, and sweetly sleep, Low in the ground, Low in the ground.
 2. The storm that sweeps the wintry sky No more disturbs their deep repose, Than summer evening's lat - est sigh, That shuts the rose, That shuts the rose.
 3. Then, traveler in the vale of tears, To realms of ev - er - last - ing light, Thro' time's dark wilderness of years, Pursue thy flight, Pursue thy flight.

1. To Je - sus, our ex - alt - ed Lord, The name by heaven and earth adored, Fain would our hearts and voices rise, A cheerful song of sa - cred praise.
2. But all the notes which mortal know, Are weak, and languishing, and low; Far, far a - bove our hum - ble songs, The theme demands immor - tal tongues.

3. Yet while a - round his board we meet, And humbly worship at his feet, O let our warm af - fec - tions move, In glad re - turns of grateful love!

With Ardor.

ONORA. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Live—live for ev - er, glorious Lord! To quell thy foes—and guard thy friends; While all thy chosen tribes re-joyce, That thy do - min - ion nev - er ends.
2. Worthy thy hand to hold the keys, Guided by wis - dom and by love; Wor - thy to rule o'er mor - tal life, O'er worlds be - low, and worlds a - bove.

3. For ev - er reign, vic - to - rious king! Wide thro' the earth thy name be known! And call my longing soul to sing, Sub - lim - er an - thems at thy throne.

With Gentleness.

ABINGDON. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.
Arr. from Quartette by BEETHOVEN.

1. Be - hold the sin - a - ton - ing Lamb, With wonder, grati - tude and love; To take a - way our guilt and shame, See him de - scend - ing from a - bove.
2. To save a guilt - y world, he dies; Sin - ners, be - hold the bleed - ing Lamb; To him lift up your long - ing eyes, And hope for mer - cy in his name.

3. Par - don and peace thro' him a - bound; He can the rich - est blessings give; Sal - va - tion in his name is found; He bids the dy - ing sin - ner live.

RAPTURE. L. M. Double.

CHESTER G. ALLEN. 141

1. Our Lord is ris-en from the dead; Our Je-sus has gone up on high; The pow'rs of hell are cap-tive led,—Drag-g'd to the portals of the sky;
2. Loose all your bars of mass-y light, And wide un-fold the' ethereal scene, He claims these mansions as his right; Receive the King of glo-ry in!

3. Lo! his tri-umph-al chari-ot waits, And angels chant the sol-enn lay; Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates; Ye ev-er-last-ing doors, give way!

There his tri-umphal chari-ot waits, And an-gels chant the sol-enn lay;—Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates Ye ev-er-last-ing doors give way!
Who is the King of glo-ry? Who? The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame;—The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;—And Jesus is the conqu'ror's name.

Who is the King of glo-ry? Who? The Lord, of glo-rious power possess'd;—The King of saints and angels too;—God o-ver all, for-ev-er blest!

SUPPORT. L. M.

J. W. HOYT.

1. Show pi-ty Lord, O Lord, for-give; Let a re-pent-ing reb-el live; Are not thy mer-cies large and free? May not a sin-ner trust in thee?
2. My crimes are great, but don't surpass The power and glo-ry of thy grace; Great God, thy nature hath no bound,—So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3. O wash my soul from eve-ry sin, And make my guilt-y conscience clean; Here on my heart the bur-den lies, And past offen-ces pain my eyes.

1. Sweet is the light of Sab-bath eve, And soft the sun-beams lingering there; For those blest hours the world I leave, Waft-ed on wings of faith and prayer.

2. The time how love-ly and how still; Peace shines and smiles on all be-low; The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill, All fair with eve-ning's set-ting glow.

3. Sea-son of rest! the tran-quil soul Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love; And while these sa-cred mo-ments roll Faith sees the smil-ing heaven a-bove.

WILLINGTON. L. M.

W. F. WILLIAMS.

1. How blest the sa-cred tie that binds In un-ion sweet according minds! How swift the heavenly course they run, Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one.

2. To each the soul of each how dear! What watchful love, what ho-ly fear! How doth the gen'rous flame with-in Refine from earth and cleanse from sin!

3. Their streaming eyes to-geth-er flow For hu-man guilt and mor-tal woe; Their ardent prayers to-geth-er rise, Like mingling flames in sac-ri-fice.

Moderato.

GAYLORD. L. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. God of my life! thro' all my days My grateful pow'rs shall sound thy praise; The song shall wake with op'ning light, And warble to the si-lent night, And warble to the silent night.

2. When anxious care would break my rest, And grief would tear my throbbing breast, Thy tuneful praises rais'd on high, Shall check the mur-mur and the sigh, Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

ASHUR. L. M.

WM D. BRADBURY.

143

With glo - ry clail, with strength arrayed, The Lord, that o'er all na - ture reigns, The world's found - a - tions firm - ly laid, And the vast fab - ric still sus - tains.

PARK STREET. L. M.

VESUA

Spirited.
Hark! how the cho - ral song of heaven Swells full of peace and joy a - bore; Hark! how they strike their golden harps, And raise their tuneful notes of love, And raise their tuneful notes of love.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON

The heavens de - clare thy glo - ry, Lord, In eve - ry star thy wis - dom shines; But when our eyes be - hold thy word, We read thy name in fair - er lines.

HEBRON. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far his power pro - longs my days; And eve - ry even - ing shall make known, Some fresh me - mo - rial of his grace.

OBERLIN. L. M.

DOST, of Switzerland.

O Je - sus, full of truth and grace! O all - a - ton - ing Lamb of God! I wait be - neath thy glo - rious face; I seek re - demp - tion in thy blood.

RETREAT. L. M.

T. HASTINGS. By permission.

From eve - ry stormy wind that blows, From eve - ry swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re - treat, 'Tis found be - fore the mer - cy - seat.

THE BURDEN. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

O that my load of sin were gone! O that I could at last sub-mit, At Je-sus' feet to lay it down, To lay my soul at Je-sus' feet.

FOREST. L. M.

A. CHAPIN.

Rest for my soul I long to find; Sa-viour, if mine in-deed thou art, Give me thy meek and low-ly mind, And stamp thine im-age on my heart

EVENING HYMN. L. M.

TH. TALLIS.

Chanting Style.

Glo-ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light; Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Be-neath the sha-dow of thy wings.

WARD. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

Legato e Piano.

There is a stream whose gen-tle flow Sup-plies the ci-ty of our God! Life, love, and joy still glid-ing through, And watering our di-vine a-bode.

HAMBURG. L. M.

Arranged from a Gregorian Chant

Kingdoms and thrones to God be-long; Crown him, ye na-tions, in your song: His wondrous name and power re-hearse; His hon-ors shall en-rich your verse.

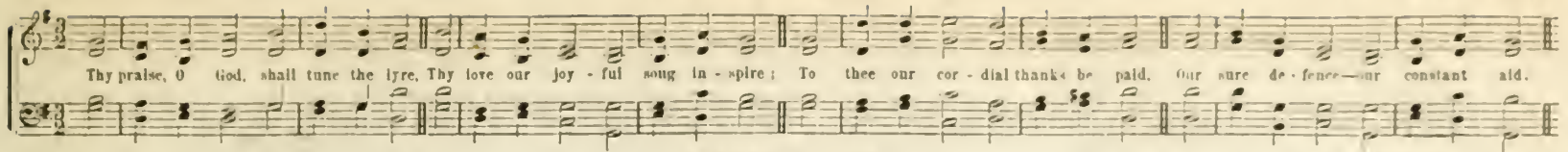
BOWEN. L. M.

From HAYDN

Up to the fields where au-gels lie, And liv-ing wa-ters gent-ly roll, Fain would my thoughts as-cend on high, But sin hangs heav-y on my soul.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON. 145

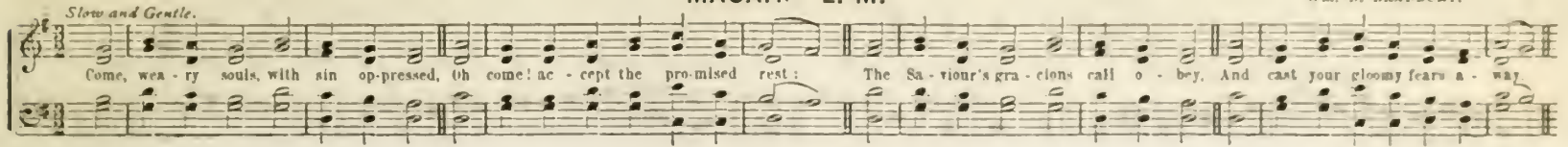


Thy praise, O God, shall tune the lyre, Thy love our joy - ful song in - spire; To thee our cor - dial thanks be paid, Our sure de - fence—our constant aid.

MACAH. L. M.

Wm. B. BRADBURY.

Slow and Gentle.

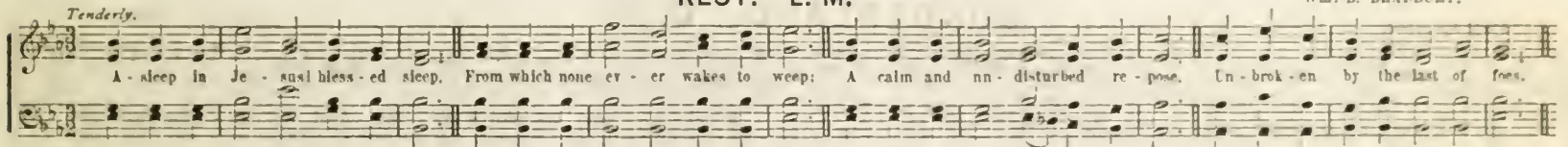


Come, wea - ry souls, with sin op - pressed, Oh come! ac - cept the prom - ised rest; The Sa - viour's gra - cious call o - bey, And cast your gloomy fears a - way.

REST. L. M.

Wm. B. BRADBURY.

Tenderly.

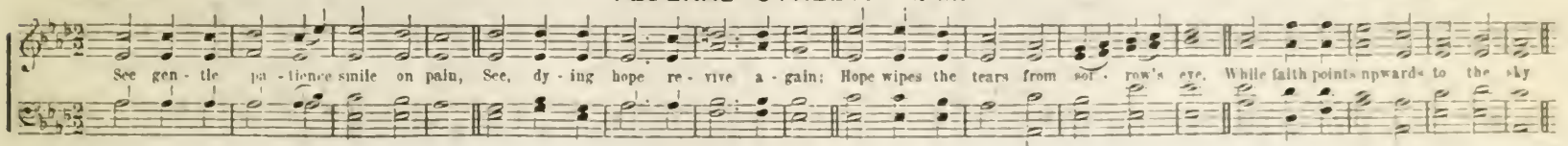


A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep: A calm and un - disturbed re - pose, Un - brok - en by the last of foes.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

Dolce e Piano.

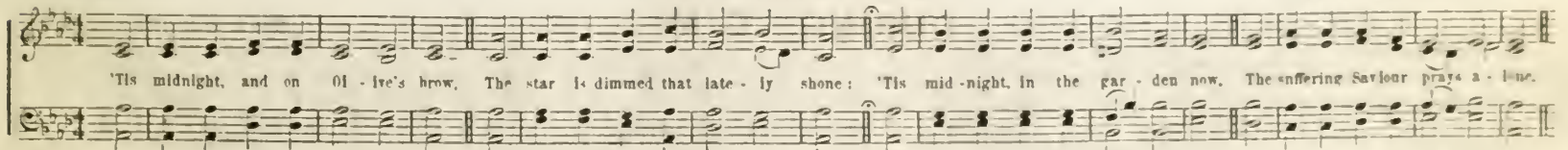


See gen - tle pa - tience smile on pain, See, dy - ing hope re - vive a - gain; Hope wipes the tears from sol - row's eye, While faith points upwards to the sky.

OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

Wm. B. BRADBURY.

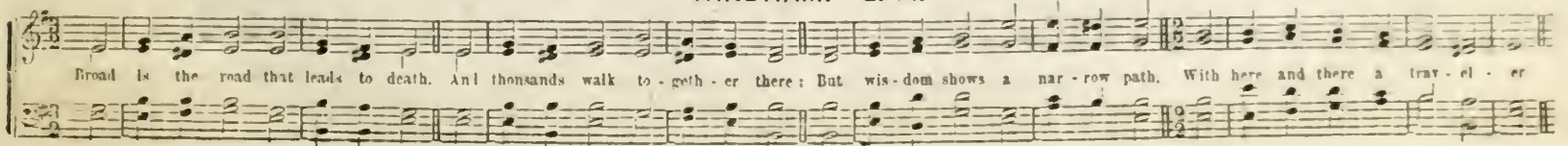
Soft and Gentle.



'Tis midnight, and on Ol - ive's brow, The star is dimmed that late - ly shone: 'Tis mid - night, in the gar - den now, The suf - fering Sav - iour prays a - lone.

WINDHAM. L. M.

DANIEL READ, 1786.



Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to - geth - er there; But wis - dom shows a nar - row path, With here and there a trav - el - er.

Con Spirito.

1. A - wake, my soul, to sound his praise; A - wake, my harp, to sing; Join, all my powers, the song to raise, And morn - ing in - cense bring.
 2. A - mong the peo - ple of his care, And through the na - tions round, Glad songs of praise will I pre - pare, And there his name re - sound.

3. Be thou ex - alt - ed, O my God, A - bove the star - ry frame; Dif - fuse thy heavenly grace a - broad, And teach the world thy name.

Very Spirited.

SUNDERLAND. C. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. A - wake, my soul! stretch ev - ery nerve, And press with vig - or on; A heavenly race de - mands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown.
 2. 'Tis God's all - an - i - mat - ing voice, That calls thee from on high; 'Tis he, whose hand pre - sents the prize To thine as - pir - ing eye.

3. A cloud of wit - ness - es a - round Hold thee in full sur - vey; For - get the steps al - read - y trod, And on - ward urge thy way.

DURING. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Quick and Staccato.

1. Lo! what an en - ter - tain - ing sight Are brethren who a - gree; Brethren, whose cheerful hearts u - nite In bands of pi - e - ty.
 2. When streams of love, from Christ, the spring, Descend to ev - ery soul, And heavenly peace, with balm - y wing, Shades and be - dews the whole:—

3. 'Tis like the oil, di - vine - ly sweet, On Aa - ron's reverend head; The trickling drops per - fumed his feet, And o'er his gar - ments spread.

OSTEND. C. M. Double.

Arr. by W. B. E. from a Melody by RICHTER. 147

1. { When all thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys, }
 { Transport-ed with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise. } O how can words with e-qual warmth The grat-i-tude de-clare, That glows with-in my

2. { When in the slip-p'ry paths of youth, With heedless steps, I ran; }
 { Thine arm, un-seen, con-vey'd me safe, And led me up to man. } Thro' hid-den dan-gers, toils, and deaths, It gen-tly clear'd my way; And through the pleas-ing

Very Spirited,

CONQUEST. C. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

rav-ish'd heart!—But thou canst read it there.

snares of vice, More to be fear'd than they.

All hail the power of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al

All hail the power of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall Bring forth the roy-al

Bring forth the roy-al

di-a-dem, And crown him Lord of all, And crown him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.

di-a-dem, And crown him Lord of all, And crown him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.

And crown him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy-al

KEOKUK. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Ye trembling souls, dismiss your fears, Be mercy all your theme, Mercy which, like a river, flows In one perpetual stream; Mercy which, like a riv - er, flows In one perpetual stream.

2. Fear not the powers of earth and hell, Those powers will God restrain; His arm shall all their rage repel, And make their efforts vain; His arm shall all their rage repel, And make their efforts vain.

3. Fear not the want of out-ward good: For his he will provide; Grant them supplies of daily food, And all they need beside; Grant them supplies of dai-ly food, And all they need be-side.

BEMERTON. C. M.

H. W. GREATOREX.

1. Why should our tears in sor - row flow When God re - calls his own, And bids them leave a world of woe For an im - mor - tal crown.

2. Their toils are past, their work is done, And they are ful - ly blest; They fought the fight, the vic - t'ry won, And en - ter'd in - to rest.

3. Then let our sor-rows cease to flow; God has re - call'd his own; But let our hearts, in ev - ery woe, Still say,—Thy will be done.

VOSSNACH. C. M.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; Let ev-ery heart prepare him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and nature sing.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; Let ev-ery heart prepare him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and nature sing.

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-stains.
 2. The dying thief rejoiced to see, That fountain in his day; And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins away.

3. Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood Shall never lose its power, Till all the ransom'd church of God Are saved, to sin no more.

Singing Style.

LA MIRA. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. I love to steal a-while a-way From every cumbering care, And spends the hours of setting day In humble, grateful prayer.

2. I love in solitude, to shed The penitential tear; And all his promises to plead, When none but God is near.

FALKNER. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Great God, how infinite art thou! What worthless worms are we! Let all the race of creatures bow, And pay their praise to thee.
 2. Thy throne eternal ages stood, Ere seas or stars were made; Thou art the ever-living God, Were all the nations dead.

3. Eternity with all its years, Stands present in thy view; To thee there's nothing old appears, Great God, there's nothing new.

KALIDA. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Come, ye that love the Saviour's name, And joy to make it known, The Sov'reign of your hearts proclaim, And bow be-fore his throne.
 2. Be-hold your Lord, your Master, crown'd With glo-ries all di-vine: And tell the wond'ring nations round, How bright those glo-ries shine.

3. When, in his earth-ly courts, we view The glo-ries of our King, We long to love as an-gels do, And wish, like them, to sing.

GOSPEL TRUMPET. C. M.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Let ev-ery mor-tal ear at-tend, And ev-ery heart re-joice; The trump-et of the gos-pel sounds With an in-vit-ing voice.
 2. Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls, That feed up-on the wind, And vain-ly strive with earthly toys To fill an emp-ty mind,—

3. E-ter-nal Wis-dom has prepared A soul-re-viv-ing feast, And bids your long-ing ap-pe-tites The rich pro-vis-ion taste.

AMENIA. C. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an-gels round the throne: Ten thou-sand thou-sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
 2. Wor-thy the Lamb that died, they cry, To be ex-alt-ed thus: Wor-thy the Lamb, our hearts re-ply, For he was slain for us.

3. Je-sus is wor-thy to re-ceive Hon-or and power di-vine; And blessings more than we can give, Be, Lord, for-ev-er thine.

ONWARD. C. M.

WM. F. ELLIOTT. 151

1. In all my Lord's ap - point - ed ways My jour - ney I'll pur - sue; "Hin - der me not," ye much-loved saints, For I must go with you.
 2. Through floods and flames, if Je - sus lead, I'll fol - low where he goes; "Hin - der me not," shall be my cry, Though earth and hell op - pose.
 3. And, when my Sav - iour calls me home, Still this my cry shall be,—"Hin - der me not," come, wel - come, death; I'll glad - ly go with thee.

LEVEQUE. C. M. Double.

EDWARD HAMILTON, by per. from "The Sanctus."

1. If I must die, O, let me die With hope in Je - sus' blood—The blood that saves from sin and guilt, And re - con - ciles to God;
 2. If I must die, and die I must, Let some kind ser - aph come, And bear me on his friend - ly wing To my ce - les - tial home;
 If I must die, O, let me die In peace with all man - kind, And change these fleet - ing joys be low For pleasures more re - fined.
 Of Ca - naan's land, from Pis - gah's top, May I but have a view, Though Jor - dan should o'er - flow its banks, I'll bold - ly ven - ture through.

FINE.

1. { I sing th'al-might-y power of God, That made the mountains rise, } I sing the wis-dom that or-dained, The sun to rule the day;
 { That spread the flow-ing seas a-broad, And built the loft-y skies. }
 d. c. The moon shines full at his com-mand, And all the stars o-bey.

2. { I sing the good-ness of the Lord, That filled the earth with food; }
 { He formed the crea-tures with his word, And then pronounced them good. } There's not a plant nor flower be-low, But makes thy glo-ries known;
 d. c. And clouds a-rise, and temp-ests blow, By or-der from thy throne.

HAULENBECK. C. M. Double.

BRADBURY'S "Western Melody."

1. O moth-er dear, Je-ru-sa-lem, When shall I come to thee? When shall my sor-rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see

2. No dim-ming cloud o'er-sha-dows thee, Nor gloom, nor darksome night; But eve-ry soul shines as the sun, For God him-self gives light.

O hap-py har-bor of God's saints! O sweet and pleas-ant soil! In thee no sor-row can be found, Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

Thy walls are made of pre-cious stone, Thy bulwarks dia-monds are, Thy gates are all of o-rient pearl—O God! if I were there!

FARMINGTON. C. M.

WM. F. DEARBURY. 153

If small notes are used, sing pp

1. There is a place of sweet re-*pose*, Where weary souls may rest, From all their sor-*rows*, all their woes. On their Re-*deemer's* breast

2. When worn with toil our spir - its faint, By thousand cares op - *pressed*, Sweet is the cure for our complaint, Our Je - *sus* is our rest.

3. When death has torn some friend a-way Our bleeding hearts left bare, 'Tis sweet to look to heaven and pray, For Je - *sus* answers prayer.

4. O thou, our rest, our help, our all, Help us to love thee more, Then at thy feet we'll joy - *ful* fall, When our last conflict's o'er.

GUTHRIE. C. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Now joy - *ful* strains we lift on high, A - mid the faith - *ful* throng Of those who Je - *sus* mag - *ni - fy*, In sweet and ho - *ly* song.

2. We ren - *der* thanks, and bless the Lord, Who died our souls to save; Thro' whom to heav'nly peace re - *stor'd*, We fear no more the grave.

BIGLOW. C. M.

W. H. DOANE.

Gentle and Distinct.

1. Dear Fath - *er*, to thy mer - *cy - seat*, My soul for shel - *ter* lies; 'Tis here I find a safe re - *treat*, When storms and tempests rise.

2. My cheer - *ful* hope can nev - *er* die If thou my God art near; Thy grace can raise my spir - *it* high, And ban - *ish* every fear.

3. My great Pro - *tec - tor* and my Lord, Thy con - *stant* aid im - *part*, Oh! let thy kind, thy gra - *cious* word, Sus - *tain* my trembling heart.

1. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, And seek thy Fa - ther's face; Those new de - sires which in thee burn Were kiu - died by his grace.

2. Re - turn, O wau - der - er, re - turn; He hears thy hum - ble sigh: He sees thy soft - en'd spir - it mourn, When no one else is nigh.

3. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn; Thy Sav - iour bids thee live: Come to his cross, and, grate - ful, learn How free - ly he'll for - give.

With Solemnity.

WARNING. C. M.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Be - neath our feet, and o'er our head, Is e - qual warn - ing given; Be - neath us lie the count - less dead, — A - bove us is the heaven.

2. Death rides on ev - ery pass - ing breeze, And lurks in ev - ery flower; Each sea - son has its own dis - ease, — Its per - il ev - ery hour.

3. Our eyes have seen the ro - sy light Of youth's soft cheek de - cay, And fate de - scend in sud - den night On manhood's mid - dle day.

BAXTER. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. I would be thine; O take my heart, And fill it with thy love; Thy sa - cred im - age, Lord, im - part, And seal it from a - bove.

2. I would be thine; but while I strive To give my - self a - way, I feel re - bel - lion still a - live, And wan - der while I pray.

3. I would be thine; I would em - brace The Sav - iour, and a - dore; In - spire with faith, in - fuse thy grace, And now my soul re - store.

1. { Oh! could our thoughts and wishes fly, A-bove these gloomy shades, }
 { To those bright worlds, be-yond the sky, Which sorrow ne'er invades!— } There, joys unseen by mor-tal eyes, Or reason's fee-ble ray, In ev-er-bloom-ing

2. { Lord! send a beam of light di-vine, To guide our upward aim; }
 { With one re-viv-ing touch of thine, Our languid hearts in-flame. } Oh! then, on faith's su-blime wing, Our ar-dent hope shall rise To those bright scenes, where

In ev-er-

In ev-er-bloom-ing prospects rise, &c.

pros-pects rise, Un-con-scious of de-cay.

pleas-ures spring Im-mor-tal in the skies.

bloom-ing prospects rise, &c.

PEMBERTON. C. M. Double. CHESTER G. ALLEN

With Spirit.

Fine.

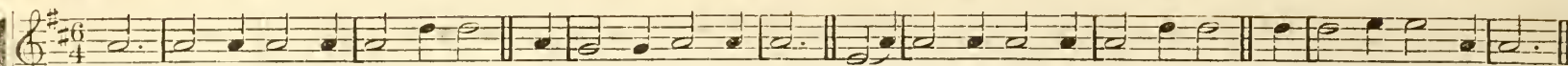
1. O Lord, our King, how ex-cel-lent Thy name on earth is known;
 D. C. The moon and stars a-mid the sky, Thy lights in ev-ery land:—

2. Lord! what is man that thou shouldst deign On him to set thy love,
 D. C. Let time thy sav-ing truth proclaim, E-ter-ni-ty thy praise.

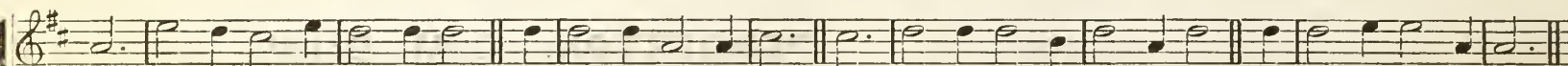
D. C.

Thy glo-ry in the fir-ma-ment How won-der-ful-ly shown! When I be-hold the heavens on high, The work of thy right hand;

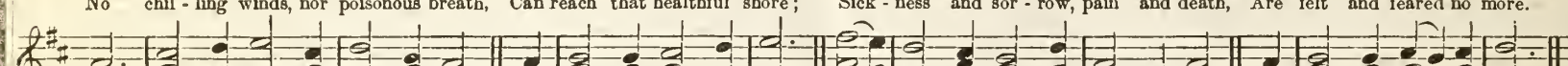
Give him on earth a-while to reign, Then fill a throne a-bove! O Lord, how ex-cel-lent thy name! How man-i-fold thy ways!



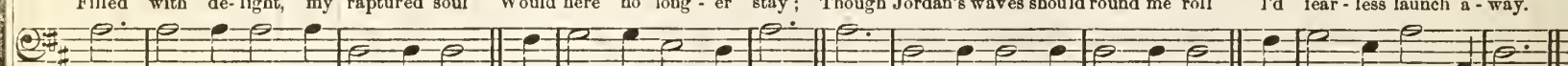
1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
2. O'er all those wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day; There God the Son for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.



O the transport-ing, rapturous scene, That ris-es to my sight!—Sweet fields, arrayed in liv-ing green, And riv-ers of delight.
No chil-ling winds, nor poisonous breath, Can reach that healthful shore; Sick-ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.

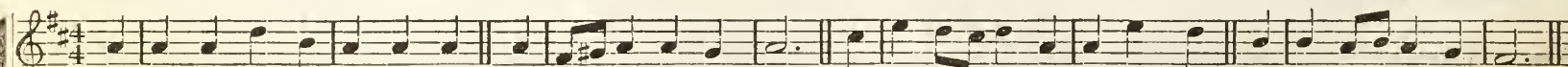


Filled with de-light, my raptured soul Would here no long-er stay; Though Jordan's waves should round me roll I'd fear-less launch a-way.

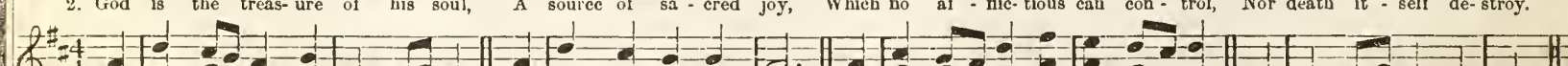


PACKER. C. M.

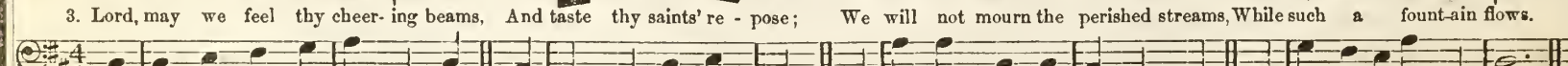
HUBERT P. MAIN.



1. How firm the saint's foun-da-tion stands! His hopes can ne'er re-move, Sustained by God's al-might-y laud, And shel-tered in his love.
2. God is the treas-ure of his soul, A source of sa-cred joy, Which no af-flic-tious can con-trol, Nor death it-self de-stroy.



3. Lord, may we feel thy cheer-ing beams, And taste thy saints' re- pose; We will not mourn the perished streams, While such a fount-ain flows.



NAVARRE. C. M.

J. H. TENNEY. 157

Andante.

1. I love the Lord; he heard my cries, And pit - ied eve - ry groan; Long as I live, when trou - bles rise, I'll hast - en to his throne.
 2. I love the Lord; he bow'd his ear, And chased my griefs a - way: O let my heart no more des - pair, While I have breath to pray.

3. The Lord be - held me sore dis - tress'd: He bade my pains re - move: Re - turn, my soul, to God thy rest, For thou hast known his love.

SALSBURG. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Maestoso.

1. A - wake, ye saints, and raise your eyes, And raise your voi - ces high; A - wake and praise the sovereign love, That shows a sal - va - tion nigh.
 2. On all the wings of time it flies, Each mo - ment brings it near; Then wel - come, each de - clin - ing day! Welcome, each clos - ing year.

3. Not ma - ny years their round shall run, Nor ma - ny mor - nings rise, Ere all its glo - ries stand re - vealed To our ad - mir - ing eyes.

MASON'S CHANT. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. O for a thou - sand tongues to sing My dear Re - deem - er's praise - The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs of his grace.
 2. My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim, To spread thro' all the earth a - broad The hon - ors of thy name.

3. Je - sus! the name that calms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease; 'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ear. 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

1. Re-ject-ed and de-spised of men, Be-hold a Man of woe! And grief, his close com-pau-ion still Through all his life be-low.

2. Yet all the griefs he felt were ours, Ours were the woes he bore: Pangs, not his own, his spot-less soul With bit-ter an-guish tore.

3. His sacred blood hath washed our souls From sin's pol-lut-ing stain; His stripes have healed us, and his death Re-vived our souls a-gain.

Chanting style.

TABERNACLE CHANT. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. When as re-tur-nus this solemn day, Man comes to meet his God, What rites, what honors shall he pay? How spread his praise abroad?

2. From marble domes and gilded spires, Shall clouds of in-cense rise? And gems, and gold, and garlands deck The costly sac-ri-fice?

3. Vain, sin-ful man! cre-a-tion's Lord Thine offerings well may spare; But give thy heart, and thou shalt find That God will hear thy pray'r, That God will hear thy pray'r.

JAZER. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. To thee, be-fore the dawn-ing light, My gra-cious God, I pray; I med-i-tate thy name by night, And keep thy law by day.

2. My spir-it faints to see thy grace; Thy prom-ise bears me up; And while sal-va-tion long de-lays, Thy word sup-ports my hope.

3. Seven times a day I lift mine hands, And pay my thanks to thee; Thy righ-teous prov-i-dence de-mands Re-pea-t-ed praise from me.

BLANDINA. C. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN. 159

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;—A heart that al - ways feels thy blood, So free - ly spilt for me—
 2. A heart re - sign'd, sub - missive, meek, My great Re - deemer's throne; Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak,—Where Je - sus reigns a - lone

3. O for a low - ly, con - trite heart, Be - liev - ing, true, and clean; Which nei - ther life nor death can part From him that dwells within.

HAWLEY. C. M.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. What glo - ry gilds the sa - cred page! Ma - jes - tie, like the sun, It gives a light to eve - ry age; It gives, but bor - rows none.
 2. The power that gave it still sup - plies The gra - cious light and heat; Its truths up - on the na - tions rise; They rise, but nev - er set.

3. Our souls re - joic - ing - ly pur - sue The steps of him we love, Till glo - ry breaks up - on our view In bright - er worlds a - bove.

HEAVENLY JERUSALEM. C. M.

S. E. MAESH.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem! my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to me,—When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy, and peace, and thee?
 2. When shall these eyes thy heaven - built walls And pear - ly gates be - hold? Thy bulwarks, with sal - va - tion strong, And streets of shin - ing gold?

3. Oh! when, thou ci - ty of my God! Shall I thy courts as - cend,—Where con - grega - tions nev - er break up, And Sabbaths nev - er end?

Smoothly.—Tenderly.

1. If hu-man kind-ness meets re-turn, And owns the grate-ful tie;— If ten-der thoughts within us burn To feel a friend is nigh;—
 2. O, shall not warm-er ac-cents tell The gra-ti-tude we owe To Him who died our fears to quell, And save from end-less woe?
 3. Re-mem-ber thee! thy death, thy shame, The griefs which thou didst bear! O mem-'ry leave no oth-er name So deep-ly grav-en there.

BENEDICTION. C. M.

GEORGE LEACH.

1. Now, Lord, ful-fill thy faith-ful word,—Thy serv-ants' la-bors bless; Now let the power of faith be heard, And grant them full suc-cess.
 2. A-rise, O God, ex-ert thy power; Thy peo-ple's hopes sus-tain; And rich-ly on thy vine-yard shower The first and lat-ter rain.
 3. Lord, we commend the work to thee; Thy serv-ants guide and bless; Thy guid-ance gives se-cu-ri-ty,—Thy blessing,—full suc-cess.

CHESTER. C. M.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Our Father, God, who art in heaven, All hal-lowed be thy name; Thy kingdom come; thy will be done In heaven and earth the same.
 2. Give us this day our dai-ly bread; And as we those for-give Who sin a-against us, so may we For-giv-ing grace re-ceive.
 3. In-to temp-ta-tion lead us not; From e-vil set us free; And thine the kingdom, thine the power And glo-ry, ev-er be.

COLVER. C. M.

WM F SHERWIN. 161

1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Though press'd by ev - ery foe, That will not tremble on the brink Of a - ny earth - ly woe —

2. That will not mur - mur or com - plain Be - neath the chast'ning rod, But in the hour of grief or pain, Will lean up - on its God —

3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage with - out; That when in dan - ger knows no fear, In darkness feels no doubt.

FERRIS. C. M.

WM B. BRADBURY.

Affettuoso.

1. Be - hold the Sav - iour of mankind, Nail'd to the shameful tree; How vast the love that him in - clined To bleed and die for thee!

2. Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes, And earth's strong pillars bend; The temple's veil in sunder breaks, — The sol - id marbles rend.

3. 'Tis done! the pre - cious ransom's paid! Re - ceive my soul! he cries; See where he bows his sa - cred head; He bows his head, and dies.

JOSIE. C. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

Tenderly.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit, heav - en - ly Dove, With all thy quick'ning powers; Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.

2. Look how we grovel here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys; Our souls, how heavily they go, To reach e - ter - nal joy.

3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs — In vain we strive to rise; Ho - san - nas languish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.

1st. 2d.

1. { There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints in-mor-tal reign;
 In-fi-nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish [Omit.] pain. There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er-with'ring flowers;

2. { Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood Stand dress'd in liv-ing green;
 So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jor-dan roll'd be- [Omit.] tween. Could we but climb where Mo-ses stood, And view the landscape o'er,

DOXOLOGY. C. M.

1st. 2d.

Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides This heavenly land from ours.

Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

{ To Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost, One God, whom we a-dore,
 Be glo-ry as it was, is now, And shall be ev- [Omit.] er - more.

VERNONA. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. E-ter-nal Source of joys di-vine, To thee my soul as-pires; O! could I say,—The Lord is mine! 'Tis all my soul de-sires.

2. My hope, my trust, my life, my Lord, As-sure me of thy love; O! speak the kind, transport-ing word, And bid my fears re-move.

3. Then shall my thank-ful powers re-joice, And tri-umph in my God, Till heavenly rap-ture tune my voice To spread thy praise a-broad.

TRENT. C. M.

H. W. GREATBRIX. 163

1. A moth-er may for-get-ful be, For hu-man love is frail; But thy Cre-a-tor's love to thee, O Zi-on, can-not fail.
2. No, thy dear name en-grav-ed stands, In char-ac-ters of love, On thy al-mighty Fa-ther's hands, And nev-er shall re-move.

3. O Zi-on, learn to doubt no more, Be ev-ery fear sup-pressed; Un-chang-ing truth, and love, and power Dwell in thy Sav-iour's breast.

MOUNTAIN. C. M.

WM. B. BEADBURY.

1. 'Twas in the watch-es of the night I thought up-on thy power; I kept thy love-ly face in sight, A-mid the dark-est hour.
2. While I lay rest-ing on my bed, My soul a-rose on high; My God, my life, my hope, I said, Bring thy sal-va-tion nigh.

3. I strive to mount thy ho-ly hill; To walk the heavenly road; Thy glo-ries all my bo-som fill, While I com-mune with God.

Moderato.

COYT. C. M.

W. U. BUTCHER.

1. Lord, thou hast heard thy serv-ants cry, And res-cued from the grave; Now shall we live for none can die Whom God de-lights to save.
2. Thy praise, more con-stant than be-fore, Shall fill our dai-ly breath; Thy hand, that hath chas-tised us sore, De-fends us still from death.

3. Here, with th'as-sem-bly of thy saints, Our cheer-ful voice we raise; Here we have told thee our com-plaints, And here we speak thy praise.

1. When all thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys, Trans-port-ed with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise.
 2. When in the slip-pery paths of youth With heed-less steps I ran, Thine arm, un-seen, con-veyed me safe, And led me up to man.

3. Through ev-ery pe-riod of my life, Thy good-ness I'll pur-sue; And aft-er death, in dis-tant worlds, The glo-rious theme re-new.

Un-num-bered com-forts on my soul, Thy ten-der care be-stowed, Be-fore my in-fant heart conceived From whom those comforts flowed.
 Ten thou-sand thou-sand pre-cious gifts My dai-ly thanks em-ploy; Nor is the least a cheer-ful heart, That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through all e-ter-ni-ty, to thee A grate-ful song I'll raise: But, O, e-ter-ni-ty's too short To ut-ter all thy praise.

DUFF. C. M.

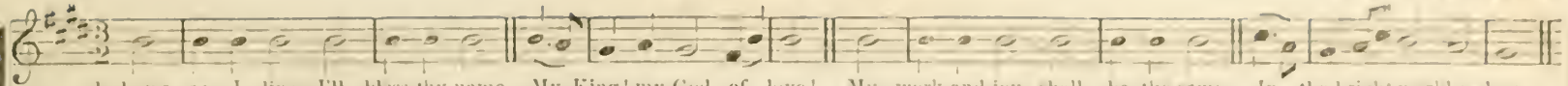
WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Come, ye that know and fear the Lord! And raise your souls a-bove; Let every heart and voice ac-cord, To sing that—God is love, To sing that—God is love.
 2. This precious truth his word de- clares, And all his mercies prove; While Christ, th'atoning Lamb, appears, To show that—God is love, To show that—God is love.

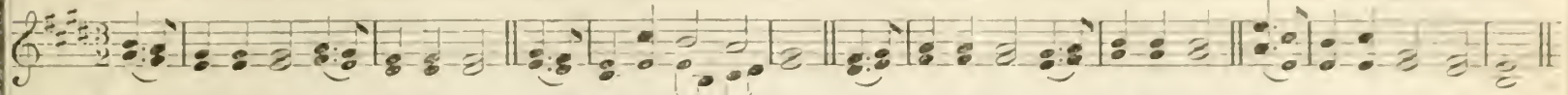
3. Be-hold his lov-ing-kind-ness waits, For those who from him rove, And calls of mer-cy reach their hearts, To teach them—God is love, To teach them—God is love

CYRUS. C. M.

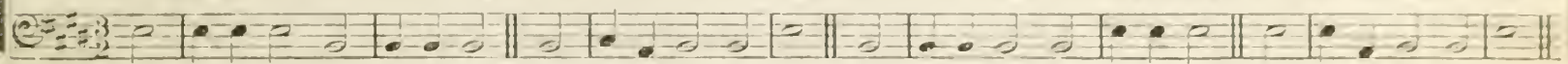
WM. B. BRADLEY 165



1. Long as I live I'll bless thy name, My King! my God of love! My work and joy shall be the same, In the bright world a-bove.
 2. Great is the Lord—his power unknown: And let his praise be great; I'll sing the hon-ors of thy throne, Thy words of grace re-peat

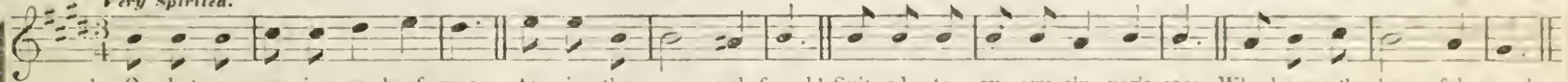


3. Thy grace shall dwell up-on my tongue; And, while my lips re-joice, The men, who hear my sa-cred song, Shall join their cheerful voice.



MT. VISION. C. M.

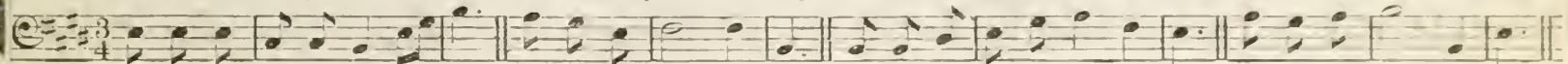
CHESTER G. ALLEN.

Very Spirited.

1. O what a-maz-ing words of grace Are in the gos-pel found! Suit-ed to ev-ery sin-ner's case, Who knows the joy-ful sound.
 2. Poor, sin-ful, thirst-y, faint-ing souls, Are free-ly wel-comed here; Sal-va-tion, like a riv-er, rolls, A-bun-dant, free, and clear.

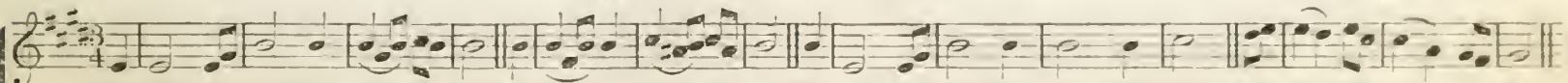


3. Come, then, with all your wants and wounds; Your every bur-den bring: Here love, un-changing love a-bounds,—A deep, ce-les-tial spring

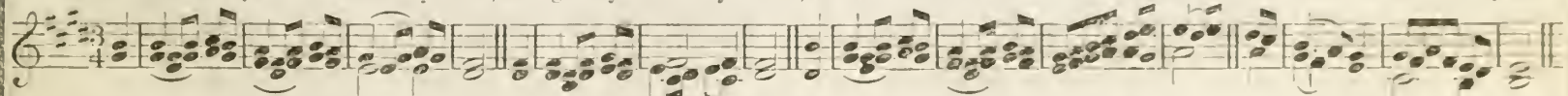


WESTPORT. C. M.

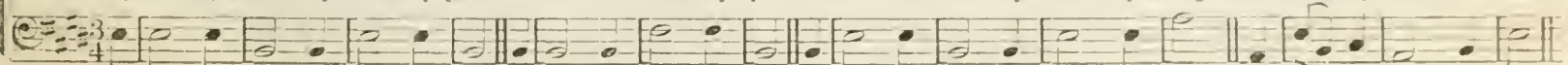
WM. B. BRADLEY.



1. Thou art my por-tion, O my God; Soon as I know thy way, My heart makes haste to- thy word, And suf-fers no de-lay.
 2. I choose the path of heav-en-ly truth, And glo-ry in my choice; Not all the rich-es of the earth Could make me so re-joice.



3. Thy pre-cepts and thy heav-en-ly grace I set be-fore my eyes; Thence I de-rive my dai-ly strength, And there my com-fort lies.



1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old, From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold:
 2. Still through the clo - en skies they come, With peace - ful wings un - furled; And still ce - les - tial mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world;
 3. O ye, be - neath life's crush - ing load, Whose forms are bend - ing low, Who toil a - long the climb - ing way, With pain - ful steps and slow;—

"Peace to the earth, good - will to man, From heaven's all - gra - cious King;" The earth in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing.
 A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on heavenly wing, And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds, The bless - ed an - gels sing.
 Look up! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift - ly on the wing; Oh, rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing!

Moderato.

RISSAH. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Why is my heart so far from thee, My God, my chief de - light? Why are my thoughts no more by day With thee, no more by night?
 2. Why should my fool - ish pas - sions rove? Where can such sweet - ness be, As I have tast - ed in thy love, As I have found in thee!

DOWD. C. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN. 167

1. Sweet was the time when first I felt The Sav-our's pard'ning blood, Ap-plied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.
 2. Soon as the morn the light re-veal'd, His prais-es tuned my tongue; And when the eve-ning shades prevail'd, His love was all my song.

3. In prayer my soul drew near the Lord, And saw his glo-ry shine; And when I read his ho-ly word, I call'd each promise mine.

PLYMPTON. C. M.

CH. ZEUNER.

1. Lord, I ap-proach the mer-cy seat, Where thou dost an-swer prayer; There humbly fall be-fore thy feet,—For none can per-ish there.
 2. Thy prom-ise is my on-ly plea; With this I ven-ture nigh; Thou call-est bur-den'd souls to thee, And such, O Lord, am I.

3. O, wondrous love!—to bleed and die, To bear the cross and shame, That guilt-y sin-ners, such as I, Might plead thy gra-cious name.

With deep Solemnity, but not too softly.

BAKER. C. M.

W. F. SHEEWIS.

1. O God, our help in a-ges past Our hope for years to come, Our shel-ter from the stor-ny blast, And our e-ter-nal home,—
 2. Be-neath the sha-dow of thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se-cure; Suf-fi-cient is thine arm a-lone, And our de-fence is sure.

3. Be-fore the hills in or-der stood, Or earth re-ceived her frame, From ev-er-last-ing thou art God, To end-less years the same.

WATCHFULNESS. C. M.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. The Sav-iour bids us watch and pray, Through life's brief, fleeting hour, And gives the Spir-it's quickening ray To those who seek his power.
 2. The Sav-iour bids us watch and pray; For soon the hour will come That calls us from the earth a-way, To our e-ter-nal home.

3. O Saviour, we would watch and pray, And hear thy sa-ered voice, And walk, as thou hast marked the way, To heaven's e-ter-nal joys.

COMMUNION. C. M. Hymn Chant.

S. HILL.

Moderato.

Here at thy ta-ble, Lord, we meet, To feed on food di-vine; Thy bo-dy is the bread we eat, Thy precious blood the wine.

CREMEL. C. M. Double.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

D. C.

FINE.

1. { With joy we hail the sa-ered day, Which God has called his own; } { With joy the summons we o-bey, To worship at his throne. } Thy cho-sen tem-ple, Lord, how fair! As here thy servants throng—
 d. c. To breathe the humble, fer-vent prayer, And pour the grate-ful song.

2. { Let peace with-in her walls be found—Let all her sons u-nite, } { To spread with ho-ly zeal a-round, Her clear and shin-ing light. } Great God, we hail the sa-ered day Which thou hast called thine own;
 d. c. With joy the summons we o-bey, To worship at thy throne.

JERUSALEM. C. M. Double.

WM. B. BRADBURY 169

1. { O mo-ther dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee? }
 { When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? } O hap - py har - bor of God's saints! O sweet and pleas - ant soil!

2. { No dim - ly cloud o'er - shad - ows thee, Nor gloom, nor darksome night; }
 { But ev - ery soul shines as the sun, For God him - self gives light. } Thy walls are made of pre - cious stone, Thy bul - warks dia - monds are.

CONWAY. C. M. Double.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

In thee no sor - row can be found, Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

Thy gates are all of o - rient pearl—O God! if I were there!

1. Let every tongue thy goodness speak, Thou sov'reign Lord of all;

2. Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel, Thou hear'st thy chil - dren's cry;

Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak, And raise the poor that fall. When sorrows bow the spir - it down, When vir - tue lies dis - tress'd,
 d. s. Beneath the proud op - pressor's frown, Thou giv'st the mourn - er rest.

And their best wish - es to ful - fil, Thy grace is ev - er nigh. Thy mer - cy nev - er shall re - move From men of heart sin - cere:
 d. s. Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love Is joined with ho - ly fear.

FINE. D. S. al Fine.

SUMMONS. C. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. With joy we hail the sa - ered day, Which God has call'd his own; With joy the summons we o - bey, To wor - ship at his throne.

2. Thy chos - en tem - ple, Lord, how fair! As here thy ser - vants throng To breathe the humble, fer - vent prayer, And pour the grate - ful song.

3. Spir - it of grace! O deign to dwell With - in thy church be - low; Make her in ho - li - ness ex - cel, With pure de - vo - tion glow.

SHROPSHIRE. C. M.

PRATT.

1. Our God is love; and all his saints His im - age bear be - low: The heart with love to God in - spired, With love to man will glow.

2. None who are tru - ly born of God Can live in en - mi - ty; Then may we love each oth - er, Lord, As we are loved by thee.

3. So may the un - be - liev - ing world, See how true Chris - tians love; And glo - ri - fy our Saviour's grace, And seek that grace to prove.

Legato.

MT. WASHINGTON. C. M.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Spir - it of peace, ee - les - tial Dove, How ex - cel - lent thy praise; No rich - er gift than Chris - tian love, Thy gra - cious power dis - plays.

2. Sweet as the dew on herb and flower, That si - lent - ly dis - tills At eve - ning's soft and balm - y hour, On Zi - on's fruit - ful hills.

SINCERITY. C. M.

CHURCH G. ALLEN. 171

1. O Lord, I would de - light in thee, And on thy care de - pend; To thee in eve - ry trou - ble flee, My best, my on - ly friend
2. When all ere - a - ted streams are dried, Thy ful - ness is the same; May I with this be sat - is - fied, And glo - ry in thy name.

3. No good in creatures can be found, But may be found in thee; I must have all things, and a - bound, While God is God to me.

McCUTCHEN. C. M.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Didst thou, dear Saviour, suf - fer shame, And bear the cross for me? And shall I fear to own thy name, Or thy dis - ci - ple be?
2. In - spire my soul with life di - vine, And make me tru - ly bold; Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine, Nor love nor zeal grow cold.


3. To thee I cheer - ful - ly sub - mit, And all my powers re - sign; Let wis - dom point out what is fit, And I'll no more re - pine.

CONSECRATION. C. M.

WM. E. BRADBURY.

1. E - ter - nal Father, God of love, To thee our hearts we raise; Thy all - sustaining pow - er we prove, And glad - ly sing thy praise.
2. Thine, whol - ly thine, O, let us be; Our sac - ri - fice re - ceive; Made, and preserved, and saved, by thee, To thee ourselves we give.

3. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, the Saviour's love Shed in our hearts a - broad; So shall we ev - er live, and move, And be with Christ in God.



1. O how di-vine, how sweet the joy, When but one sin - ner turns, And, with an hum-ble, bro-ken heart, His sins and er - rors mourns!

2. Well pleased the fa - ther sees and hears The con-scious sin - ner's moan; Je - sus receives him in his arms, And claims him for his own;



Pleased with the news, the saints be - low In songs their tongues employ; Be - yond the skies the ti - dings go, And heaven is filled with joy.

Nor an - gels can their joys con - tain, But kin - dle with new fire; "The sin - ner lost is found," they sing, And strike the sounding lyre.

With Energy.

LEMIST. C. M.

WM. D. BRADBURY.



1. My soul, tri-umphant in the Lord, Pro-claim thy joys a - broad, And march with ho - ly vig - or ou, Sup - port - ed by thy God.
3. Be - yond the choic - est joys of time, Thy courts on earth I love; But, O, I burn with strong de - sire To dwell with thee a - bove.

3. There, joined with all the shin - ing band, My soul would thee a - dore, A pil - lar in thy tem - ple fixed, To be re - moved no more.

With great Tenderness.

COLLARD. C. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN. 173

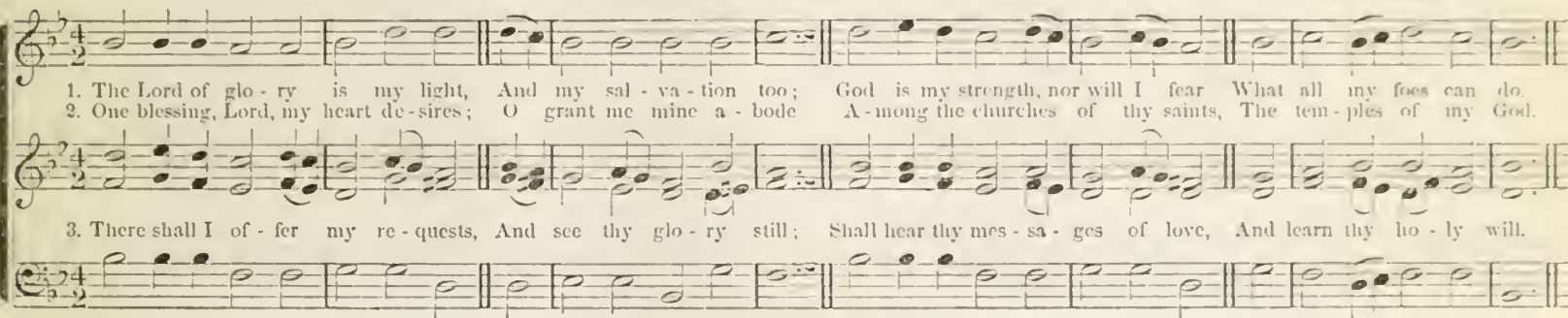


1. I love the Lord: he heard my cries, And pit - ied ev - ery groan; Long as I live, when troubles rise, I'll hast - en to his throne.
2. I love the Lord: he bowed his ear, And chased my grief a - way; O let my heart no more des - pair, While I have breath to pray.

3. The Lord be - held me sore dis - tressed: He bade my pains re - move: Re - turn, my soul, to God, thy rest, For thou hast known his love.

GREENFIELD. C. M.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

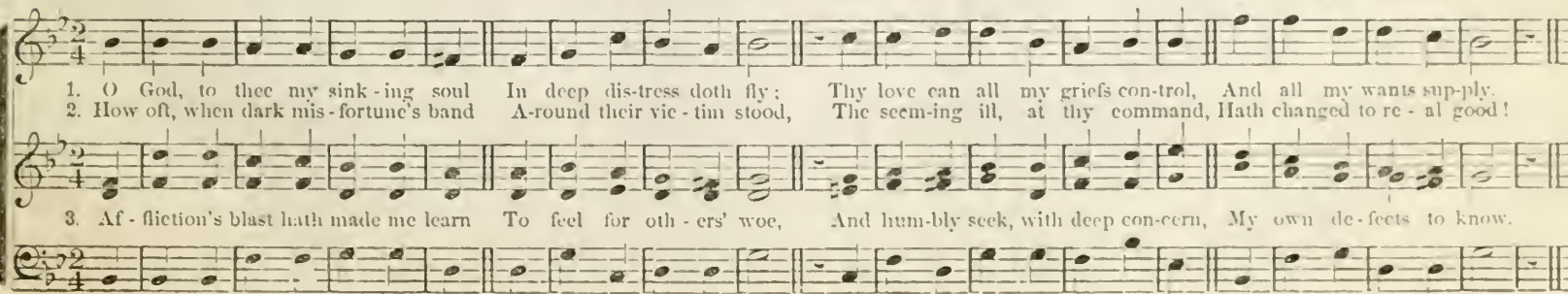


1. The Lord of glo - ry is my light, And my sal - va - tion too; God is my strength, nor will I fear What all my foes can do.
2. One blessing, Lord, my heart de - sires; O grant me mine a - bode A - mong the churches of thy saints, The tem - ples of my God.

3. There shall I of - fer my re - quests, And see thy glo - ry still; Shall hear thy mes - sa - ges of love, And learn thy ho - ly will.

TRUST. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. O God, to thee my sink - ing soul In deep dis - tress doth fly; Thy love can all my griefs con - trol, And all my wants sup - ply.
2. How oft, when dark mis - fortune's band A - round their vic - tim stood, The seem - ing ill, at thy command, Hath changed to re - al good!

3. Af - fliction's blast hath made me learn To feel for oth - ers' woe, And hum - bly seek, with deep con - cern, My own de - fects to know.

Smoothly.

1. Thy life I read, my gra-cious Lord, With transport all di-vine; Thine im-age trace in eve-ry word, Thy love in eve-ry line.
 2. Me-thinks I see a thousand charms Spread o'er thy love-ly face, While in-fants in thy ten-der arms Re-ceive the smiling grace.

3. I take these lit-tle lambs, said he, And lay them in my breast; Pro-tec-tion they shall find in me, In me be ev-er blest.

MONSON. C. M.

BROWN.

1. I love to steal a-while a-way From eve-ry cumb'ring care, And spend the hours of set-ting day In hum-ble, grateful prayer.
 2. I love, in sol-i-tude, to shed The pen-i-ten-tial tear; And all his prom-is-es to plead, When none but God is near.

3. I love to think on mer-cies past, And fu-ture good im-plore; My cares and sorrows all to cast On him, whom I a-dore.

Words by Rev. S. WOLCOTT, D. D.

ADORATION. C. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. O ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord! Je-ho--vah! King, of Kings! To thee, ex-alt-ed and a-dored, The church her homage brings.
 2. O Fa-ther! hallowed be Thy name! The pure shall see thy face, Thy justice and thy love proclaim,—Thy gran-deur and thy grace.

3. O Son! with matchless glo-ry crown'd! A-noint-ed Con-qu'ror thou! Above all names in heav'n renown'd, To thee all knees shall bow.
 4. O ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord! Je-ho--vah! God a-lone! O'er all ex-alt-ed and a-dored! E-ter-nal is thy throne.

ALVORD. C. M. Double.

WM. F. SHEEWIS. 175



1. { O for a clos-er walk with God,—A calm and heavenly frame; }
 { A light to shine up-on the road That leads me to (OMIT.) the Lamb. } Where is the blessed-ness I knew, When first I saw the Lord?

2. { What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd! How sweet their mem'ry still! }
 { But they have left an aching void The world can nev (- - -) er fill. } Re-turn, O ho-ly dove, return, Sweet messen-ger of real!

HADDON. C. M. Double. WM. B. BRADBURY.



Where is the soul-re-freshing view Of Je-sus and his word?

I hate the sins that made thee mourn, And drove thee from my breast.

1. { To thee, my righteous King and Lord, My grateful song I'll raise; }
 { From day to day thy works record, And ev-er sing thy praise. }

2. { Thy wondrous acts, thy power and might, My constant theme shall be; }
 { That song shall be my soul's delight, Which breathes in praise to thee. }

Thy greatness hu-man thought exceeds; Thy glo-ry knows no end; The last-ing re-cord of thy deeds Through a-ges shall de-scend.

The Lord is boun-ti-ful and kind, His an-ger slow to move; His ten-der mer-cies all shall find, And all his goodness prove.

1. With joy we hail the sa - cred day, Which God has call'd his own; With joy the sum-mons we o - bey, To wor - ship at his throne.

2. Thy chos - en tem - ple, Lord, how fair! As here thy ser - vants throng To breathe the hum-ble, fer - vent prayer, And pour the grateful song.

3. Let peace within her walls be found—Let all her sons u - nite, To spread with ho - ly zeal a - round, Her clear and shin-ing light.

MUSING. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Slowly and softly.

1. When mus - ing sor - row weeps the past, And mourns the pres - ent pain, 'Tis sweet to think of peace at last, And feel that death is gain.

2. 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise, And dread a Father's will; 'Tis not that meek submission flies, And would not suf - fer still.

3. O, let me wing my hallowed flight From earth-born woe and care, And soar a-bove these clouds of night, My Sav - iour's bliss to share.

ECKARDTSHEIM. C. M.

CHAS. ZEUNER.

Moderato.

1. Fa - ther, whate'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sovereign will de - nies, Ac - cept - ed at thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:—

2. Give me a calm, a thank-ful heart, From eve - ry murmur free; The bless - ings of thy grace im - part, And make me live to thee.

3. Let the sweet hope that thou art mine, My life and death at - tend; Thy presenee through my jour - ney shine, And crown my jour - ney's end.

1. How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, When those who love the Lord, In one an - oth - er's peace de - light, And so ful - fil his word.
2. When each can feel his brother's sigh, And with him bear a part; When sor - row flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.

3. When love in one de - light-ful stream, Thro' eve - ry bo - som flows, And u - nion sweet, with fond es - teem, In eve - ry ac - tion glows.

MORITZ. C. M.

J. H. TENNEY

Allegro, Marcato.

1. Praise ye the Lord! on eve - ry height, Songs to his glo - ry raise; Ye an - gel hosts, ye stars of night, Join in im - mor - tal praise.

2. O fire and va - por, hail and snow: Ye ser - vants of his will: O stormy winds, that on - ly blow, His man - dates to ful - fill.

REMEMBER ME. C. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Je - sus! thou art the sin - ner's friend; As such I look to thee: Now in the full - ness of thy love, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.
2. Lord! I am guilt - y, I am vile, But thy sal - va - tion free; Then in thy all - a - bounding grace, Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me.

3. And when I close my eyes in death, When creature helps all flee, Then, O my dear Re - deem - er God! I pray, re - mem - ber me.

1. As pants the hart for cool-ing streams, When heated in the chase; So longs my soul, O God, for thee, And thy re - fresh-ing grace.

2. For thee, my God, the liv - ing God, My thirs-ty soul doth pine; Oh, when shall I be-hold thy face, Thou Ma - jes - ty di - vine.

3. Why rest-less, why cast down, my soul? Trust God; who will em - ploy His aid for thee, and change these sighs To thankful hymns of joy.

IRVING. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Be - ing of be - ings, God of love, To thee our hearts we raise; Thy all - sus - tain - ing power we prove, And glad - ly sing thy praise.

2. Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be; Our sa - cri - fice re - ceive: Made, and preserved, and saved by thee, To thee our-selves we give.

3. Come, ho - ly Ghost, the Sav-iour's love Shed in our hearts a - broad; So shall we ev - er live, and move, And be, with Christ in God.

SALOP. C. M.

WAINWRIGHT.

1. Lift up your hearts to things a - bove, Ye foll' - wers of the Lamb, And join with us to praise his love, And glo - ri - fy his name.

2. To Je - sus' name give thanks and sing, Whose mer-cies nev - er end; Re - joice! re - joice! the Lord is King; The King is now our Friend.

3. We for his sake count all things loss; On earth - ly good look down; And joy - ful - ly sus-tain the cross, Till we re - ceive the crown.

TRANSPORT. C. M.

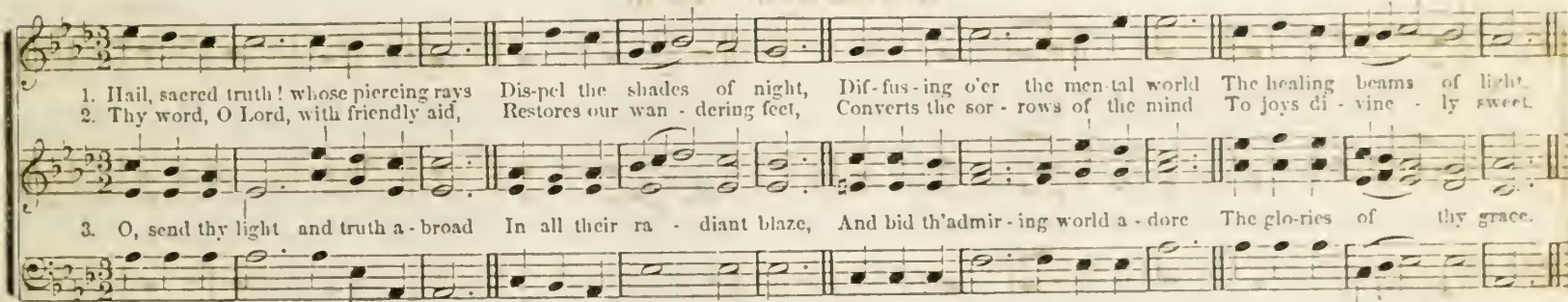
WM. D. BRADBURY. Partly from a German Melody. 179



1. Hail, great Cre - a - tor, wise and good ; To thee..... our songs we raise ; Nature, thro' all her various scenes, In-vites us to thy praise
 2. At morning, noon, and evening mild, Fresh won - ders strike our view ; And, while we gaze, our hearts exult, With tran-ports ever new.
 3. Thy glo - ry beams in ev - ery star Which gilds..... the gloom of night, And decks the smiling face of morn With rays of cheerful light.
 To thee our songs we raise,

FORBES. C. M.

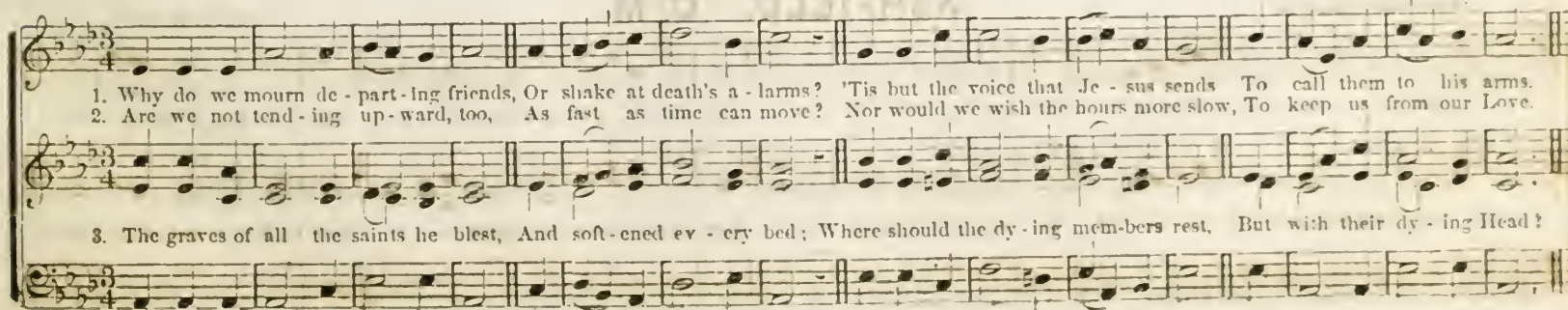
WM. F. SHEERWIN.



1. Hail, sacred truth ! whose piercing rays Dis-pel the shades of night, Dif-fus-ing o'er the men-tal world The healing beams of light.
 2. Thy word, O Lord, with friendly aid, Restores our wan - dering feet, Converts the sor - rows of the mind To joys di - vine - ly sweet.
 3. O, send thy light and truth a - broad In all their ra - diant blaze, And bid th'admir - ing world a - dore The glo-ries of thy grace.

COMFORT. C. M.

WM. F. SHEERWIN.



1. Why do we mourn de - part-ing friends, Or shake at death's a - larms ? 'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends To call them to his arms.
 2. Are we not tend - ing up - ward, too, As fast as time can move ? Nor would we wish the hours more slow, To keep us from our Love.
 3. The graves of all the saints he blest, And soft-ened ev - ery bed ; Where should the dy - ing mem-bers rest, But with their dy - ing Head ?

1. Thou art the Way: to thee a - lone, From sin and death we flee; And he who would the Fa - ther seek, Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2. Thou art the Truth: thy word a - lone True wis - dom can im - part; Thou on - ly canst in - form the mind, And pu - ri - fy the heart.

3. Thou art the Way—the Truth—the Life; Grant us that way to know— That truth to keep—that life to win— Whose joys e - ter - nal flow.

MANOAH. C. M.

ROSSINI.

1. These are the crowns that we shall wear, When all thy saints are crowned; These are the palms that we shall bear, On yon - der ho - ly ground.

2. These are the robes, unsoiled and white, Which we shall then put on, When, foremost 'mong the sons of light, We sit on yon - der throne.

3. Then wel - come toil, and care, and pain! And welcome sor - row too! All toil is rest, all grief is gain, With such a prize in view.

With tender Dignity.

ASHFIELD. C. M.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Still on the Lord thy bur - den roll, Nor let a care re - main; His might - y arm shall bear thy soul, And all thy griefs sus - tain.

2 Ne'er will the Lord his aid de - ny, To those who trust his love: The men, who on his grace re - ly, Nor earth, nor hell shall move.

1. A - wake, ye saints, to praise your King, Your sweet-est pas-sions raise; Your pi-ous plea-sure, while you sing, In-creas-ing with the praise.

2. Great is the Lord—and works un-known Are his di-vine em-ploy; But still his saluts are near his throne. His trea-sure and his joy.

Firm and strong.

AGAWAM. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

O God, un-seen, yet ev-er near, Thy pre-sense may we feel; And thus, in-spired with ho-ly fear, Be-fore thy ta-ble kneel.

BROWN. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

I love to steal a-while a-way From ere-ry cumbering care, And spend the hours of set-ting day, In hum-ble, grate-ful prayer.

HARVEY'S CHANT. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Quick. With reverence let the saints ap-pear, And bow be-fore the Lord; His high commands with reverence hear, And trem-ble at his word, And tremble at his word.

May end here. CODA.

MEDFIELD. C. M.

W. MATHER.

Ear-ly, my God, with-out de-lay, I haste to seek thy face; My thirst-y spi-rit saluts a-way With-out thy cheer-ing grace

ARLINGTON. C. M.

Dr. ARNE.

Je - sus, u - ni - ted by thy grace, And each to each en - deared, With con - fi - dence we seek thy face, And know our prayer is heard.

Slow and soft.

AZMON. C. M.

GLASER.

Come, let us lift our joy - ful eyes Up to the courts a - bove, And smile to see our Fa - ther there, Up - on a throne of love.

Choral.

DUNDEE. C. M.

Scottish.

Let not des - pair, nor fell re - venge, Be to my do - som known; O, give me tears for oth - ers' woes, And pa - tience for my own.

With energy.

HENRY. C. M.

S. B. POND.

'Tis by thy strength the moun - tains stand, God of e - ter - nal power; The sea grows calm at thy com - mand, And tem - pests cease to roar.

AVON. C. M.

Scottish.

O Thou, whose ten - der mer - cy hears Can - tri - tion's hum - ble sigh; Whose hand in - dul - gent, wipes the tears From sor - row's weep - ing eye.

Moderato.

BARBY. C. M.

A. WILLIAMS.

O, God, my heart is ful - ly bent To mag - ni - fy thy name; My tongue, with cheer - ful songs of praise, Shall cel - e - brate thy fame.

Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs, With an-gels round the throne; Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one. But all their joys are one.

ST. MARTINS. C. M.

W. TANSER.

O Thou, to whom all crea-tures bow, With-in this earth-ly frame, Thro' all the world, how great art Thou! How glo-rious is thy name.

CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

All hail the power of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

Moderato.

STEPHENS. C. M.

JONES

To our al-might-y Ma-ker, God, New hon-ors be ad-dressed; His great sal-va-tion shines a-broad, And makes the na-tions blessed.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

Attributed to HANDEL.

A-wake, my soul, stretch eve-ry nerve, And press with vi-gor on; A heavenly race de-mands thy zeal, And an im-mor-tal crown, And an im-mor-tal crown.

Not too fast.

DEDHAM. C. M.

GARDNER.

Sweet was the time, when first I felt The Sav-ior's pur-ifying blood, Ap-plied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.

1. The Spir-it, in our hearts, Is whispering, "Sinner come," The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims To all his children, "Come! To all his children, "Come!"

2. Let him that hear-eth say To all about him, "Come;" Let him that thirsts for righteousness To Christ the fountain, come, To Christ, the fountain, come.

3. Yes, who-so - ev - er will, O, let him free-ly come, And free-ly drink the stream of life; 'Tis Je - sus bids him come, 'Tis Je - sus bids him come.

LORD'S DAY. S. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Wel-come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise; Wel-come to this re - viving breast, And these re - joicing eyes.

2. The King him-self comes near, And feasts his saints to - day; Here we may sit, and see him here, And love, and praise, and pray.

3. My will - ing soul would stay, In such a frame as this, Till called to rise and soar a - way To ev - er - last - ing bliss.

MILROY. S. M.

J. H. HASENPLUG, Arr.

1. O, where shall rest be found,— Rest for the wea - ry soul? 'Twere vain the o - cean's depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.

2. The world can nev - er give, The bliss for which we sigh; 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.

3. Thou God of truth and grace! Teach us that death to shun; Lest we be ban - ish'd from thy face, For ev - er - more un - done.

LEYDEN. S. M.

W. C. BUTCHER. 185

1. O bless the Lord, my soul; His grace to thee pro-claim: And all that is with-in me, join, And all that is with-in me, join To bless his ho-ly Name.
2. He clothes thee with his love,—Upholds thee with his truth; And like the ea-gle he re-news, And like the ea-gle he re-news The vig-or of thy youth.

3. Then bless his ho-ly Name Whose grace hath made thee whole: Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days, Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days: O bless the Lord, my soul.

SOLO

Legato.

DEW. S. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Blest are tho sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one; Whose kind do-signs to serve and please Thro' all their ae-tions run.
2. Blest is tho pi-ous house, Where zeal and friend-ship meet; Their songs of praise, their min-gled vows, Make their com-mu-nion sweet.

3. Thus, on the heav-en-ly hills, The saints are blest a-bove, Where joy, like morn-ing dew, dis-tills, And all the air is love.

NEWBURG. S. M.

T. J. COOK.

1. The Spir-it, in our hearts, Is whispering, "Sin-ner, come;" The bride, the church of Christ, pro-claims To all his chil-dren, "Come!"
2. Let him that hear-eth, say, To all a-bout him, "Come;" Let him that thirsts for righ-teous-ness, To Christ, the Fount-ain, come!

3. Yes, who-so-ev-er will, Oh, let him free-ly come, And free-ly drink the stream of life; 'Tis Je-sus bids him come.

1. How sweet to bless the Lord, And in his prais-es join, With saints his good-ness to re - cord, And sing his power divine, And sing his power di - vine!

2. But, O, the bliss su - blime, When joy shall be com-plete, In that un - cloud - ed glo - rious elime Where all thy servants meet, Where all thy ser-vants meet!

3. Then shall the ransomed throng The Saviour's love re - cord, And shout, in ev - er - last - ing song, "Sal - va-tion to the Lord! Salva-tion to the Lord!"

ALMON. S. M. Double.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Sow in the morn thy seed; At eve hold not thy hand; To doubt and fear give thou no heed; Broad - cast it o'er the land;—

2. Thou canst not toil in vain; Cold, heat, and moist, and dry, Shall fos - ter and ma - ture the grain For gar - ners in the sky.

And du - ly shall ap - pear, In ver - dure, beau - ty, strength, The ten - der blade, the stalk, the ear, And the full corn at length.

Thence, when the glo - rious end, The day of God, shall come, The an - gel - reap - ers shall de-seend, And heaven cry, "Har-vest home!"

1. My God, my prayer at - tend; O, bow thine ear to me; With - out a hope, with - out a friend, With - out a help but thee.

2. O, guard my soul a - round, Which loves and trusts thy grace; Nor let the powers of hell con - found The hopes on thee I place.

3. O, bid my heart re - joice, And ev - ery fear con - trol; Since at thy throne, with sup - pliant voice, To thee I lift my soul.

EL KADER. S. M.

WM. E. BRADBURY.

Allegro.

1. My Maker and my King. To thee my all I owe; Thy sov'reign bounty is the spring Whence all my blessings flow; Thy sov'reign bounty is the spring Whence all my blessings flow.

2. The creature of thy hand, On thee alone I live; My God, thy benefits demand More praise than I can give; My God, thy ben - e - fits demand More praise than I can give.

3. Lord, what can I impart When all is thine before? Thy love demands a thankful heart, The gift, alas! how poor! Thy love demands a thankful heart, The gift, alas! how poor!

EMILY. S. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come; Let thy bright beams a - rise; Dis - pel the sor - row from our minds, The dark - ness from our eyes.

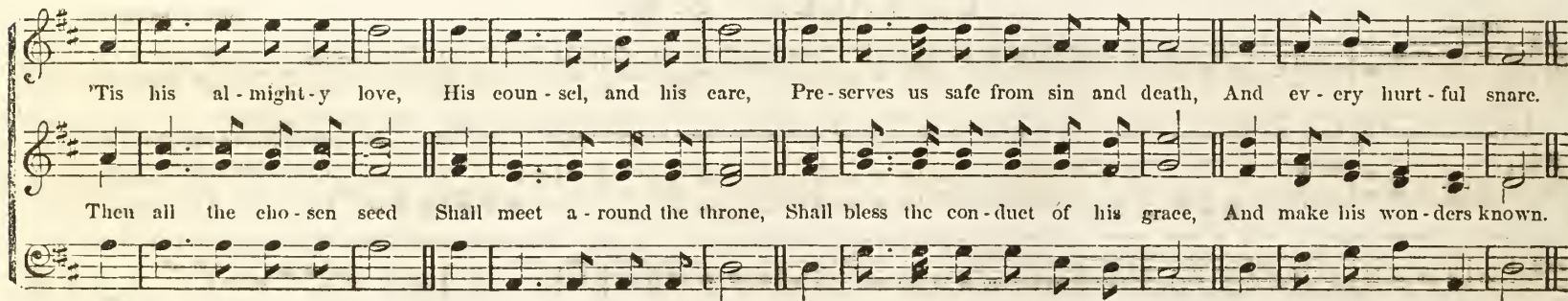
2. Con - vince us all of sin; Then lead to Je - sus' blood: And to our wondering view re - veal The mer - cies of our God.

3. Re - vive our droop - ing faith, Our doubts and fears re - move, And kin - dle in our breasts the flame Of nev - er - dy - ing love.



1. To God, the on - ly wise, Our Sav - iour and our King, Let all the saints be - low the skies Their hum - ble prais - es bring.

2. He will pre - sent our souls, Un - blem - ished and com - plete, Be - fore the glo - ry of his face, With joys di - vine - ly great.

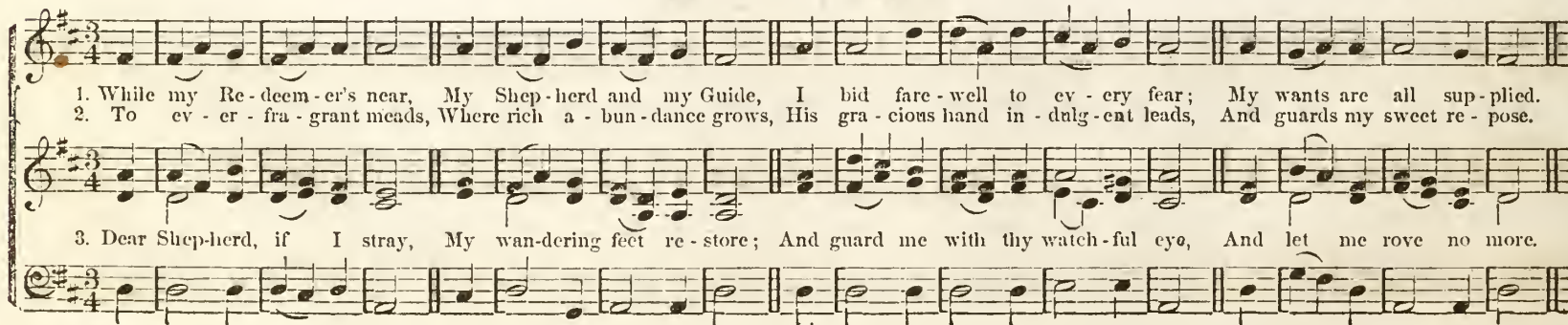


'Tis his al - might - y love, His coun - sel, and his care, Pre - serves us safe from sin and death, And ev - ery hurt - ful snare.

Then all the cho - sen seed Shall meet a - round the throne, Shall bless the con - duct of his grace, And make his won - ders known.

JULIA. S. M.

WM. F. SHERWIN.



1. While my Re - deem - er's near, My Shep - herd and my Guide, I bid fare - well to ev - ery fear; My wants are all sup - plied.

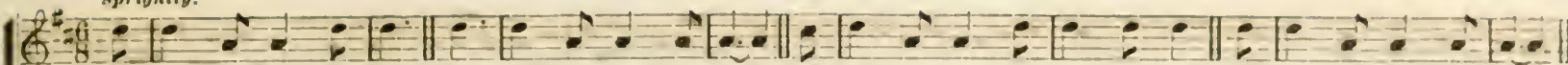
2. To ev - er - fra - grant meads, Where rich a - bun - dant grows, His gra - cious hand in - dulg - ent leads, And guards my sweet re - pose.

3. Dear Shep - herd, if I stray, My wan - dering feet re - store; And guard me with thy watch - ful eye, And let me rove no more.

JAMEISON. S. M. Double.

WM. R. BEADSBURY. 189

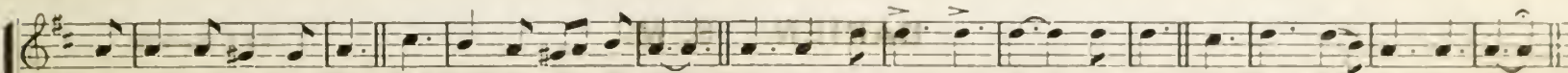
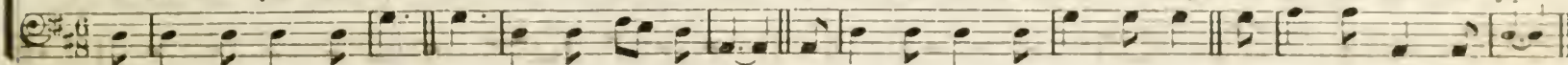
Sprightly.



1. How beau - teous are their feet, Who stand on Zi - on's hill! Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal!
3. How hap - py are our ears, That hear this joy - ful sound! Which kings and proph - ets wait - ed for, And sought, but nev - er found.



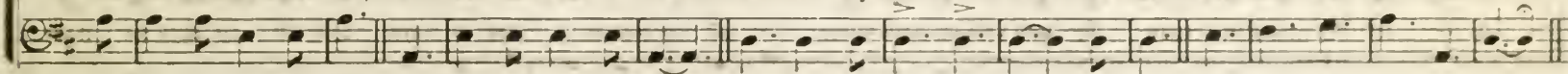
5. The watch-men join their voice, And tune - ful notes em - ploy; Je - ru - sa - lem breaks forth in songs, And des - erts learn the joy.



2. How charming is their voice! How sweet the tid - ings are! — "Zi - on! be - hold thy Sav - iour King, He reigns and triumphs here!"
4. How bless - ed are our eyes, That see this heavenly light! Proph - ets and kings de - sired it long, But died with - out the sight.



6. The Lord makes bare his arm, Thro' all the earth a - broad; Let ev - ery na - tion now be - hold Their Sav - iour and their God.



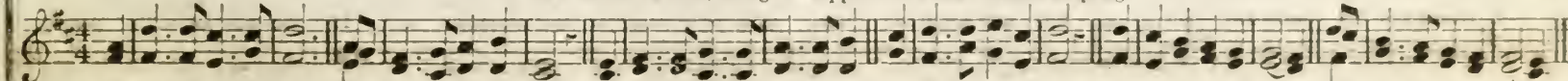
BROWNE. S. M. Double.

MISS BROWNE.

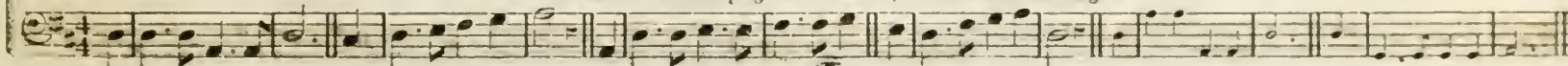
D. S.



1. A - rise, ye saints, a - rise! The Lord our lead - er is; The foe before his banner flies. The vic - to - ry is his. 2. We follow thee, our Guide, Our Saviour, and our King:
D. S. We follow thee, thro' grace supplied From heav - n's eternal spring.



3. We soon shall see the day When all our toils shall cease: When we shall cast our arms away, And dwell in endless peace. 4 This hope supports us here; It makes our burdens light;
D. S. 'Twill serve our drooping hearts to cheer, Till faith shall end in sight.



1. Sol-diers of Christ, a-rise, And gird your arm-or on, Strong in the strength which God sup-plies Through his e-ter-nal Son.

2. Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in his migh-ty power, The man who in the Sav-iour trusts Is more than con-quer-or.

3. Still let the Spir-it ery, In all his soldiers, "Come!" Till Christ the Lord de-scends from high, And takes the con-querors home.

DARIEN. S. M.

WM. E. BRADBURY.

1. My Ma-ker and my King, To thee my all I owe; Thy sovereign boun-ty is the spring Whence all my blessings flow.

2. The crea-ture of thy hand, On thee a-lone I live; My God, thy ben-e-fits de-mand More praise than I can give.

3. O, let thy grace in-spire My soul with strength divine; Let all my powers to thee as-pire, And all my days be thine.

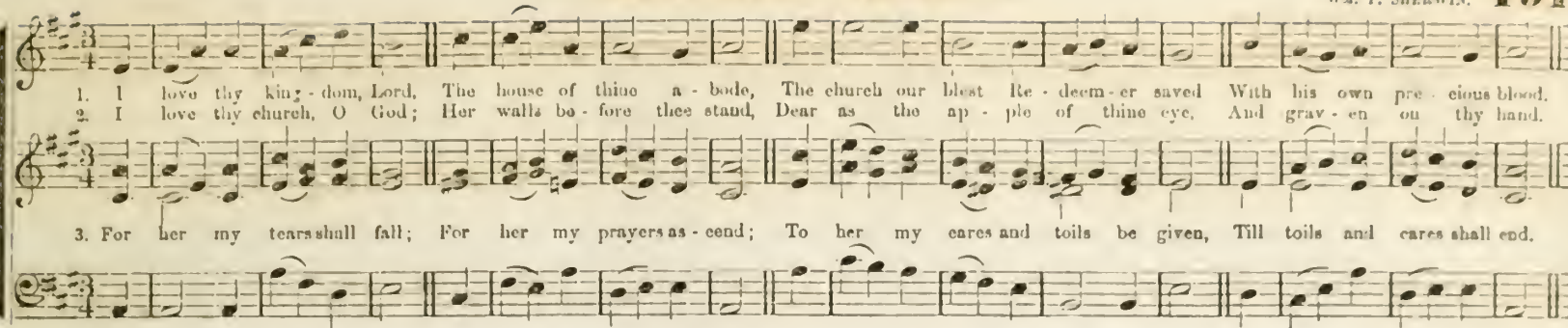
LORD. S. M.

WM. F. SHERWIN

1. "Ser-vant of God, well done; Rest from thy loved em-ploy: The bat-tle fought, the vic-tory won, En-ter thy Mas-ter's joy."

2. Death and its pains are past; La-bor and sor-row cease; And, life's long war-fare closed at last, Thy soul has found its peace.

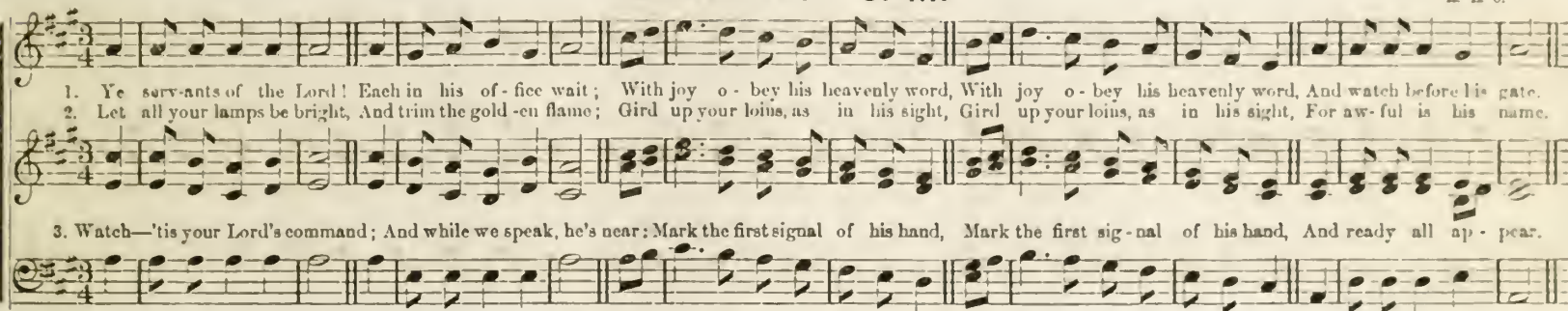
3. Sol-dier of Christ, well done; Praise be thy new em-ploy; And, while e-ter-nal a-ges run, Rest in thy Saviour's joy.



1. I love thy king - dom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode, The church our blest re - deem - er saved With his own pre - cious blood.
 2. I love thy church, O God; Her walls be - fore thee stand, Dear as the ap - ple of thine eye, And grav - en on thy hand.
 3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my prayers a - cend; To her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end.

LAMODE. S. M.

R. E. O.



1. Ye serv - ants of the Lord! Each in his of - fice wait; With joy o - bey his heavenly word, With joy o - bey his heavenly word, And watch before his gate.
 2. Let all your lamps be bright, And trim the gold - en flame; Gird up your loins, as in his sight, Gird up your loins, as in his sight, For aw - ful is his name.
 3. Watch—'tis your Lord's command; And while we speak, he's near; Mark the first signal of his hand, Mark the first sig - nal of his hand, And ready all ap - pear.

HONEYWELL. S. M.

WM. D. BRADBURY.



1. My Mak - er and my King! To thee my all I owe; Thy sovereign boun - ty is the spring Whence all my blessings flow.
 2. The crea - ture of thy hand, On thee a - lone I live; My God! thy ben - e - fits de - mand More praise than life can give.
 3. Shall I with - hold thy due! And shall my pas - sions rove! Lord! form this wretched heart a - new, And fill it with..... thy love.

Sole or Chorus.—Tenor or Bass.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

Spirited.

1. A - wake and sing the song, Of Mo - ses and the Lamb; Wake eve - ry heart and eve - ry tongue, To praise the Sav - iour's name;

2. Sing, till we feel our heart As - cend - ing with our tongue; Sing, till the love of sin de - part, And grace in - spire our song;

Sing of his dy - ing love; Sing of his ris - ing power; Sing how he in - ter - cedes, a - bove, For us, whose sins he bore.

Sing on your heaven - ly way, Ye ran - somed sin - ners, sing; Sing on, re - joic - ing eve - ry day In Christ, th'e - ter - nal King.

MOUNT LAUREL. S. M.

W. U. BUTCHER.

1. My God, my life, my love, To thee, to thee I call: I can - not live if thou re - move, For thou art all in all.

2. Thy shin - ing grace can cheer, This dun - geon where I dwell: 'Tis pa - ra - dise when thou art here, If thou de - part, 'tis hell.

3. The smil - ings of thy face, How am - ia - ble they are! 'Tis heaven to rest in thine em - brace, And no - where else but there.

1. Thy name, almighty Lord, Shall sound thro' distant lands: Great is thy grace, and sure thy word; Thy truth for-ev-er stands, Thy truth for-ev-er stands.

2. Far be thine hon-or spread, And long thy praise endure,— Till morning light and evening shade Shall be exchanged no more, Shall be exchanged no more.

CARRIE. S. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Gentle.—Moderately Slow.—Legato.

1. The Lord my shepherd is, I shall be well supplied; Since he is mine, and I am his, Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want be-side.

2. He leads me to the place, Where heavenly pasture grows, Where living wa-ters gen-tly pass, Where liv-ing wa-ters gen-tly pass, And full sal-va-tion flows.

3. If e'er I go a-stray, He doth my soul re-claim; And guides me in his own right way, And guides me in his own right way, For his most ho-ly name.

SALOME. S. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Be-hold the throne of grace; The prom-ise calls us near; There Je-sus shows a smil-ing face, And waits to an-swer prayer.

2. Thine im-age, Lord, be-stow,— Thy pres-ence and thy love,— That we may serve thee here be-low, And reign with thee a-bove.

3. If thou these blessings give, And thou our por-tion be, All world-ly joys we'll glad-ly leave, To find our heaven in thee.

1. Our Cap - tain leads us on He beck-ons from the skies; He reach-es out a star-ry crown, And bids us take the prize.

2. 'Tis thus the righteous Lord To ev-ery sol - dier saith; E - ter-nal life is the re-ward Of all vic - to - rious faith.

"Be faith - ful un - to death, Par - take my vic - to - ry, And thou shalt wear this glo-rious wreath, And thou shalt reign with me."

Who con - quer in his might The vic - tor's meed re - ceive; They claim a king - dom in his right, Which God will free - ly give.

Slowly, Gently.

TENDERNESS. S. M.

EDWARD HAMILTON, by per. from "Voice of Praise."

1. If on a qui - et sea Toward heaven we calm - ly sail, With grate-ful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the favoring gale.

2. But should the sur - ges rise, And rest de - lay to come, Blest be the sor - row, kind the storm, Which drives us near - er home.

3. Soon shall our doubts and fears All yield at thy con - trol; Thy ten - der mer - cies shall il - lume The mid-night of the soul.

CASSERTON. S. M.

J. R. TENNEY 195

1. Still with thee, O my God, I would de-sire to be; By day, by night, at home, a-broad, I would be still with thee.

2. With thee, when dawn comes in, And calls me back to care; Each day re- turn - ing to be - gin, With thee, my God, in prayer.

RICHARDS. S. M.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. How swift the tor-rent rolls That bears us to the sea; The tide that hur-ries thoughtless souls To vast e-ter-ni-ty.

2. Our fa-thers, where are they, With all they call'd their own? Their joys and griefs, and hopes, and cares, And wealth, and hon-or, gone.

3. Of all the pi-ous dead May we the foot-steps trace, Till with them, in the land of light, We dwell be-fore thy face.

YONO. S. M.

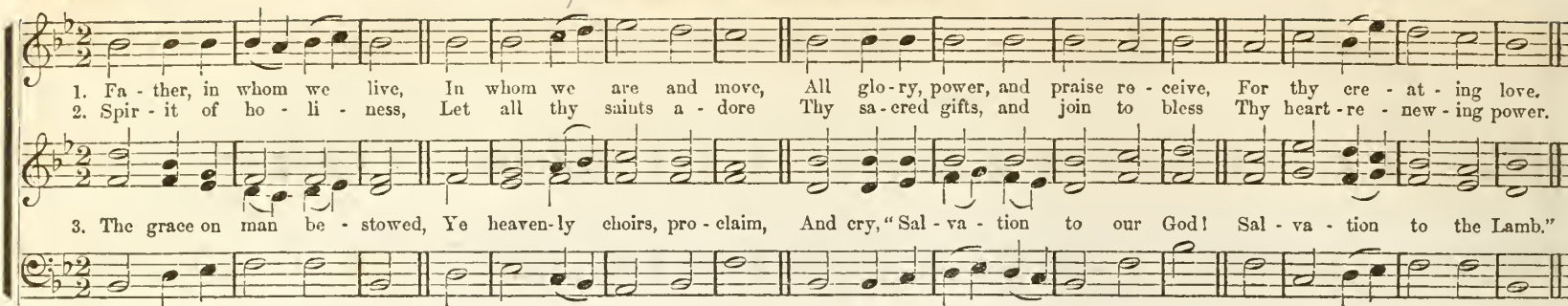
WM. D. BRADBURY.

1. And shall I sit a-lone, Op-pressed with grief and fear, To God, my Fa-ther, make my moan, And he re-fuse to hear.

2. If he my fa-ther be, His pit-y he will show; From cru-el bond-age set me free, And in-ward peace be-stow.

3. If still he si-lence keep, 'Tis but my faith to try; He knows and feels when-e'er I weep, And soft-ens eve-ry sigh.

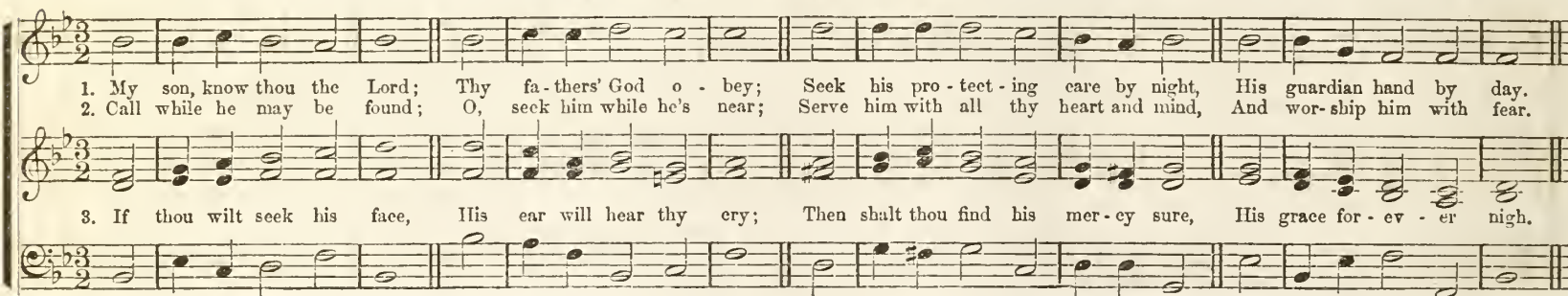
4. Then will I hum-bly wait, Nor once in-dulge des-pair: My sins are great, but not so great As his com-pas-sions are.



1. Fa - ther, in whom we live, In whom we are and move, All glo - ry, power, and praise re - ceive, For thy ere - at - ing love.
2. Spir - it of ho - li - ness, Let all thy saints a - dore Thy sa - cred gifts, and join to bless Thy heart - re - new - ing power.
3. The grace on man be - stowed, Ye heaven - ly choirs, pro - claim, And cry, "Sal - va - tion to our God! Sal - va - tion to the Lamb."

CORNHILL. S. M. Hymn Chant.

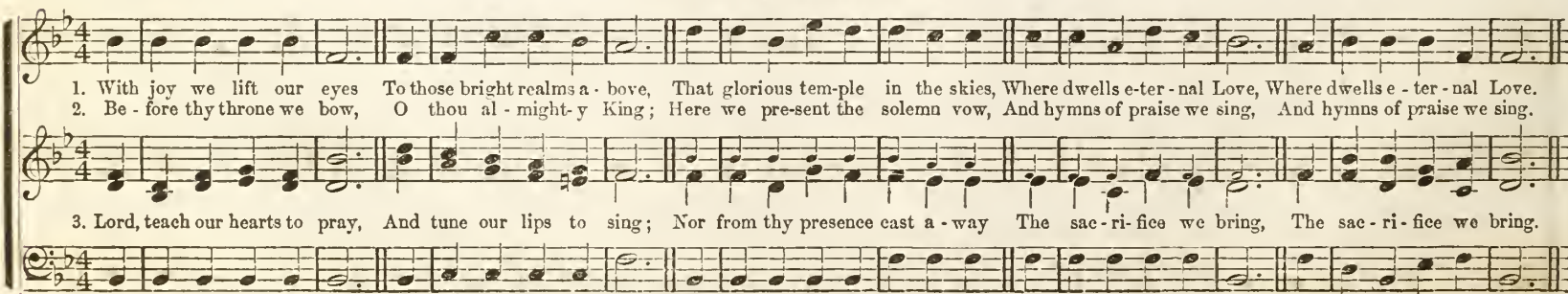
CH. ZEUNER.



1. My son, know thou the Lord; Thy fa - thers' God o - bey; Seek his pro - tect - ing care by night, His guardian hand by day.
2. Call while he may be found; O, seek him while he's near; Serve him with all thy heart and mind, And wor - ship him with fear.
3. If thou wilt seek his face, His ear will hear thy cry; Then shalt thou find his mer - cy sure, His grace for - ev - er nigh.

CROSBY. S. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. With joy we lift our eyes To those bright realms a - bove, That glorious temple in the skies, Where dwells e - ter - nal Love, Where dwells e - ter - nal Love.
2. Be - fore thy throne we bow, O thou al - might - y King; Here we pre - sent the solemn vow, And hymns of praise we sing, And hymns of praise we sing.
3. Lord, teach our hearts to pray, And tune our lips to sing; Nor from thy presence cast a - way The sac - ri - fice we bring, The sac - ri - fice we bring.

1. How ten - der is thy hand, O thou most gra - cious Lord, Af - flic - tions come at thy com - mand, And leave us at thy word.
 2. How gen - tle was the soul, That chast - ened us for sin, How soon we found a smil - ing God, Where deep dis - tress had been.

3. A Fa - ther's hand we felt, A Fa - ther's heart we knew; 'Mid tears of pen - i - tence we knelt, And found his end was true.

MATTIE. S. M.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. My Fa - ther's house on high! Home of my soul how near, At times, to faith's fore - see - ing eye Thy gold - en gates ap - pear!
 2. I hear at morn and even, At noon and mid - night hour, The cho - ral har - mo - nies of heaven Se - raph - ic mu - sic pour.

3. O, then my spir - it faints To reach the land I love— The bright in - her - i - tance of saints, My glo - rious home a - bove.

THARA. S. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Oh! where shall rest be found,—Rest for the wea - ry soul! 'Twere vain the o - cean depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.
 2. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh; 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.

3. Be - yond this vale of tears, There is a life a - bove, Un - meas - ured by the tlight of years; And all that life is love.

1. Be - hold, the morn - ing sun Be - gins his glo - rious way; His beams through all the na - tions run, And life and light con - vey.
 2. How per - feet is thy word! And all thy judg - ments just! For - ev - er sure thy promise, Lord, And we se - cure - ly trust.
 3. My gra - cious God, how plain Are thy di - rec - tions given! O, may I nev - er read in vain, But find the path to heaven.

STANTON. S. M.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. We sing the Sav - iour's love, Who pit - ied wretch - ed man; De - light - ing in the thought of peace, Ere time and worlds be - gan.
 2. We see its smil - ing beams, Forth - shin - ing at his birth, And trace its lus - tre day by day, While he sojourned on earth.
 3. Ten thousand thou - sand songs, With high, ser - aph - ic flame, Fall far be - low the boundless praise Of our Im - man - uel's name.

HARTWICK. S. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. How beau - teous are their feet Who stand on Zi - - on's hill— Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal.
 2. How charm - ing is their voice,—So sweet the tid - - ings are; Zi - on, be - hold thy Sav - iour - King: He reigns and tri - umphs here.
 3. How hap - py are our ears, That hear the joy - - ful sound, Which kings and proph - ets wait - ed for, And sought, but nev - er found.

WEATHERBY. S. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY. By permission. 199

1. O where shall rest be found,— Rest for the wea-ry soul! 'Twere vain the o-cean's depths to sound Or pierce to ei-ther pole.

2. The world can nev-er give The bliss for which we sigh; 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.

3. Be-yond this vale of tears There is a life a-bove, Un-meas-ured by the flight of years; And all that life is love.

MILLARD. S. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Grace! 'tis a charming sound, Har-mo-nious to the ear; Heaven with the ech-o shall re-sound,.....

1. Grace! 'tis a charm-ing sound..... Har-mo-nious to the ear; Heaven with the ech-o shall re-sound, Heaven with the ech-o

..... And all the earth shall bear, And all the earth shall bear.

shall re-sound, And all the earth shall bear, And all the earth shall bear.

- 2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

1. O bless the Lord, my soul; His grace to thee pro - claim; And all that is with-in me, join To bless his ho - ly name.

2. The Lord for - gives thy sins,—Pro - longs thy fee - ble breath; He heal - eth thine in - firm - i - ties, And ran - soms thee from death.

3. Then bless his ho - ly name Whose grace hath made thee whole; Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days: O bless the Lord, my soul.

CAPTINA. S. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. A - rise, and bless the Lord, Ye peo - ple of his choice; Arise, and bless the Lord your God, With heart, and soul, and voice, With heart, and soul, and voice.

2. Though high above all praise, A - bove all blessing high, Who would not fear his holy name, And laud, and magni - fy? And laud, and mag - ni - fy?

3. O for the living flame From his own altar brought, To touch our lips, our souls inspire, And wing to heaven our thought! And wing to heaven our thought!

PLACE. S. M.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Now is th' accept - ed time, Now is the day of grace; Now, sin - ners, come with-out de - lay, And seek the Sav - iour's face.

2. Now is th' accept - ed time, The Sav - iour calls to - day; To - mor - row it may be too late—Then why should you de - lay?

3. Now is th' accept - ed time, The gos - pel bids you come; And eve - ry prom - ise in his word De - clares there yet is room.

TUSCAN. S. M.

W. H. DOANE.

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1. To God, in whom I trust, I lift my heart and voice: Oh, let me not be put to shame, Nor let my foes re-joice!

2. His mer-cy and his truth The righteous Lord dis-plays, In bring-ing wan-dering sin-ners home, And teach-ing them his ways.

LEIGHTON. S. M.

H. W. GEFATOREX.

1. Be-hold, the day is come, The righteous Judge is near; And sin-ners, trem-bling at their doom, Shall soon their sen-tence bear.

2. An-gels, in bright at-tire, Con-duct him thro' the skies; Dark-ness and tem-pests, smoke and fire, At-tend him as he flies.

3. How aw-ful is the sight! How loud the thunders roar! The sun for-bears to give his light, And stars are seen no more.

HARDING. S. M.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Who can for-bear to sing, Who can re-fuse to praise, When Zi-on's high, ce-les-tial King, His sav-ing power dis-plays!

2. When sin-ners at his feet, By mer-cy conquered, fall! When grace, and truth, and jus-tice meet, And peace u-nites them all!

3. Who can for-bear to praise Our high, ce-les-tial King, When sovereign, rich, re-deem-ing grace In-vites our tongues to sing!

1. A - wake, and sing the song, Of Mo - ses and the Lamb; Wake, eve - ry heart and eve - ry tongue, To praise the Sav - iour's name.

2. Ye pil - grims, on the road To Zi - on's ci - ty, sing; Re - joi - ce ye in the Lamb of God, — In Christ, th'e - ter - nal King.

Sing of his dy - ing love; Sing of his ris - ing power; Sing how he in - ter - cedes a - bove, For those whose sins he bore.

Soon shall we hear him say, — Ye bless - ed child - ren, come; Soon will he call us hence a - way, To our o - ter - nal home.

Gently.

SECURITY. S. M.

EDWARD CLARK.

1. How help - less na - ture lies, Un - conscious of her load! The heart unchanged can nev - er rise, To hap - pi - ness and God.

2. Can aught but power di - vine, The stub - born will sub - due? 'Tis thine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, thine To form the heart a - new.

3. The pas - sions to re - call, And up - ward bid them rise; To make the scales of er - ror fall, From rea - son's dar - ken'd eyes.

How sweet the melting lay, Which breaks upon the ear, When, at the hour of ris-ing day, Christians u-ni-to lu prayer.

While thro' this world we roam, From in-fan-cy to age,

SHEFFIELD. S. M.

Dr. T. HASTINGS.

Heaven is the Christian pilgrim's home, His rest at ev-ery stage.

Oh, where shall rest be found, Rest for the weary soul? 'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound, Or pierce to either pole.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

Arranged from a Gregorian Chant, by Dr. L. MASON.

OLNEY. S. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take; Loud to the praise of love divine, Bid every string awake.

The Spirit in our hearts, Is whispering, "Sinner, come;" (Christ, proclaim, the bride, the church of

LISBON. S. M.

Altered from READ.

To all her children—"Come!"

Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise; Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes,—Welcome to this reviving breast, And these, &c.

SANDUSKY. S. M.

Old Popular Melody.

LUTHER. S. M.

Dr. T. HASTINGS.

A charge to keep I have, A God to glo-ri-fy, A nev-er-dy-ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes are nigh; The hosts of

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

Western Tune.

hell are pressing hard To draw thee from the sky, To draw thee from the sky.

Oh, cease, my wandering soul, On restless wing to roam; All this wide world, to either pole, Has not for thee a [home].

204 ST. THOMAS. S. M.

HANDEL.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH.

My soul, re-peat his praise, Whose mercies are so great; Whose anger is so slow to rise. So ready to a-bate. Come, sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glory sing; Je-ho-vah

THATCHER. S. M.

HANDEL.

is the sov'reign God, The u-ni-ver-sal King. The Lord my Shepherd is, I shall be well supplied; Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want be-side?

LULU. S. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

AYLESBURY. S. M.

Dr. GREEN.

I lift my soul to God; My trust is in his name: Let not my foes, that seek my blood, Still triumph in my shame. I saw, beyond the tomb, The awful Judge ap-pear,

BOYLE. S. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Prepared to scan, with strict account, The blessings wasted here. And canst thou, sinner, slight The call of love di-vine? Shall God with tenderness invite, And gain no thought of thine?

ST. BRIDES. S. M.

Dr. HOWARD.

LOTTIE. S. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

And must this bod-y die, This mor-tal frame de-cay? And must these active limbs of mine Lie mouldering in the clay? His bounty will provide, His saints securely dwell;

BRADEN. S. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

The hand which bears creation up, Shall guard his children well. The swift declining day, How fast its moments fly, While evening's broad and gloomy shade Gains on the western sky.

My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes a-rise; The hosts of sin are pressing hard, To draw thee from the skies.
Our day is as the grass, Or like the morning flower!

GERAR. S. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

When blasting winds sweep o'er the field, It withers in an hour.
Blest are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one; Whose kind designs to serve and please Thro' all their actions run.

SEIR. S. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

MORNINGTON. S. M.

MORNINGTON.

The Lord my shepherd is; I shall be well supplied; Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want beside.
The law by Mo-ses came, Ent peace, and truth and love

SHIRLAND. S. M.

STANLEY.

Were brought by Christ, a nob-ler name, De-scend-ing from a-bove
How per-fect is thy word! And all thy judg-ments just! For ev-er sure thy prom-ise, Lord.

CORTON. S. M.

Arranged from BEETHOVEN.

And we se-cure-ly trust,
While my Re-deem-er's near My Shepherd and my guide, I bid fare-well to eve-ry fear: My wants are all sup-plied

1. { Je - sus, thy boundless love to me No thought can reach, no tongue de - clare; }
 { O knit my thank - ful heart to thee, And reign with - out a ri - val there; } Thine wholly, thine a - lone, I am; Be thou a - lone my constant flame.

2. { O grant that noth - ing in my soul May dwell, but thy pure love a - lone: }
 { O may thy love pos - sess me whole, — My joy, my trea - sure, and my crown: } Strange flames far from my heart remove; My ev - ery act, word, thought, be love.

(1st P. M.)

DALLIBA. L. M. 6 lines.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. { When shall I hear the in - ward voice, Which on - ly faithful souls can hear? }
 { Par - don, and peace, and heavenly joys, At - tend the promised Com - fort - er: } O come, and right - eousness di - vine, And Christ, and all with Christ, are mine.

2. { O that the Com - fort - er would come, Nor vis - it as a tran - sient guest: }
 { But fix in me his constant home, And keep pos - ses - sion of my breast; } And make my soul his loved a - bode, The tem - ple of in - dwell - ing God.

(1st P. M.)

COOPER. L. M. 6 lines.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. { Thou art, O God, the life and light Of all this wondrous world we see; }
 { Its glow by day, its smile by night, Are but re - flections caught from thee; } Where'er we turn, thy glo - ries shine, And all things fair and bright are thine.

2. { When day, with farewell beam, de - lays Among the opening clouds of even, }
 { And we can al - most think we gaze, Through opening vistas, in - to heav'n, — } Those hues that mark the sun's decline, So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

(1st P. M.)

MERWIN. L. M. 6 lines.

HUBERT P. MAIN. 207

Moderato.

1. O 'tis e-nough, my God, my God! Here let me give my wand'rings o'er: No long-er tram-plo on thy blood, And grieve thy gen-tle-ness no more:

2. O Lord, if mer-cy is with thee, Now let it un-to me be shown; To me, the chief of sin-ners, me, Who hum-bly for thy mer-cy groan:

(1st P. M.)

BELVILLE. L. M. 6 lines.

No more thy ling'ring an-ger move, Or sin against thy light and love.

Me to thy Father's grace restore, Nor let me ev-er grieve thee more.

1. O God, what off-'ring shall I give To thee, the Lord of earth and skies!

2. Now, then, my God, thou hast my soul: No long-er mine, but thine I am:

My spir-it, soul, and flesh receive, A ho-ly, liv-ing sac-ri-fice: Small as it is, 'tis all my store; More shouldst thou have, if I had more.

Guard thou thine own, pos-sess it whole: Cheer it with hope, with love in-flame. Thou hast my spir-it; there dis-play Thy glo-ry to the per-fect day.

1. Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand, And guard in fierce temptation's hour; Hide in the hol-low of thy hand; Show forth in me thy say-ing power;

2. When darkness in-tercepts the skies, And sorrow's waves around me roll, And high the storms of trouble rise, And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul:

(1st P. M.) MOUNT KISCO. L. M. 6 l. WM. F. SHERWIN.

Still be thy arm my sure defence, Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me hence.

My soul a sudden calm shall feel, And hear a whisper,—Peace be still!

1. Thou hidden Source of calm re- pose, Thou all suf- fi- cient Love di- vine,
2. Thy mighty name sal- va- tion is, And keeps my hap- py soul a- bove:

3. Je- sus, my all in all thou art; My rest in toil, my ease in pain;

My help and ref-uge from my foes, Se-cure I am while thou art mine: And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame, I hide me, Je- sus, in thy name.
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace, And joy, and ev-er-last-ing love: To me, with thy great name, are given Par-don, and ho-li-ness, and heaven.

The med-i-cine of my brok-en heart; In war, my peace; in loss, my gain; My smile be-neath the ty-rant's frown; In shame, my glo-ry and my crown

(1st P. M.)

BRIGHTON L. M. 6 lines.

Arr. by B. JACKSON

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1. O love di-vine, what hast thou done! Th' in-car-nate God hath died for me! The Fa-ther's co-e-ter-nal Son Bore all my sins up-on the tree!

2. Behold him, all ye that pass by,—The bleeding Prince of life and peace! Come see, ye worms, your Sav-iour die, And say, was ev-er grief like his!

(1st P. M.) SUPPLICATION. L. M. 6 l.

J. M. FELTON.

The Son of God for me hath died: My Lord, my Love is cru-ci-fied.

1. Fa-ther of mer-cies, God of love! Oh, hear an humble suppliant's cry!
2. I urge no mer-its of my own, No worth, to claim thy gracious smile:

Come, feel with me his blood ap-plied: My Lord, my Love is cru-ci-fied.

3. Fa-ther of mer-cies, God of love! Then hear thy humble suppliant's cry;

Bend from thy left-y seat a-bove, Thy throne of glo-rious maj-es-ty: Oh, deign to hear my mournful voice, And bid my droop-ing heart re-joice!
No: when I bow be-fore thy throne, Dare to con-verse with God a-while, Thy name, blest Je-sus, is my plea—Dear-est and sweet-est name to me!

Bend from thy left-y seat a-bove, Thy throne of glo-rious maj-es-ty: One pard'ning word can make me whole, And soothe the an-guish of my soul.

Allegro—With Animation.

1. Mes-si-ah, joy of ev-ery heart, Thou, thou the King of glo-ry art, The Fa-ther's ev-er-last-ing Son; Thee it de-lights thy Church to own;
2. When thou hadst render'd up thy breath, And, dy-ing, drawn the sting of death, Thou didst from earth tri-umphant rise, And ope the por-tals of the skies;

3. Seat-ed at God's right hand a-gain, Thou dost in all his glo-ry reign; Thou dost, thy Fa-ther's im-age, shine In all the at-ri-butes di-vine;

(1st P. M.) DANBURY. L. M. 6 l.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

For all our hopes on thee de-pend, Whose glorious mer-cies nev-er end.
That all who trust in thee a-lone, Might fol-low, and par-take thy throne.

And thou with judgment clad shall come, To seal our ev-er-last-ing doom.

Je-ho-vah's an-gel came by night To bless the sleeping world be-low; How soft the mu-sic of his tongue, How sweet the hal-low'd strains he sung.

Let an-gels tune the harps of heav'n, And saints below re-joice with mirth: On Beth-lehem's plains the shep-herds sing, And Ju-dah's chil-dren hail their King.

1. With grateful hearts, with joy-ful tongues, To God we raise u-nit-ed songs; His power and mercy we pro-claim 'Thro' every age, oh! may we own,

2. Long as the moon her course shall run, Or men be-hold the cir-cling sun, Lord! In our land, support thy reign; Crown her just coun-ils with suc-cess,

Je-ho-vah here has fixed his throne,—And triumph in his mighty name.

With truth and peace her borders bless, And all thy sa-cred rights maintain.

RIDGEFIELD. L. P. M.

B. J. VAIL

1. I'll praise my Maker, while I've breath, And when my voice is lost in death,

2. Happy the man whose hopes rely. On Israel's God; he made the sky.

Praise employ my nobler powers; My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and tho't, and being last, Or immortall-ty endures, Or im-mor-tal-i-ty en-dures.

And earth, and seas, with all their train; His truth forever stands secure; He saves th'oppress'd, he feeds the poor, And none shall find his promise vain, And none shall, &c.

1. I'll praise my Mak - er with my breath, And, when my voice is hushed in death, Praise shall employ my no - bler powers: My days of praise shall ne'er be
2. Hap - py the man whose hopes re - ly On Israel's God; he made the sky, And earth, and seas, with all their train; His truth for ev - er stands se

3. The Lord pours eye - sight on the blind; The Lord sup - ports the fainting mind; He sends the lab'-ring conscience peace; He helps the stran - ger in dis -

(2d P. M.) GALLAGHER. L. P. M. WM. B. BRADBURY.

past While life and thought, and being last, Or im-mor - tal - i - ty en - dures. cure; He saves th'oppress'd, he feeds the poor, And none shall find his promise vain.

tress, The wid-ow and the fa - ther-less, And grants the pris'ner sweet re - lief.

To sing and bless Je - ho - vah's name: His glo - ry let the heathen know, His wonders to the na - tions show, And all his sav - ing works proclaim. And reigns complete in glo - ry there; His beams are maj - es - ty and light; His beauties, how di - vine - ly bright! His tem - ple, how di - vine - ly fair!

And barb'rous na - tions fear his name! Then shall the race of man con - fess The beau - ty of his ho - li - ness, And in his courts his grace proclaim.

(3d P. M.)

LOWRY. H. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

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1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilt-y fears; The bleeding Sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears: Be - fore the
 2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede; His all - re - deem - ing love, His precious blood, to plead; His blood a -

3. My God is re - con - ciled; His pard'ning voice I hear: He owns me for his child; I can no long - er fear: With con - fi -

(3d P. M.) CLARKSVILLE. H. M. WM. B. BRADBURY.

throne my Sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on his hands,
 toned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

dence I now draw nigh, And Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther, cry,

1. Lord of the worlds a - bove! How pleasant and how fair, The dwellings
 2. Oh! hap - py souls who pray, Where God appoints to hear; Oh! happy

3. They go from strength to strength, Thro' this dark vale of tears, Till each ar -

of thy love, Thine earth - ly tem - ples arc! To thine a - bode my heart as - pires With warm de - sires to see my God.
 men who pay Their con - stant serv - ice there; They praise thee still, and hap - py they; Who love the way to Zi - - on's hill.

rives at length, Till each in heaven ap - pears; Oh! glo - rious seat, when God our King, Shall thith - er bring our will - - ing feet.

{ This is a blessed day, The Sabbath of our Lord, }
 { A time to praise and pray, And learn God's holy word; } Of all the days this is the best, A type of heaven's e - ter - nal rest.

(3d P. M.)

GOLDSMITH. H. M.

HUBERT F. MAIN.

{ O Thou that hearest prayer, Attend our hum - ble cry; }
 { And let thy servants share Thy blessing from on high: } We plead the prom - ise of thy word, Grant us thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord!

(3d P. M.)

COOK. H. M.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Welcome, delightful morn; Sweet day of sacred rest, I hail thy kind return; Lord, make these moments blest: From low desires and fleeting toys, I soar to reach immortal joys.
 2. Now may the King descend, And fill his throne of grace; Thy sceptre, Lord, extend, While saints address thy face: Let sinners feel thy quick'ning word, And learn to know [and fear the Lord].

Alto.

3. Descend, celestial Dove, With all thy quick'ning powers; Disclose a Saviour's love, And bless the sacred hours: Then shall my soul new life obtain, Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed [in vain].

1. Young men and maidens, raise Your tuneful voi - ces high; Old men and children, praise The Lord of earth and sky; Him three in

2. The u - ni - ver - sal King, Let all the world proclaim; Let ev - ery creature sing His at - tri - butes and name; Him three in

(3d P. M.)

MYSTIC BRIDGE. H. M. H. P. MAIN.

one, and one in three, Ex - tol to all e - ter - ni - ty.

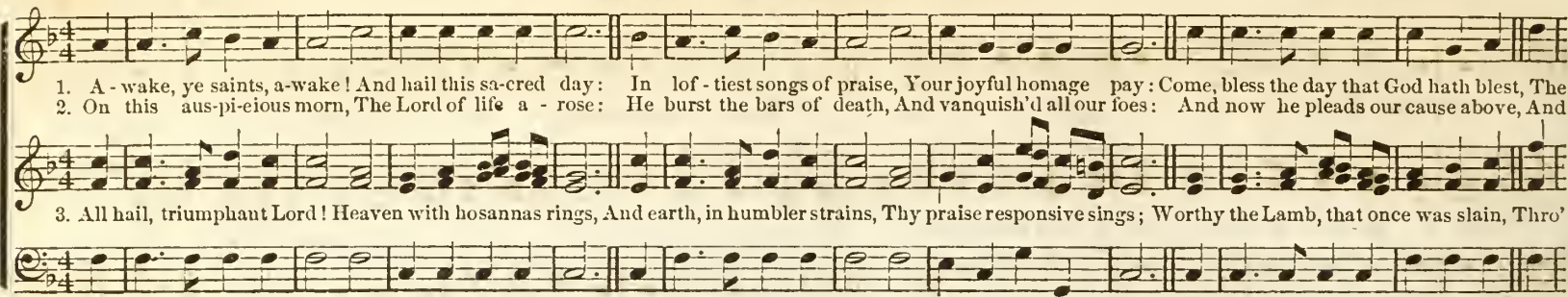
one, and one in three, Ex - tol to all e - ter - ni - ty.

1. The Lord Je - ho - vah lives, And bless - ed be my Rock;
2. The Lord Je - ho - vah lives, The dy - ing sin - ner's friend;

3. The Lord Je - ho - vah lives, To hear and an - swer prayer,

Tho' earth her bo - som heaves, And mountains feel the shock; Though o - ceans rage, and tem - pests roar, He is the same for - ev - er more.
How free - ly he for gives The fol - lies that of - fend; He wipes the pen - i - ten - tial tear, Bids faith and hope the spir - it cheer.

Who - e'er in him believes, And trusts his guardian care, A Fa - ther's ten - der love shall know, Whence living streams of com - fort flow.



1. A - wake, ye saints, a-wake ! And hail this sa-cred day : In lof - tiest songs of praise, Your joyful homage pay : Come, bless the day that God hath blest, The
 2. On this aus-pi-cious morn, The Lord of life a - rose : He burst the bars of death, And vanquish'd all our foes : And now he pleads our cause above, And
 3. All hail, triumphant Lord ! Heaven with hosannas rings, And earth, in humbler strains, Thy praise responsive sings ; Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain, Thro'

(3rd P. M.) CLAREMONT. H. M.

From " Boston Acad. Collection."



type of heaven's eternal rest, The type of heaven's eter-nal rest.
 reaps the fruit of all his love, And reaps the fruit of all his love.
 endless years to live and reign, Thro' endless years to live and reign.
 1. Let eve - ry creature join To bless Je - hovah's name, And eve - ry power u -
 2. But oh ! from human tongues Should nobler praises flow ; And eve - ry thankful
 3. As - sist me, gracious God ; My heart, my voice in - spire ; Then shall I hum-bly



nite To swell th'exalt-ed theme : Let na-ture raise, From eve-ry tongue, A general song Of grateful praise.
 heart With warm devo-tion glow Your voi-ces raise, Ye highly blest, A - bove the rest De - clare his praise.
 join the u - ni - ver - sal choir : Thy grace can raise..... My heart and tongue,..... And tune my song..... To live - ly praise.

(3d P. M.)

CLINTON. H. M. (Harvest Hymn.)

W. IRVING HARTSHORN 217

1. Let all the people join, To swell the solemn chord, Your graceful notes combine To magnify the Lord; In lofty

2. His plenty fills the land, His mercies never cease, The husbandman doth smile, To see the large increase; In lofty, &c.

3. The precious fruit he gives, Oh, may we never abuse, But through our future lives To his own glory use; Then rise to

(3d P. M.)

ORIAD. H. M.

W. B. DOANE

Allegro.

songs your voices raise, The God of harvest claims your praise.

heaven, and sing his praise In sweeter songs and nobler lays.

1. Great King of glory, come, And with thy favor crown This

2. Here may thine ears attend Our interceding cries, And

DUET.

temple as thy home;— This people as thine own: Beneath this roof, O deign to show How God can dwell with men below.

grate-ful praise ascend Like incense to the skies: Here may thy soul-converting word With faith be preach'd, in faith be heard.

1. In sweet exalted strains The King of glory praise ; O'er heaven and earth he reigns, Thro' everlasting days ; He, at his will, the world controls, Sustains or sinks the distant poles.

2. To earth he bends his throne—His throne of grace divine ; Wide is his bounty known, And wide his glories shine ; Fair Salem, still his chosen rest, Is with his smiles and presence blest.

3. Great King of glory ! come, And, with thy favor, crown This temple as thy dome—This people as thine own : Beneath this roof, oh ! deign to show How God can dwell with men below.

(3d P. M.)

AMELIA. H. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. { To God I lift mine eyes, From him is all mine aid : }
 { The God who built the skies, And earth and na-ture made ; } God is the tower To which I fly ; His grace is nigh In ev - ery hour.

2. { My feet shall nev - er slide, And fall in fa - tal snares, }
 { Since God, my guard and guide, De-fends me from my fears : } Those wake-ful eyes That nev - er sleep, Shall Is - rael keep When dan - gers rise.

(3d P. M.)

SUTHERLAND. H. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Vigorously.

1. { Give thanks to God most high, The u - ni - ver - sal Lord ; }
 { The sov - reign King of kings, And be his name a - dored. } Thy mer - cy, Lord, Shall still en - dure, And ev - er sure A - bides thy word.

2. { How mighty is his hand ! What wonders he hath done ! }
 { He formed the earth and seas ! And spread the heavens alone ! } His power and grace Are still the same ; And let his name Have all the praise.

1. How pleasing is the voice Of God, our heav'nly King, Who bids the frost re-tire, And makes the lovely Spring; Bright sun a-rise, The mild wind
Bright sun a-rise, The mild wind

2. The morn with glory crowned, His hand arrays in smiles; He bids the eve de-cline, Re-joic-ing o'er the hills, The evening breeze, His breath per-fume, His beauty blooms, In flowers and trees

(4th P. M.)

BOUNDLESS LOVE. C. P. M.

E. LOWMY.

blows, And beauty glows, Thro' earth and skies.
blows,

1. My God, thy boundless love I praise; How bright, on high, its glo-ries blaze! How sweetly bloom be-
2. 'Tis love that paints the pur-pie morn, And bids the clouds, in air upborne, Their ge-nial drops dis-

3. Then let the love that makes me blest, With cheerful praise in-spire my breast, And ar-dent gra-ti-tude; And ardent gratitude; And all my thoughts and passions tend To thee, my Father and my Friend, My soul's e-ter-nal good, My soul's e-ter-nal good.

*Rather slow, and in exact time.**mp**cresc.**f*

1. Oh, could I speak the matchless worth, Oh, could I sound the glories forth Which in my Saviour shine! I'd soar, and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Gabriel,
 2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood he spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt Of sin, and wrath divine: I'd sing his glorious righteousness, In which all-perfect,

3. I'd sing the char-ac-ters he bears, And all the forms of love he wears, Ex-alt-ed on his throne: In loftiest songs of sweetest praise, I would, to ev-er-

(4th P. M.)

CHARLEMONT. C. P. M.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

while he sings In notes almost di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine,
 heavenly dress My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev-er shine.

- lasting days, Make all his glories known, Make all his glo-ries known.

1. Lo! on a nar-row neck of land, Twixt two unbound-ed seas I stand,
 2. O God, mine inmost soul con-vert, And deep-ly on my thoughtful heart

3. Be-fore me place, in dread ar-ray, The pomp of that tre-mendous day,

Se-cure, in-sen-si-ble: A point of time, a moment's space, Removes me to that heavenly place, Or shuts me up in hell,
 E-ter-nal things im-press: Give me to feel their solemn weight, To trem-ble on the brink of fate, And wake to right-eous-ness.

When thou with clouds shalt come To judge the na-tions at thy bar; And tell me, Lord, shall I be there, To meet a joy-ful doom!

1. Oh, could I speak the match-less worth, Oh, could I sound the glo-ries forth Which in my Saviour shine! I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings;
 2. I'd sing the char-acters he bears, And all the forms of love he wears, Ex-alt-ed on his throne: In loft-iest songs of sweetest praise,
 3. Well, the de-light-ful day will come, When my dear Lord will send me home, And I shall see his face: Then, with my Saviour, brother, friend.

(4th P. M.) PARDEE. C. P. M. HUBERT P. MAIN.

Bold.

And vie with Ga-briel, while he sings In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.
 I would to ev-er-last-ing days Make all his glo-ries known, Make all his glo-ries known.
 A blest e-ter-ni-ty I'll spend, Tri-umph-ant in his grace, Triumphant in his grace.

It lifts me up to things a-bove; It bears on ea-gles' wings; { It gives my ravished soul a taste, }
 And makes me for some moments feast } With Je-sus' priests and kings.
 I stand, and from the mountain-top See all the land be-low; { Riv-ers of milk and hon-ey rise, }
 And all the fruits of par-a-dise } In end-less plen-ty grow.

1. O Love di - vine, how sweet thou art! When shall I find my will - ing heart All ta - ken up by thee? I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
2. God on - ly knows the love of God; O that it now were shed a - broad In this poor ston - y heart; For love I sigh, for love I pine;
3. O that I could for - ev - er sit With Ma - ry at the Mas - ter's feet! Be this my hap - py choice; My on - ly care, de - light, and bliss,

(4th P. M.) MERIBAH. C. P. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

Moderato.

The greatness of re - deem - ing love, — The love of Christ to me.
This on - ly por - tion, Lord, be mine; Be mine this bet - ter part.
My joy, my heaven and earth, be this To hear the Bridegroom's voice.
1. When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come, To take thy ransomed people home,
2. I love to meet thy peo - ple now, Be - fore thy feet with them to bow,

Shall I a - mong them stand! Shall such a worth - less worm as I, Who sometimes am a - fraid to die, Be found at thy right hand!
Tho' vil - est of them all; But can I bear the pierc - ing thought, What, if my name should be left out, When thou for them shalt call!

(5th P. M.)

GYLLENE. 7s.

M. RUGER. 223

1. Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer-cy still re-served for me! Can my God his wrath for-bear! Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare!

2. I have long with-stood his grace; Long pro-voked him to his face; Would not heark-en to his calls; Grieved him by a thou-sand falls.

3. Now in-cline me to re-pent; Let me now my sins la-ment; Now my foul re-volt de-plore, Weep, be-lieve, and sin no more.

(5th P. M.)

MANDO. 7s.

WM. B. BEADSBURY.

1. "I am wea-ry" of my sin; O, I long for full re-lease; Sav-iour, come and take me in, With thy-self to dwell in peace.

2. "I am wea-ry" of my pains; Bring me, Lord, with thee to rest; Change my groans to joy-ful strains 'Mid the con-cert of the blest.

3. "I am wea-ry" of the earth, Where the wick-ed spurn thy love; With thy sons, of heaven-ly birth, Let me wor-ship thee a-bore.

(5th P. M.)

AUBURN. 7s.

R. LOWRY.

1. Je-sus, to thy wounds I fly; Purge my sins of deep-est dye; Lamb of God, for sin-ners slain, Wash a-way my crim-son stain.

2. Plunge me in that sa-cred flood, In that fount-ain of thy blood; Then thy Fa-ther's eye shall see Not a spot of guilt in me.

Gently.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high.

2. Hide, me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.

(5th P. M.)

RANDALL. 7s. Single.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

Gently.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way; Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would commune with thee.

2. Soon from us the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way; Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

(5th P. M.)

PALMER. 7s. Single.

Old Melody.

1. 'Tis re - li - gion that can give Sweet-est pleas-ure while we live; 'Tis re - li - gion must sup - ply Sol - id com - fort when we die.

2. Af - ter death its joys shall be Last - ing as e - ter - ni - ty: Be the liv - ing God our friend, Then our bliss shall nev - er end.

(5th P. M.)

GREGORY 7s.

WM. F. SHERWIN. 225

*Gently and well sustained.
Let the Bass be very smooth and flowing.*

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way; Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would com-mune with thee.

2. Soon from us the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way; Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

(5th P. M.)

HAYES. 7s.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Come, saith Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice; I will guide you to your home; Wea - ry pil-grims, hith - er come.

2. Hith - er come; for here is found Balm for ev - ery bleed - ing wound, Peace which ev - er shall en - dure, Rest, e - ter - nal, sa - cred, sure.

(5th P. M.)

HORTON. 7s.

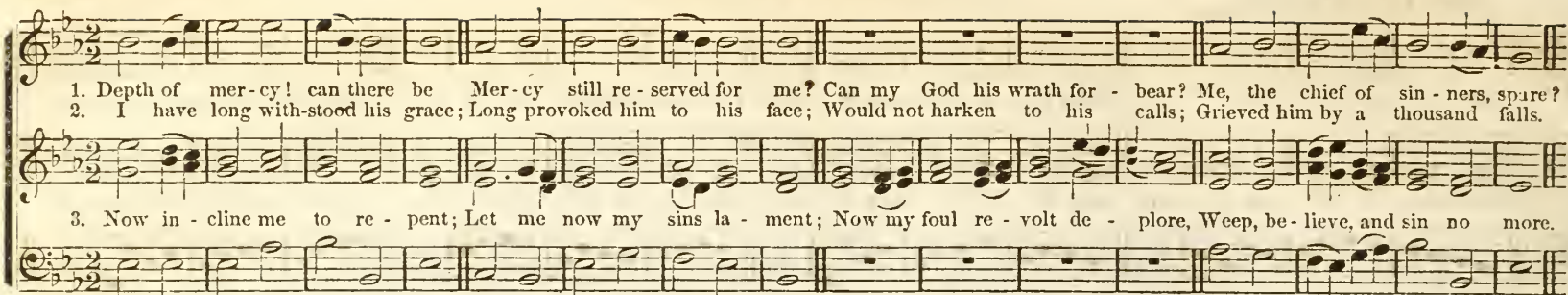
Arr. by Dr. L. MASON.

Gently.

1. Lord, we come be - fore thee now; At thy feet we hum - bly bow; Oh! do not our suit dis - dain, — Shall we seek thee, Lord! in vain!

2. Lord, on thee our souls de - pend; In com - pas - sion now de - scend; Fill our hearts with thy rich grace; Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3. In thine own ap - point - ed way, Now we seek thee, here we stay; Lord! we know not how to go, Till a bless - ing thou be - stow.



1. Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer-cy still re-served for me? Can my God his wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?

2. I have long with-stood his grace; Long provoked him to his face; Would not harken to his calls; Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3. Now in - cline me to re - pent; Let me now my sins la - ment; Now my foul re - volt de - plore, Weep, be - lieve, and sin no more.

(5th P. M.)

HANDEL. 7s.

G. F. HANDEL.



1. Christ, of all my hopes the ground, Christ, the spring of all my joy! Still in thee let me be found, Still for thee my pow'rs em-ploy.

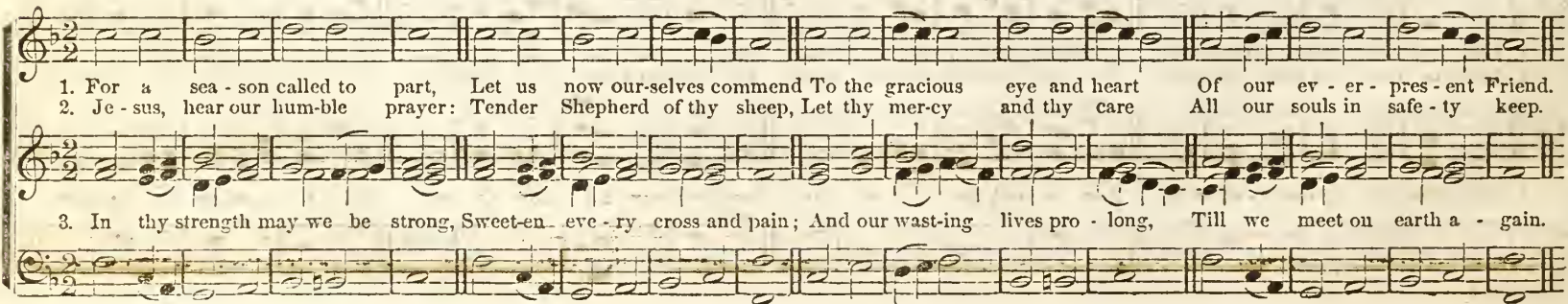
2. Let thy love my heart inflame; Keep thy fear be - fore my sight; Be thy praise my high-est aim; Be thy smile my chief delight.

3. Fountain of o'er - flow-ing grace, Freely from thy full - ness give; Till I close my earthly race, Be it "Christ for me to live."

(5th P. M.)

BEAM. 7s.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. For a sea - son called to part, Let us now our-selves commend To the gracious eye and heart Of our ev - er - pres - ent Friend.

2. Je - sus, hear our hum-ble prayer: Tender Shepherd of thy sheep, Let thy mer-cy and thy care All our souls in safe - ty keep.

3. In thy strength may we be strong, Sweet-en - eve - ry cross and pain; And our wast-ing lives pro - long, Till we meet on earth a - gain.

(5th P. M.)

PAMELIA. 7s.

Arranged from G. H. M. by WM. E. BRADBURY.

227

1. To thy pastures, fair and large, Heavenly Shepherd I lead thy charge, And my couch, with tenderest care, Midst the springing grass prepare, Midst the springing, &c.
2. When I faint with summer's heat, Thou shalt guide my weary feet, To the streams that still and slow, Thro' the verdant meadows flow, Thro' the verdant, &c.

3. Safe the dreary vale I tread, By the shades of death o'erspread; With thy rod and staff supplied, This my guard, and this my guide, This my guard, and this my guide.

The musical score for 'PAMELIA. 7s.' is written for three parts: Treble, Alto, and Bass. It features a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The melody is marked with a 'p' (piano) dynamic. The lyrics are arranged in three lines, with the first two lines having a repeat sign at the end. The third line is a single continuous line.

(5th P. M.)

DOANE. 7s.

WM. E. BRADBURY.

1. Cast thy bur - den on the Lord; Lean thou on - ly on his word; Ev - er will he be thy stay, Though the heavens shall melt a - way.
2. Cast thy bur - den at his feet; Lin - ger near his mer - cy - seat; He will lead thee by the hand Gent - ly to the bet - ter land.

3. He will gird thee by his power, In thy wea - ry, faint - ing hour; Lean, then, lov - ing, on his word; Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.

The musical score for 'DOANE. 7s.' is written for three parts: Treble, Alto, and Bass. It features a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The melody is marked with a 'p' (piano) dynamic. The lyrics are arranged in three lines, with the first two lines having a repeat sign at the end. The third line is a single continuous line.

(5th P. M.)

EVENING. 7s.

W. U. BUTCHER.

1. Soft - ly, now, the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way; Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord! I would commune with Thee.
2. Soon, for me, the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way; Then, from sin and wor - row free, Take me, Lord! to dwell with Thee.

The musical score for 'EVENING. 7s.' is written for three parts: Treble, Alto, and Bass. It features a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The melody is marked with a 'p' (piano) dynamic. The lyrics are arranged in two lines, with the first line having a repeat sign at the end. The second line is a single continuous line.

With Spirit. cresc.

LEAVITT. 7s.

WM. F. SHERWIK.

Hark! that shout of rapturous joy,.... Burst-ing forth from yon-der cloud! Je-sus comes, and thro' the sky.. An-gels tell their joys a-loud.

Hark! that shout of rapturous joy,.... Burst-ing forth from yon-der cloud! Je-sus comes, and thro' the sky.. An-gels tell their joys a-loud.

(5th P. M.)

TUPELLO. 7s.

W. H. DOANE.

Moderato. 1. Lord, we come be-fore thee now, At thy feet we hum-bly bow; Oh! do not our suit dis-dain! Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

Andante. 2. Lord, on thee our souls de-pend,— In com-pas-sion now de-scend; Fill our hearts with thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

rit.

(5th P. M.)

DEPENDENCE. 7s.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

Devotional. 1. Fee-ble, help-less, how shall I Learn to live, and learn to die? Who, O God, my guide shall be? Who shall lead thy child to thee?

2. Bless-ed Fa-ther, gra-cious one! Thou hast sent thy ho-ly Son; He will give the light I need, He my trembling steps shall lead.

3. Thus in deed, and thought, and word, Led by Je-sus Christ, the Lord, In my meek-ness, thus shall I Learn to live, and learn to die.

(5th P. M.)

GENTLE. 7s.

W. B. DOANE 229

1. Gent - ly glides the stream of life, Oft a - long the flowery vale, Or im - pet - uous down the cliff, Rush - ing roars when storms assail.

2. 'Tis an ev - er - va - ried flood, Al - ways roll - ing to the sea, Slow or quick, or wild or rude, Tend - ing to e - ter - ni - ty.

The musical score for 'GENTLE' is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is simple and flowing, with the piano accompaniment providing a steady harmonic support.

(5th P. M.)

GREYLOCK. 7s.

WASHINGTON GLADDEX.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way; Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would commune with thee.

2. Soon for us the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way; Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

The musical score for 'GREYLOCK' is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is more rhythmic and expressive than the first hymn, with the piano accompaniment featuring more complex chordal textures.

(5th P. M.)

VISCHER. 7s.

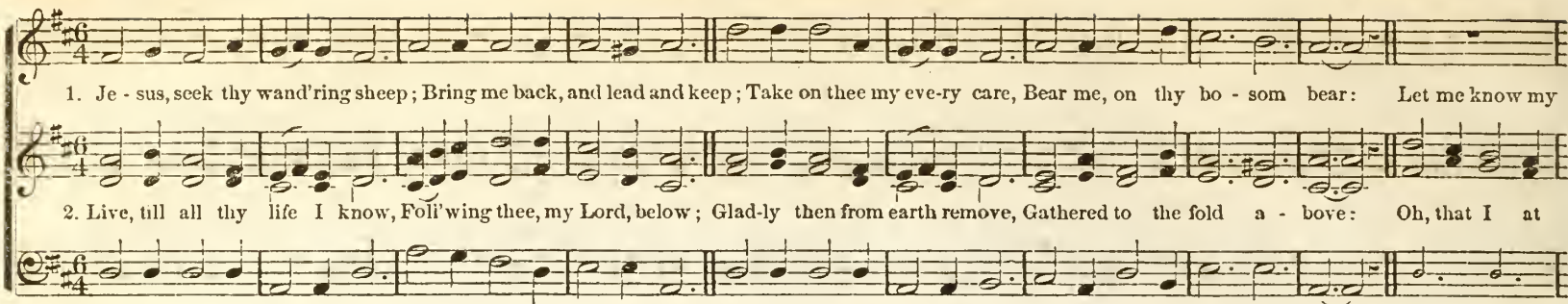
WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Soft - ly fades the twi - light ray Of the ho - ly Sab - bath day; Gent - ly as life's set - ting sun, When the Christian's course is run.

2. Night her sol - emn man - tle spreads O'er the earth, as day - light fades; All things tell of calm re - pose, At the ho - ly Sabbath's close.

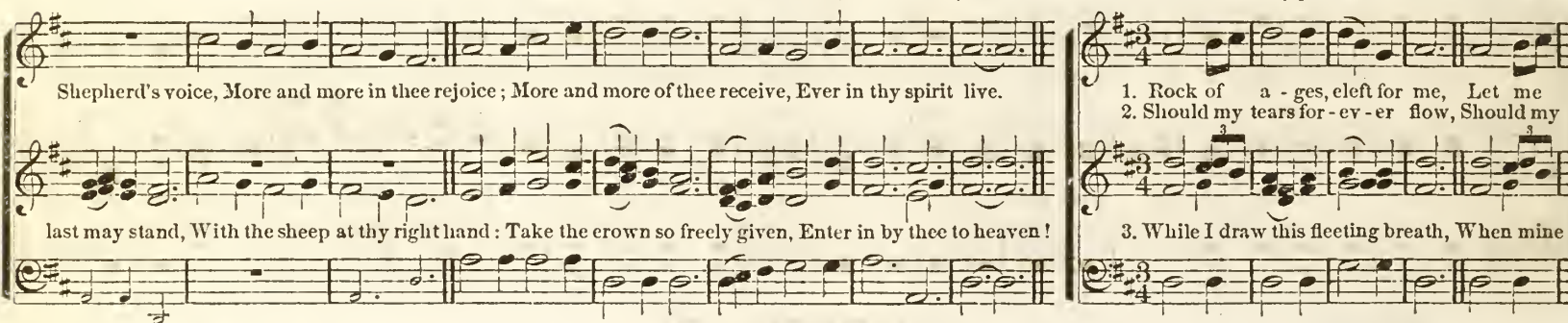
3. Sav - our, may our Sabbaths be Days of peace and joy in thee, Till in heaven our souls re - pose, Where the Sab - bath ne'er shall close.

The musical score for 'VISCHER' is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is characterized by a more pronounced rhythmic pattern, and the piano accompaniment includes some triplet figures.



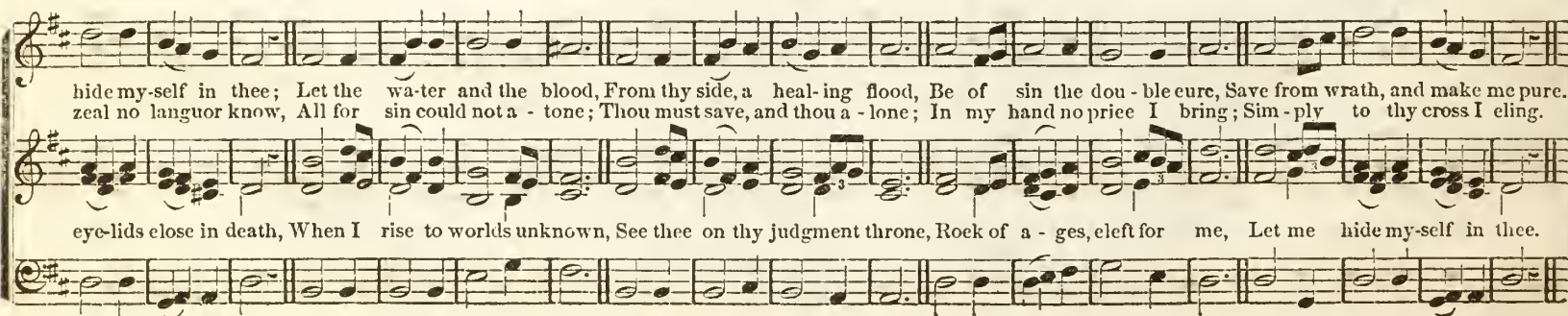
1. Je - sus, seek thy wand'ring sheep; Bring me back, and lead and keep; Take on thee my eve-ry care, Bear me, on thy bo - som bear: Let me know my

2. Live, till all thy life I know, Foli'wing thee, my Lord, below; Glad-ly then from earth remove, Gathered to the fold a - bove: Oh, that I at

(6th P. M.) AGES. 7s. 6l. EDWARD HAMILTON. By permission from "Voice of Praise."


Shepherd's voice, More and more in thee rejoice; More and more of thee receive, Ever in thy spirit live.

last may stand, With the sheep at thy right hand: Take the crown so freely given, Enter in by thee to heaven!



hide my-self in thee; Let the wa-ter and the blood, From thy side, a heal-ing flood, Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure. zeal no languor know, All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and thou a - lone; In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to thy cross I eling.

eye-lids close in death, When I rise to worlds unknown, See thee on thy judgment throne, Roek of a - ges, eleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee.

FINE.

D. C.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy side, a healing flood,
D. C. Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2. Should my tears for - ev - er flow, Should my zeal no lan - guage know, All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and thou a - lone;
D. C. In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.

(7th P. M.)

HEROLD. 7s. Double.

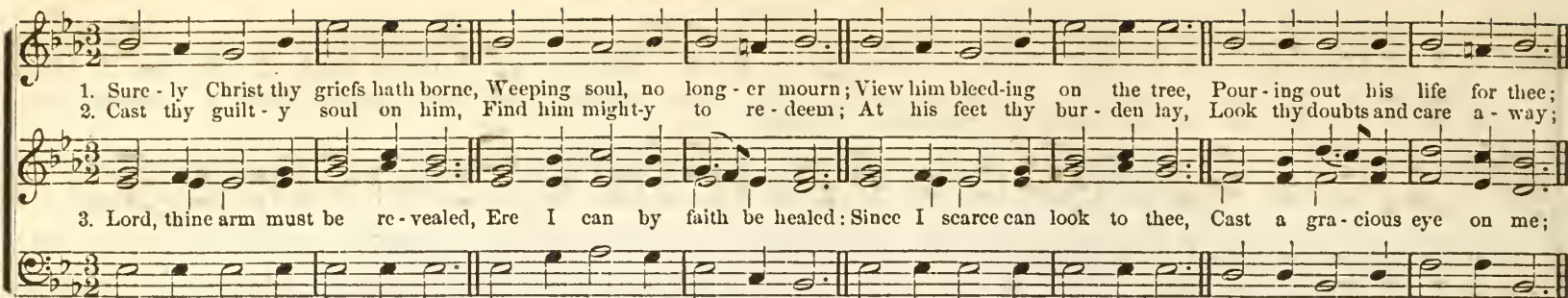
Arranged from HEROLD.

1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in his courts to - day—
2. While we seek sup - plies of grace, Thro' the dear Re - deem - er's name, Show thy re - con - cil - ing face, Take a - way our sin and shame;

3. Here we come thy name to praise; Let us feel thy pres - ence near; May thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in thy house ap - pear;

Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest, Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest,
From our worldly cares set free, May we rest, this day, in thee, From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest, this day, in thee.

Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste, Of our ev - er - last - ing feast, Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste, Of our ev - er - last - ing feast



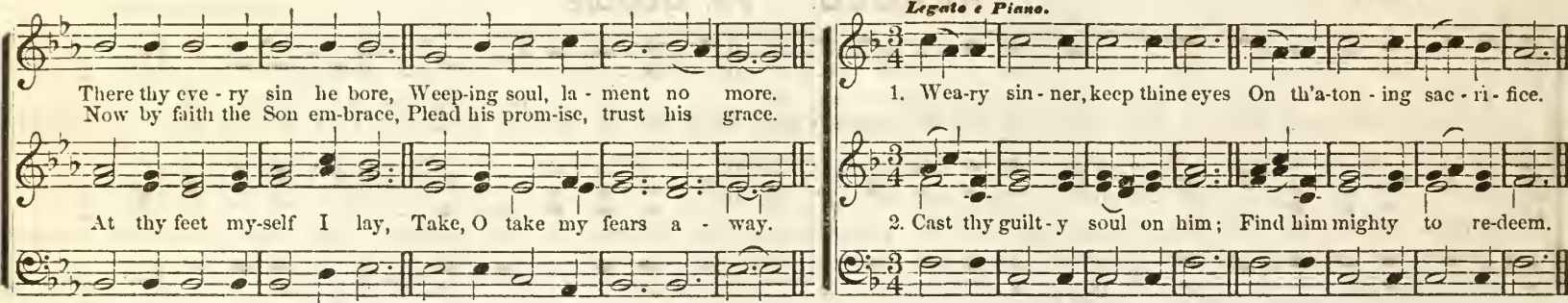
1. Sure-ly Christ thy griefs hath borne, Weeping soul, no long-er mourn; View him bleed-ing on the tree, Pour-ing out his life for thee;

2. Cast thy guilt-y soul on him, Find him might-y to re-deem; At his feet thy bur-den lay, Look thy doubts and care a-way;

3. Lord, thine arm must be re-vealed, Ere I can by faith be healed: Since I scarce can look to thee, Cast a gra-cious eye on me;

(6th P. M.) ALETTA. 7s. 6 lines.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

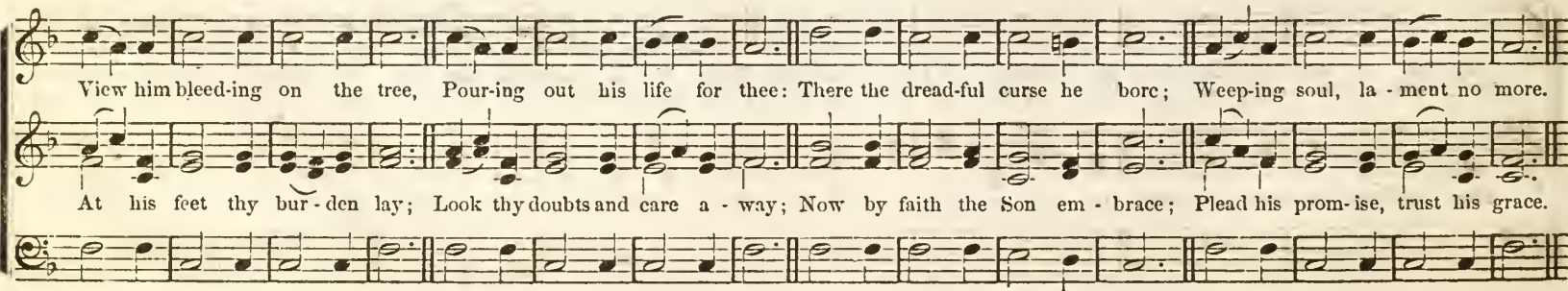
Legato e Piano.


There thy eye-ry sin he bore, Weep-ing soul, la-ment no more.
Now by faith the Son em-brace, Plead his prom-ise, trust his grace.

At thy feet my-self I lay, Take, O take my fears a-way.

1. Wea-ry sin-ner, keep thine eyes On th'a-ton-ing sac-ri-fice.

2. Cast thy guilt-y soul on him; Find him mighty to re-deem.



View him bleed-ing on the tree, Pour-ing out his life for thee: There the dread-ful curse he bore; Weep-ing soul, la-ment no more.

At his feet thy bur-den lay; Look thy doubts and care a-way; Now by faith the Son em-brace; Plead his prom-ise, trust his grace.

(7th P. M.)

HATT. 7s. Double.

WM. P. SHERWIN. 233

D. C.

FINE.

1. { Sin - ners, turn; why will ye die? God, your Ma - ker, asks you why? } God, who did your be - ling give, Made you with him - self to live; } He the fa - tal cause demands; Asks the work of his own hands, - Why, ye thankless creatures, why Will ye cross his love, and die? D. C.

(7th P. M.)

CHEROKEE. 7s. Double.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Bold and Animated.

1. { let us with a joyful mind, Praise the Lord, for he is kind: } For his mer - cies shall endure, Ev - er faithful, ever sure. } He with all commanding might, Filled the new-made world with light; For his mercies shall endure, Ever faithful, ever sure.

ST. OLAF. C. M.

H. W. GREATORREX.

1. Ye gold - en lamps of heaven, farewell, With all your fee - ble light; Farewell, thou ev - er-changing moon, Pale em - press of the night.
2. And thou, re - ful-gent orb of day, In bright - er flames ar - rayed, My soul, that springs be-yond thy sphere, No more de-mands thy aid.
3. Ye stars are but the shin-ing dust Of my di - vine a - bode, The pave-ments of those heavenly courts Where I shall see my God.

1. Faint not, Christian! though the road, Lead-ing to thy blest a - bode, Darksome be, and dang'rous too; Christ, thy Guide, will bring thee thro'.

2. Faint not, Christian! though the world, Has its hos - tile flag un - furl'd: Hold the cross of Je - sus fast, Thou shalt o - ver - come at last.

3. Faint not, Chris-tian! Je - sus near Soon in glo - ry will ap - pear; And his love will then be - stow Pow'r to con - quer ev - ery foe.

Faint not, Christian! though in rage Sat - an would thy soul en - gage; Gird on faith's an - oint - ed shield, Bear it to the bat - tle - field.

Faint not, Christian! though within There's a heart so prone to sin; Christ, the Lord, is o - ver all; He'll not suf - fer thee to fall.

Faint not, Christian! look on high; See the harp - ers in the sky: Pa - tient wait, and thou wilt join—Chant with them of love di - vine.

(5th P. M.)

ZEUNER. 7s. Single.

CH. ZEUNER.

1. An - gels, roll the rock a - way; Death, yield up thy mighty prey: See! he ris - es from the tomb—Ris - es with im - mor - tal bloom.

2. 'Tis the Sav - iour; seraphs, raise Your tri - umphant shouts of praise; Let the earth's re - mot - est bound Hear the joy - in - spir - ing sound.

3. Lift, ye saints, lift up your eyes; Now to glo - ry see him rise; Hosts of an - gels on the road Hail and sing th'in - car - nate God.

(7th P. M.)

MONTGOMERY. 7s. Double.

WM. B. BRADBURY. 235

1. "Spir - it, leave thy house of clay; Linger - ing dust, re - sign thy breath; Spir - it, cast thy chains a - way; Dust, be thou dissolved in death."
2. "Pris - on - er, long de - tained be - low, Pris - on - er, now with free - dom blest, Wel - come from a world of woe; Wel - come to a land of rest."

3. Grave, the guar - dian of our dust, Grave, the treas - ury of the skies, Ev - ery a - tom of our trust Rests in hope a - gain to rise;

Thus the might - y Sav - iour speaks, While the faith - ful Chris - tian dies; Thus the bonds of life he breaks, And the ransomed cap - tive flies.
Thus the choir of an - gels sing, As they bear the soul on high, While with hal - le - lu - jahs ring All the re - gions of the sky.

Hark! the judg - ment - trum - pet calls— "Soul, re - build thy house of clay; Im - mor - tal - i - ty thy walls, And e - ter - ni - ty thy day."

(5th P. M.)

SEYMOUR. 7s.

WEBER.

1. Heavenly Fa - ther, sov - reign Lord, Be thy glo - rious Name a - dored: Lord, thy mer - cies nev - er fail; Hail, ce - les - tial Good - ness, hail,
2. Though un - wor - thy of thine ear, Deign our hum - ble songs to hear; Pu - rer praise we hope to bring, When a - round thy throne we sing.

3. While on earth or - dained to stay, Guide our foot - steps in thy way, Till we come to dwell with thee, Till we all thy glo - ry see.

SOLO.—Soprano.

1. Je - sus, ref - uge of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,... While the rag - ing bil - lows roll, While the tem - pest still is high:
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on thee; Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone; Still support and com - fort me:

INST.

SOLO.—Tenor.

CHORUS.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the hav - en guide, O, re - ceive my soul at last.
All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;

Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of thy wing.

(5th P. M.)

LEUTHARD'S CHANT. 7s.

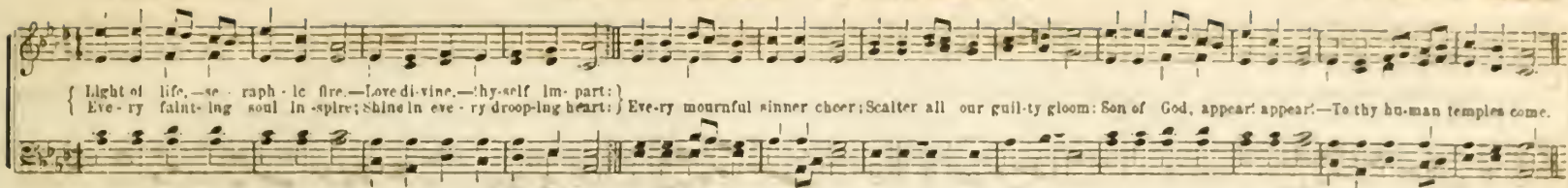
CHAS. ZEUNER.

1. Hark! that shout of rapturous joy, Burst - ing forth from yon - der cloud; Je - sus comes, and through the sky, An - gels tell their joys a - loud.
2. Hark! the trumpet's aw - ful voice Sounds a - broad o'er sea and land; Let his peo - ple now re - joice; Their re - demp - tion is at hand.
3. See, the Lord appears in view! Heaven and earth be - fore him fly; Rise, ye saints; he comes for you; Rise to meet him in the sky.

(7th P. M.)

NASSAU. 7s. Double.

Dr. T. HASTINGS. 237

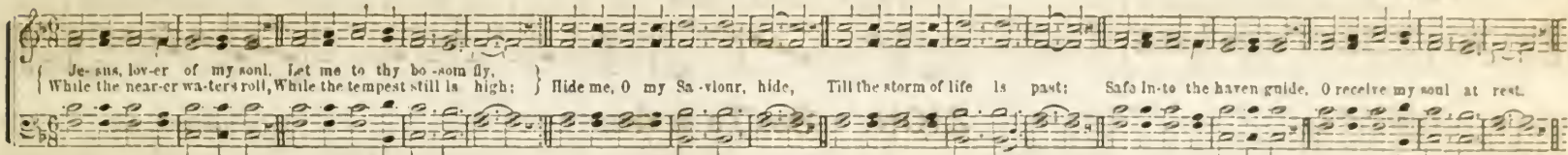


{ Light of life, — se — raph — ic fire. — Love di — vine. — Thy — self im — part: }
Eve — ry faint — ing soul in — spire; Shine in eve — ry droop — ing heart: } Eve — ry mournful sinner cheer; Scatter all our guilt — y gloom: Son of God, appear! appear! — To thy hu — man tem — ples come.

(7th P. M.)

MARTYN. 7s. Double.

S. B. MARSH.

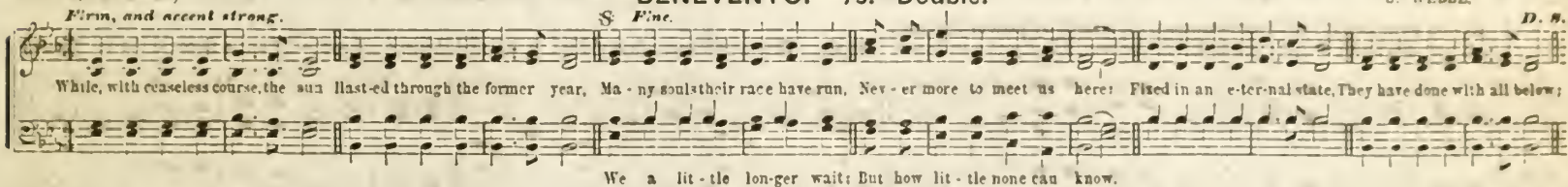


{ Je — sus, lov — er of my soul, Let me to thy bo — som fly, }
While the near — er wa — ters roll, While the tempest still is high: } Hide me, O my Sa — vour, hide, Till the storm of life is past: Safe in — to the ha — ven guide, O re — ceive my soul at rest.

(7th P. M.)

BENEVENTO. 7s. Double.

S. WEBBE.

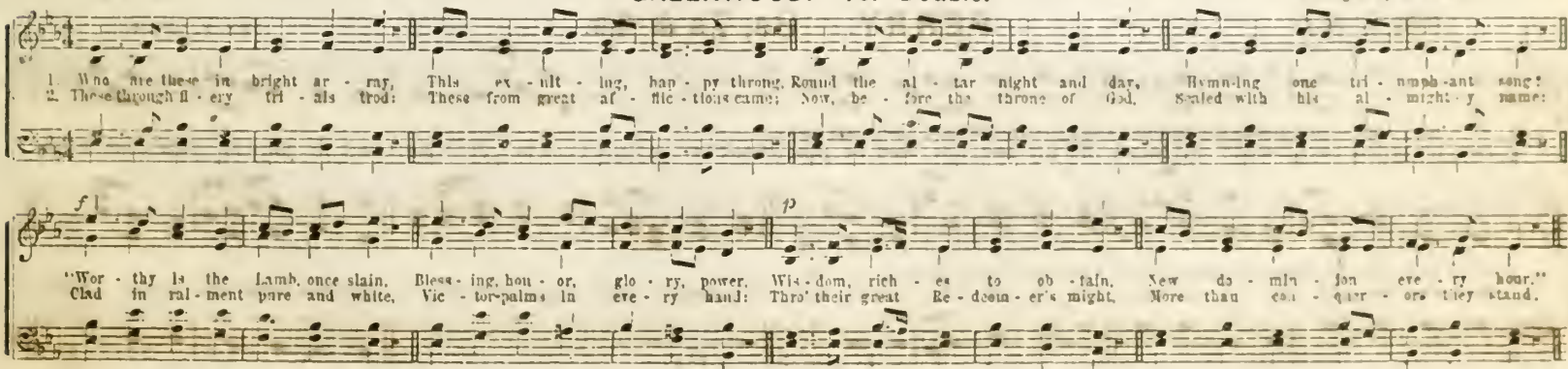


Firm, and accent strong. While, with ceaseless course, the sun has sped through the former year, Ma — ny souls their race have run, Nev — er more to meet us here: Fixed in an e — ter — nal state, They have done with all below; }
Fine. We a lit — tle lon — ger wait; But how lit — tle none can know.

(7th P. M.)

GREENWOOD. 7s. Double.

Arranged by E. IVES.



1. Who are these in bright ar — ray, This ex — ult — ing, hap — py throng, Round the al — tar night and day, Hymn — ing one tri — umph — ant song? }
2. These through il — lery tri — als trod: These from great af — flic — tions came; Now, be — fore the throne of God, Sealed with his al — mighty name: }
"Wor — thy is the Lamb, once slain, Bless — ing, hon — or, glo — ry, power, Wis — dom, rich — es to ob — tain, New do — min — ion eve — ry hour." }
Clad in ral — ment pure and white, Vic — tor — palms in ere — ry hand: Thro' their great Re — deem — er's might, More than con — quer — ors they stand."

1. { In thy name, O Lord, assembling, We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling; [OMIT.....] Speak, and let thy servants hear: Hear with meekness, Hear with meekness, Hear thy word [with godly fear]

2. { While our days on earth are lengthen'd, May we give them, Lord to thee:
Cheer'd by hope, and daily strengthen'd, [OMIT.....] May we run nor weary be; Till thy glo-ry, Till thy glo-ry, Without cloud in heaven we see.

(8th P. M.)

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Dr. T. HASTINGS, 1830.

{ Zi-on stands with hills surrounded, Zion kept by power di-vine:
All her foes shall be confounded, Th' the world in arms combine: Happy Zi-on,—What a favor'd lot is thine! Happy Zi-on,—What a favor'd lot is thine!

(8th P. M.)

PERRY. 8s, 7s & 4s.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. { O my soul, what means this sadness? Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turned to gladness; Bid thy rest-less fears be gone; Look to Je-sus, Look to Je-sus, And re-joice in his dear name.

2. { What tho' Sa-tan's strong temptations, Vex and grieve thee day by day,
And thy sin-ful in-cli-na-tions, Oft-en fill thee with dis-may; Thou shalt conquer, Thou shalt conquer, Thro' the Lamb's redeem-ing blood.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar - ren land : I am weak—but thou art might-y ; Hold me with thy powerful hand : Bread of heaven,
 2. O - pen now the crys-tal fountain, Whence the healing waters flow ; Let the fie - ry, cloudy pil-lar, Lead me all my jour - ney thro', Strong Deliv'rer,
 3. When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anxious fears subside : Bear me thro' the swelling current ; Land me safe on Canaan's side : Songs of praises,

Allegro.
 Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more.
 Strong De-liv'rer, Be thou still my strength and shield.
 Songs of prais-es I will ev-er give to thee.
 1. Men of God, go take your sta-tions ; Darkness reigns throughout the earth ; Go—proclaim a—
 2. Of his gos-pel not a-sham-ed, 'Tis the power of God to save ; Go where Christ was

- mong the na-tions, Joy-ful news of heavenly birth ; Bear the tidings—Bear the tidings—Tid-ings of the Saviour's worth, Tid-ings of the Saviour's worth.
 ney-er nam-ed, Publish freedom to the slave ; Blessed freedom !—Blessed freedom !—Freedom Zion's children have, Free-dom Zi-on's children have.



1. { Sinners, will you scorn the message, Sent in mer-cy from a - bove? }
Eve-ry sentence, O, how tender! Eve-ry line is full of love: { List-en to it, List-en to it; Eve-ry line is full of love.

2. { Hear the heralds of the gos - pel, News from Zi-on's King proclaim: }
'Pardon to each re - bel sin-ner; Free for-give-ness in his name:' { How im-port-ant, How im-port-ant! 'Free for-give-ness in his name.'

(8th P. M.)

PERKINS. 8s, 7s & 4s.

W. F. SHERWIN.

D. C.

With Spirit and Majesty.


1. { Angels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth; }
Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro-claim Mes - si - ah's birth: { Come and worship, Come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born king.

2. { Shepherds in the field a - bid - ing, Watching o'er your flocks by night, }
God with man is now re - sid - ing; Yon-der shines the in - fant light: { Come and worship, Come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born king.

(8th P. M.)

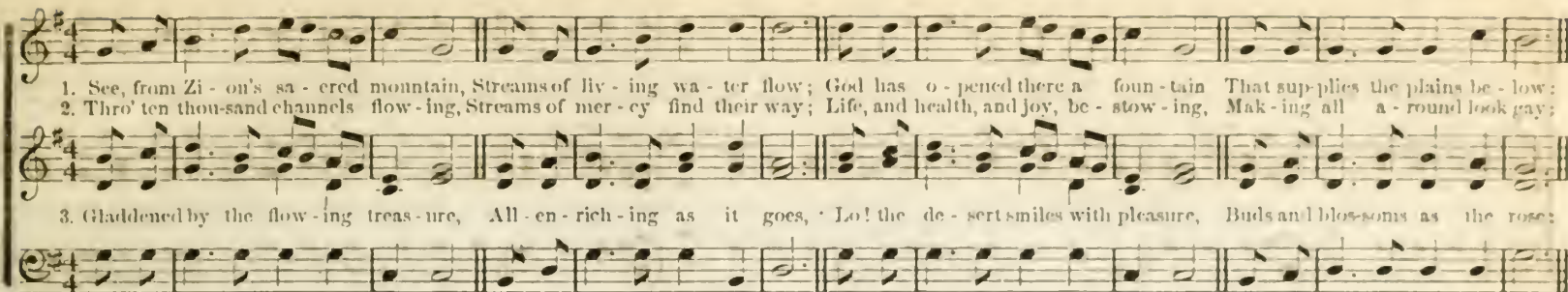
SANSOME. 8s, 7s & 4s.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. { Hark! the voice of love and mercy Sounds a-loud from Cal - va - ry; }
See! it reads the rocks a - sun-der, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky: { 'It is finished!' 'It is finished!' Hear the dying Saviour ery.

2. { 'It is finished!' Oh! what pleasure Do these charming words af - ford! }
Heavenly blessings, with - out measure, Flow to us thro' Christ, the Lord: { 'It is finished!' 'It is finished!' Saints! the dying words re-cord.



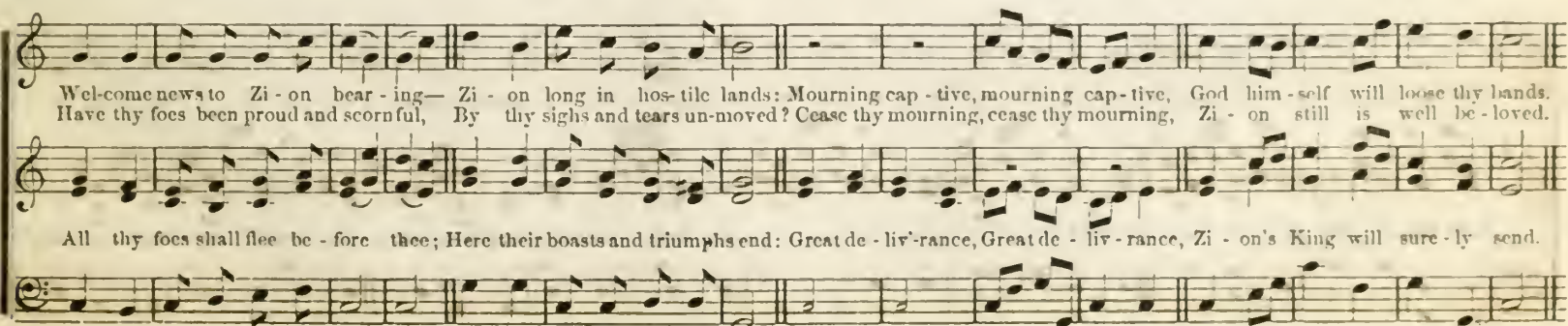
1. See, from Zi-on's sa-cred mountain, Streams of liv-ing wa-ter flow; God has o-pened there a foun-tain That sup-plies the plains be-low;
 2. Thro' ten thou-sand channels flow-ing, Streams of mer-cy find their way; Life, and health, and joy, be-stow-ing, Mak-ing all a-round look gay;
 3. Gladdened by the flow-ing treas-ure, All-en-rich-ing as it goes, Lo! the de-sert smiles with pleasure, Buds and blos-soms as the rose;

(8th P. M.) GLADDEN. 8s, 7s & 4s.

WM. F. SHERWIN.



They are bless-ed, they are bless-ed, Who its sove-reign vir-tues know.
 O ye na-tions, O ye na-tions, Hail the long-ex-pect-ed day.
 Ever-y ob-ject, eve-ry ob-ject, Sings for joy, where'er it flows.



Wel-come news to Zi-on bear-ing- Zi-on long in hos-tile lands: Mourning cap-tive, mourning cap-tive, God him-self will loose thy hands.
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful, By thy sighs and tears un-moved? Cease thy mourning, cease thy mourning, Zi-on still is well be-loved.
 All thy foes shall flee be-fore thee; Here their boasts and triumphs end: Great de-liv'-rance, Great de-liv'-rance, Zi-on's King will sure-ly send.

Allegro.

1. Zion stands with hills surround-ed, Zi-on, kept by power di-vine: All her foes shall be confounded, Tho' the world in arms combine: Happy Zi-on,—

2. Eve-ry hu-man tie may per-ish; Friend to friend unfaithful prove; Mothers cease their own to cherish; Heaven and earth at last remove; But no changes

3. In the fur-nace God may prove thee, Thence to bring thee forth more bright, But can never cease to love thee; Thou art precious in his sight: God is with thee,—

(8th P. M.) BARDINE. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Arranged from C. M. von WEBER,

Moderato e Legato.

Happy Zi-on,—What a fa-vor'd lot is thine!
But no changes Can at-tend Je-ho-vah's love.

God is with thee,—God, thine everlasting light.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je-ho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar-ren land: I am weak, but thou art mighty;

2. O-pen now the crys-tal fountain, Whence the healing streams do flow; Let the fiery cloudy, pil-lar

Hold me with thy powerful hand; Bread of heav-en, Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more.

Lead me all my jour-ney thro': Strong De-liv-'rer, Strong De-liv-'rer, Be thou still my strength and shield, Be thou still my strength and shield.

S

FINE.

1. Can my soul find rest from sor-row, Can my sins for-giv-en be, Must I wait un-til to-mor-row, Ere my Sav-iour speaks to me? Will he
D. & Will he lift this vall of blindness, And re-move this deadly pain?

2. O the darkness, how it thick-ens, Like the brood-ing of des-pair! And my soul with-in me sick-ens—God, in mer-cy, hear my prayer! Give me
D. & Help me, save me, or I per-ish, Take a-way this aw-ful night!

(9th P. M.)

VAN METER. 8s & 7s. Double.

WM. F. SHERWIS.

D. S. S

1st. 2nd.

speak in words of kindness? Will he wash a-way my sin?

but a hope to cher-ish, Give me just one ray of light—

1. { Glorious things of thee are spok-en, Zi-on, ci-ty of our God; [OMIT.....] }
{ He, whose word cannot be brok-en, Form'd thee for his [OMIT.....] own a-bode; }

2. { See, the streams of liv-ing wa-ters, Springing from e-ter-nal love, [OMIT.....] }
{ Still sup-ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of [OMIT.....] want remove: }

On the Rock of a-ges founded, What can shake thy sure re- pose? With sal-va-tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou may'st smile on all thy foes.

Who can faint while such a riv-er, Ev-er flows our thirst t'as-suage? Grace, which, like the Lord, the giv-er, Nev-er fails from age to age,

COMMISSION. 8s & 7s.

EDWARD HAMILTON.
From "Voice of Praise," by permission.

1. Je - sus, might - y King in Zi - on, Thou a - lone our Guide shalt be; Thy com - miss - ion we re - ly - on;
2. As an em - blem of thy pas - sion, And thy vic - t'ry o'er the grave, We, who know thy great sal - va - tion,
3. Fear - less of the word's de - spis - ing, We the an - cient path pur - sue; Bur - ied with our Lord, and ris - ing

(9th P. M.) EVENING BLESSING. 8s & 7s.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

We would fol - low none but thee.
Are bap - tized be - neath the wave.
To a life di - vine ly new.
1. Sav - iour, breathe an eve - ning bless - ing, Ere re - pose our
2. Though de - struc - tion walk a - round us, Though the ar - rows
3. Though the night be dark and drear - y, Dark - ness can - not

spir - its seal; Sin and want we come con - fess - ing, Thou canst save and thou canst heal,
past us fly, An - gel guards from thee sur - round us; We are safe if thou art nigh,
hide from thee; Thou art He who, nev - er wea - ry, Watch - est where thy peo - ple be.

(9th P. M.)

BARTHOLDY. 8s & 7s.

Arr. from MENDELSSOHN.

245

1. Cease, ye mourn-ers, cease to lan-guish O'er the grave of those you love; Pain, and death, and night, and anguish, En-ter not the world a - bove.
2. While our si - lent steps are stray-ing Lone - ly thro' night's deepening shade, Glory's brightest beams are playing Round the hap-py Christian's head.
3. Light and peace at once de - riv - ing From the hands of God most high, In his glo - rious presence liv - ing, They shall nev-er, nev-er die.

(9th P. M.)

TRUTH. 8s & 7s.

E. HAMILTON.
By per. from "Voice of Frr"

1. Crown his head with endless bless-ing, Who, in God the Fa-ther's name, With compassion nev - er ceas - ing, Comes sal - va - tion to pro - claim.
2. Je - sus, thee our Sav-iour hail-ing, Thee our God in praise we own; High-est hon - ors, nev - er fail - ing, Rise e - ter - nal round thy throne.
3. Now ye saints, his power confess-ing, In your grateful strains a - dore; For his mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Flows, and flows for - ev - er - more.

(9th P. M.)

DYER. 8s & 7s.

WM. P. SHERWIN.

1. Praise to thee, thou great Cre - a - tor; Praise be thine from eve - ry tongue; Join, my soul, with eve - ry creature, Join the u - ni - ver - sal song.
2. Fa - ther, source of all com-pas - sion, Free, un-bound-ed grace is thine: Hail the God of our sal - va - tion, Praise him for his love di - vine.
3. For ten thousand bless-ings giv - en, For the hope of fu - ture joy, Sound his praise thro' earth and heaven, Sound Je-ho-vah's praise on high.

1. Tar-ry with me, O my Sav-iour! For the day is pass-ing by; See! the shades of eve-ning gath-er, And the night is draw-ing nigh.

2. Fee-ble, trembling, faint-ing, dy-ing, Lord, I cast my-self on thee; Tar-ry with me thro' the dark-ness; While I sleep, still watch by me.

Deep-er, deep-er grow the shad-ows, Pal-er now the glow-ing west, Swift the night of death ad-vanc-es; Shall it be the night of rest?

Tar-ry with me, O my Sav-iour! Lay my head up-on thy breast Till the morn-ing; then a-wake me—Morning of e-ter-nal rest!

(9th P. M.)

LOUISE. 8s & 7s. Single.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

Andante. p *f cres.*

1. Zi-on, drea-ry and in an-guish, In the des-ert hast thou strayed! Oh, thou wea-ry, cease to lan-guish; Je-sus shall lift up thy head.

2. Still la-ment-ing and be-moan-ing, 'Mid thy sol-lies and thy woes! Soon, re-pent-ing and re-turn-ing, All thy sol-i-tude shall close.

3. Tho' be-night-ed and for-sak-en, Tho' af-flict-ed and dis-tressed; His al-might-y arm shall wak-en; Zi-on's King shall give thee rest.

(9th P. M.)

PHILBROOK. 8s & 7s. Double.

J. H. TENNEY. 247

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low thee : Nak - ed, poor, despised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be !
 2. Soul, then know thy full sai - va - tion, Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ; Joy to find in ev - ery sta - tion, Something still to do or bear.

3. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Arm'd by faith and wing'd by prayer, Heav'n's e - ter - nal day's be - fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there

Per - ish ev - ery fond an - ti - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known, Yet how rich is my con - di - tion—God and heav'n are still my own !
 Think what spir - it dwells with-in thee ; Think what Father's smiles are thine ; Think that Je - sus died to win thee ; Child of heav'n, canst thou re - pine !

Soon shall close thy earth - ly mis - sion, Soon shall pass thy pil - grim days ; Hope shall change to full fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

(9th P. M.)

DUBREE. 8s & 7s.

W. U. BUTCHER

Affetuoso.

1. Je - sus, while our hearts are bleeding O'er the spoils that death has won, We would, at this sol - emn meeting. Calm - ly say,—Thy will be done.
 2. Though cast down, we're not for - sak - en ; Though af - flict - ed, not a - lone : Thou didst give, and thou hast tak - en : bless - ed Lord,—Thy will be done.

3. By thy hands the boon was giv - en ; Thou hast tak - en but thine own ; Lord of earth, and God of heav - en, Ev - er - more,—Thy will be done.

1. Light of those whose dreary dwelling Borders on the shades of death, Come, and thy dear self re-vealing, Dis-si-pate the clouds beneath.

2. Still we wait for thine ap-pear-ing; Life and joy thy beams impart, Chas-ing all our fears, and cheering Eve-ry poor, be-nighted heart.

(9th P. M.)

YATES. 8 & 7s. Double.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

D. C.

Gently. FINE.

1. { Cease ye mourners, cease to lan-guish O'er the grave of those ye love! } Pain and death, and night and an-guish En-ter not the world a-bove! } While in darkness you are stray-ing, Lone-ly in the deepening shade; d. c. Glo-ry's brightest beams are play-ing Round th'im-mort-al spir-it's head.

2. { Light and peace at once de-riv-ing, From the hand of God most high, } In his glo-rious pres-ence liv-ing, They shall nev-er nev-er die; } Now ye mour-ners, cease to lan-guish O'er the grave of those you love; d. c. Far removed from pain and an-guish, They are chanting hymns a-bove.

(9th P. M.)

PEARL STREET. 8s & 7s.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

Moderately.

1. God is love; his mer-cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove; Bliss he wakes, and woe he light-ens; God is wis-dom, God is love.

2. E'en the hoor that dark-est seem-eth Will his changeless goodness prove; From the gloom his brightness streameth; God is wis-dom, God is love.

1. A - way with our sor-row and fear, We soon shall re - cov - er our home; }
 } The cit - y of saints shall appear, — The day of e - ter - ni - ty come. } From earth we shall quickly remove, And mount to our na - tive a - bode;

(10th P. M.) PEWAUKEE. 8s. D. WM. R. BRADBURY.

The house of our Father a - bove, — The palace of an - gels and God.
 1. No need of the sun in that day Which nev - er is fol - lowed by night,

Fine. *D. S.*
 Where Je - sus - 's beau - ties dis - play A pure and a per - ma - nent light: The Lamb is their Light and their Sun, And, lo! by re - flec - tion they shine;
 d. s. With Je - sus in - ef - fa - bly one, And bright in ef - ful - gence divine.

1. To Je-sus, the crown of my hope, My soul is in haste to be gone; O bear me, ye cher-u-bim, up, And waft me a-way to his throne.

2. My Sav-iour, whom ab-sent I love; Whom, not hav-ing seen, I a-dore: Whose name is ex-alt-ed a-bove All glo-ry, do-min-ion, and power.

(10th P. M.)

EMORY. 8s.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. How tedious and tasteless the hours When Je-sus no long-er I see! Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers, Have all lost their sweetness to me;

2. His Name yields the rich-est per-fume, And sweet-er than mu-sic his voice; His presence dis-pers-es my gloom, And makes all with-in me re-joice;

3. My Lord, if in-deed I am thine, If thou art my sun and my song, Say, why do I languish and pine? And why are my win-ters so long?

The midsummer's sunshines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay; But when I am hap-py in Him, De-cember's as pleas-ant as May.
I should, were he al-ways thus nigh, Have noth-ing to wish or to fear; No mor-tal so hap-py as I,— My summer would last all the year.

O drive these dark clouds from my sky; Thy soul-cheering pres-ence res-tore; Or take me to thee up-on high, Where win-ter and clouds are no more.

THE SABBATH-DAY. 6s & 4s. Peculiar.

251

WM. B. BRADBURY. Western Melody.

1. It is the Sab-bath-day, A rest to those Who love to praise and pray, And pay their vows. The bless-ed, the bless-ed, The

2. It is the Sab-bath-day That Je-sus gave: Who took death's sting a-way, And spoil'd the grave. The bless-ed, &c.

3. It is the Sab-bath-day That saw him rise: Let us his voice o-bey, Who rules the skies. The bless-ed, the bless-ed, The

(9th P. M.)

"FEED MY LAMBS!" 8s & 7s.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

bless-ed Sab-bath-day.

bless-ed Sab-bath-day.

1. "Feed my lambs!" how con-de-scend-ing, How com-pas-sion-ate the grace Of the Sav-iour,

2. Rich-est treas-ure, dear-est to-ken, From his stores of love to give; Kept from age to

just as-cend-ing, Thus to bless our in-fant race: "Lov'st thou thy Sav-iour! feed my lambs!"

age un-brok-en, Till its boun-ty we re-ceive: "Lov'st thou thy Sav-iour! feed my lambs!"

3. Who, without that word of blessing,
Could our dark estate have told!
Sin and woe our souls distressing,
Lost, and wandering from his fold;
"Lov'st thou thy Saviour! feed my lambs!"
4. "Feed my lambs!" ye pastors, hear it!
Feed the flock of his own hand;
Oh, for him, for us, revere it—
Keep the Shepherd's last command;
"Lov'st thou thy Saviour! feed my lambs!"

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings; Thy bet-ter por-tion trace; Rise from tran-si-to-ry things, Tow'rd heaven, thy native place:
D. S. Rise my soul, and haste a-way To seats pre-pared a-bove.

2. Riv-ers to the o-cean run, Nor stay in all their course; Fire, as-cend-ing, seeks the sun; Both speed them to their source:
D. S. Up-ward tends to his a-bode, To rest in his em-brace.

(11th P. M.)

GRIFFIN. 7s & 6s.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

D. S. Sun, and moon, and stars de-cay; Time shall soon this earth re-move;
So a soul that's born of God, Pants to view his glo-rious face;

Maestoso. 1. See the gos-pel Church se-cure, And founded on a Rock;
2. Zi-on's God is all our own, Who on his love re-ly;

FINE.

D. S.

All her prom-is-es are sure; Her bul-warks who can shock; Count her eve-ry pre-cious shrine; Tell, to af-ter a-ges tell,—
D. S. For-ti-fied by power di-vine, The Church can nev-er fail.

We his pard-'ning love have known, And live to Christ, and die: To the new Je-ru-sa-lem He our faith-ful Guide shall be;
D. S. Him we claim, and rest in him, Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty.

(11th P. M.)

TIME IS WINGING. 7s & 6s. Peculiar.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

253

{ Time is winging us away To our e - ter - nal home; }
 { Life is but a winter's day, A journey to the tomb; } Youth and vigor soon will flee, Blooming beauty lose its charms; All that's mortal soon will be En - clos'd in death's cold

[arms.]

(11th P. M.)

AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s. Peculiar. Or 8s & 6s.*

{ Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace; }
 { Rise from all terrestrial things T'wards heaven thy native place; } Sun and moon and stars decay; Time shall soon this earth remove; Rise, my soul, and haste away To seats prepar'd

[above.]

(11th P. M.)

RUSHFORD. 7s & 6s. Peculiar.

I. R. WOODBURY.

Moderato.

To the hills I lift my eyes, The everlasting hills; }
 Streaming thence in fresh supplies, My soul the Spirit feels: } Will he not his help afford I Help, while yet I ask is given: God comes down, the God and Lord Who made both earth and

[heav'n.]

(11th P. M.)

DANVERS. 7s & 6s. Peculiar.

I. R. WOODBURY.

Fine.

{ Zi - on's God is all our own, Who on his love re - ly; }
 { We his pard'ning love have known, And live to Christ, and die; } To the New Je - ru - sa - lem He our faith - ful Guide shall be;

D. C. Him we claim, and rest in him, Through all e - ter - ni - ty.

D. C.

1. { See the gospel Church secure And founded on a Rock ; } Count her every precious shrine ; Tell, to after ages tell, — Fortified by power divine, The Church can never fail.
All her promises are sure ; Her bulwarks who cau shock ?

2. { Zi-on's God is all our own, Who on his love re-ly ; } To the New Jerusalem He our faithful Guide shall be ; Him we claim, and rest in him, Thro' all eterni-ty.
We his pard'ning love have known, And live to Christ, and die :

(12th P. M.)

PALESTINE. 7s, 6s & 8s.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Lamb of God, whose dying love We now recall to mind, Send the answer from above, And let us mercy find ; Think on us who think on thee, And every struggling soul release ;
D. S. O remember Cal-va-ry, And bid us go in peace.

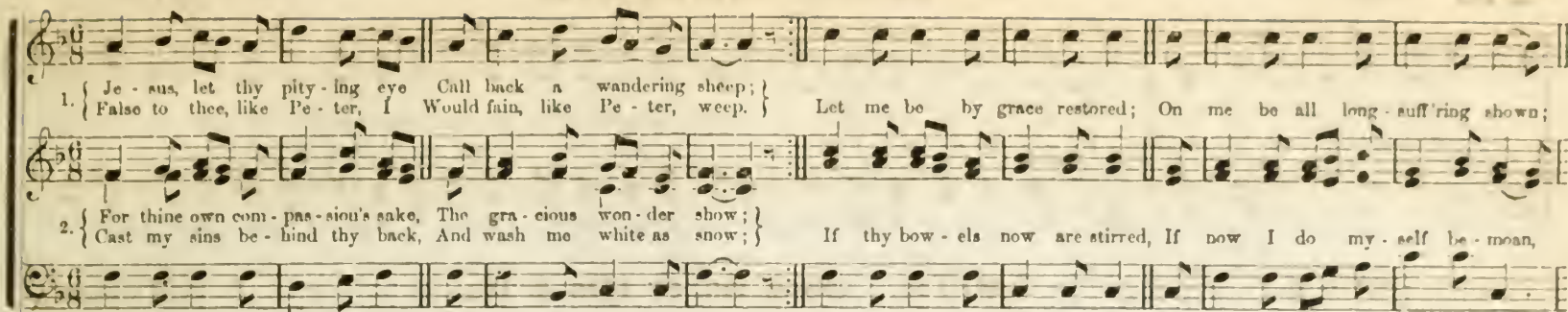
2. Let thy blood, by faith applied, The sinner's pardon seal ; Speak us freely justified, And all our sickness heal : By thy passion on the tree, Let all our griefs and troubles cease ;
D. S. O remember Cal-va-ry, And bid us go in peace.

(12th P. M.)

ROCKPORT. 7s, 6s & 8s.

I. B. WOODBURY.

{ Vain, de-lu-sive world, a-dieu, With all of crea-ture good : } All thy pleas-ures I fore-go ; I tram-ple on thy wealth and pride ;
On-ly Je-sus I pur-sue, Who bought me with his blood : }
D. C. On-ly Je-sus will I know, And Je-sus cru-ei-fied.



1. { Je - sus, let thy pity - ing eye Call back a wandering sheep; }
False to thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain, like Pe - ter, weep. } Let me be by grace restored; On me be all long - suff'ring shown;

2. { For thine own com - pas - sion's sake, The gra - cious won - der show; }
Cast my sins be - hind thy back, And wash me white as snow; } If thy bow - els now are stirred, If now I do my - self be - moan,

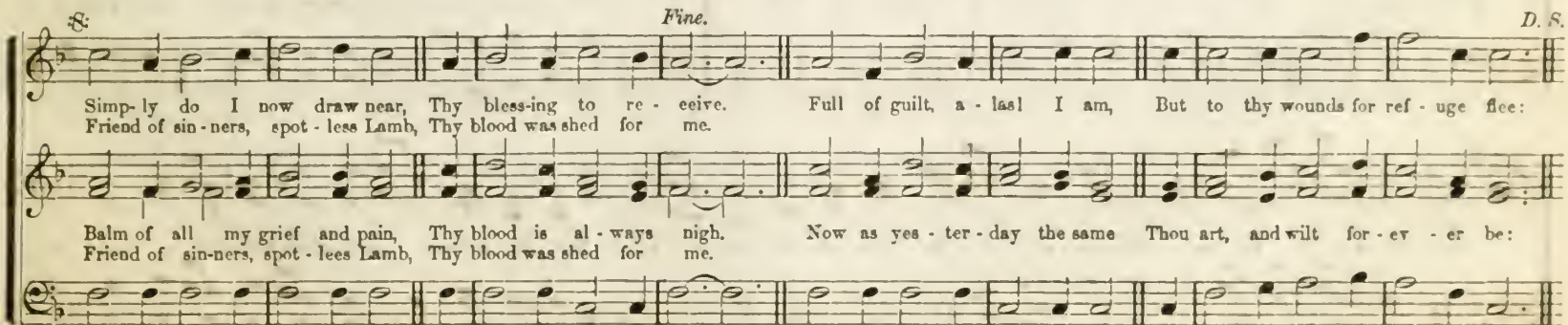
(12th P. M.) REFUGE. 7s, 6s & 8. S. MAIN.



Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

1. God of my sal - va - tion, hear, And help me to be - lieve;

2. Stand - ing now as new - ly slain, To thee I lift mine eye;



8: Fine. D. S.

Simply do I now draw near, Thy blessing to re - ceive. Full of guilt, a - las! I am, But to thy wounds for ref - uge flee:
Friend of sin - ners, spot - less Lamb, Thy blood was shed for me.

Balm of all my grief and pain, Thy blood is al - ways nigh. Now as yes - ter - day the same Thou art, and wilt for - ev - er be:
Friend of sin - ners, spot - less Lamb, Thy blood was shed for me.

Fine.

1. { Wretched, helpless, and distress'd, Ah! whith-er shall I fly! } Na - ked, sick, and poor and blind,—Fast bound in sin and mis - e - ry,—
 { Ev - er gasp - ing aft - er rest, I can - not find it nigh: }
 Friend of sin - ners, let me find, My help, my all, in thee.

D. C.

(13th P. M.)

SMITH. 5s & 6s, or 10s & 11s.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. All glo - ry and praise to Je - sus our Lord, So plenteous in grace, so true to his word; To us he hath giv - en the
 2. The truth of our God we bold - ly as - sert; His love shed a - broad, and power in our heart Ye all may in - her - it, on

(13th P. M.) GRAFF. 5s & 6s, or 10s & 11s. WM. F. SHERWIN.

gift from a - bove,— The ear - nest of heav - en, the Spi - rit of love.
 Je - sus who call; The gift of his Spi - rit is proffered to all.

1. Ye servants of God, Your master proclaim, And publish a -

broad, His won - der - ful name: The name all vic - to - rious of Je - sus ex - tol; His king - dom is glo - rious And rules o - ver all.

(13th P. M.)

HUBERT. 10s & 11s.

CHESTER G. ALLEN. 257

1. Appointed by thee, we meet in thy name, And meekly agree to follow the Lamb; To trace thy example, the world to disdain, And constantly trample on pleasure and pain.

2. O what shall we do our Saviour to love! To make us anew, come, Lord, from above: The fruit of thy passion, thy holiness, give; Give us the sal-vation of all that believe.

The musical score for Hubert's hymn is written in 3/4 time. It consists of three staves. The first staff is the melody, the second is the alto part, and the third is the bass part. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The first line of music contains measures 1 through 8, which correspond to the first two lines of the lyrics.

(13th P. M.)

LYONS. 5s & 6s. Or 10s & 11s.

HAYDN.

1. Appointed by thee, we meet in thy name, And meekly agree to follow the Lamb; To trace thy example, the world to disdain, And constantly trample on pleasure and pain.

2. O what shall we do our Saviour to love! To make us anew, come, Lord, from above: The fruit of thy passion, thy ho-li-ness, give; Give us the sal-vation of all that believe.

The musical score for Lyons' hymn is written in 3/4 time. It consists of three staves. The first staff is the melody, the second is the alto part, and the third is the bass part. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The first line of music contains measures 1 through 8, which correspond to the first two lines of the lyrics.

(14th P. M.)

ST. MICHAEL'S. 10s & 11s.

HANDEL.

1. All praise to the Lamb I accepted I am, Thro' faith in the Saviour's ador - a - ble name: In him I con-fide. his blood is applied; For me he hath suffered, for me he hath died.

2. Not a doubt doth arise to darken the skies, Or hide for a moment my Lord from mine eyes: In him I am blest, I lean on his breast, And lo! in his wound I con-tin-ue to rest.

The musical score for St. Michael's hymn is written in 3/4 time. It consists of three staves. The first staff is the melody, the second is the alto part, and the third is the bass part. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The first line of music contains measures 1 through 8, which correspond to the first two lines of the lyrics.

1. Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise; Exalt thy tow'ring head, and lift thine eyes; See heaven its sparkling portals wide display, And break upon thee in a flood
[of day.

2. See a long race thy spacious courts adorn; See future sons and daughters, yet unborn, In crowding ranks on every side arise, Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

HOUSE OF OUR GOD. 10s & 11s.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. { House of our God, with cheerful anthems ring, While all our lips and hearts his graces sing; }
 { The opening year his graces shall proclaim, And all its days be vo-cal with his name; } The Lord is good, his mer-cy nev-er ending; His

2. { The heaven of heavens be with his bounty fills; Ye seraph's bright, on ever-blooming hills, }
 { His honors sound; you to whom good alone, Un-miu-gled, ev-er growing has been known; } Through your immor-tal life, with love increasing, Pro-

RANSOM. 8,6,6.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

blessings in perpetual showers descend-ing.

claim your Maker's goodness nev-er ceasing.

1. Shepherd, while thy flock is feed-ing, Take these lambs in thine arms, Now for shelter plead-ing.

2. Shepherd, ev-ery grace combin-ing, Keep these lambs in thine arms, On thy breast re-clin-ing.

1. O how hap-py are they Who the Saviour o-bey, And have laid up their treasures a-bove; Tongue can nev-er ex-press The sweet
2. Je-sus all the day long Was my joy and my song, O that all his sal-va-tion might see; He hath loved me, I cried, He hath

3. O the rap-tur-ous height Of that ho-ly de-light Which I felt in the life-giv-ing blood; Of my Saviour possess'd, I was

(15th P. M.) WORRELL. 11s & 9s. HENRY TUCKER.

com-fort and peace Of a soul in its ear-li-est love, suf-fer'd and died, To re-deem ev-en reb-els like me.

per-fect-ly blest, As if fill'd with the full-ness of God.

deem-er appeared up-on earth; How can we re-frain To u-nite in the strain, And to hail our In-ma-nu-el's birth!
knowledge him JAH, the I AM: We al-so will join In a hymn so di-vine, Giv-ing glo-ry to God and the Lamb!

1. Come, let us as-cend, My eom-pan-ion and frieud, To a taste of the banquet a-bove: If thy heart be as mine, If for Je-sus it pine,
2. Who in Je-sus eon-fide, We are bold to out-ride The storms of af-flie-tion be-neath; With the prophet we soar To the heav-en-ly shore,

3. By faith we are eome To our per-ma-nent home; By hope we the rapture im-prove: By love we still rise, And look down on the skies,

(15th P. M.)

NEWMAN. 6s & 9s.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

Come up in-to the char-iot of love,
And out-fly all the ar-rows of death.

For the heav-en of heavens is love.

1. Come a-way to the skies, My be-lov-ed, a-rise, And re-joice in the day thou wast born;
2. We have laid up our love And our treas-ure a-bove, Though our bod-ies eon-tin-ue be-low;
3. With sing-ing we praise The o-rig-i-nal grace, By our heav-en-ly Fa-ther bestowed;

On the fes-ti-val day, Come ex-ult-ing a-way, And with sing-ing to Zi-on re-turn, And with sing-ing to Zi-on re-turn.
The redeemed of our Lord, We re-mem-ber his word, And with sing-ing to par-a-dise go, And with sing-ing to par-a-dise go.

Our be-ing re-ceive From his boun-ty, and live To the hon-or and glo-ry of God, To the hon-or and glo-ry of God.

(16th P. M.)

Mc CONNELL. 11s & 12s.

CHESTER G. ALLEN. 261

1. My God, I am thine; what a com-fort di-vine, What a bless-ing, to know that my Je-sus is mine! In the heav-en - ly Lamb thrice
 2. True pleas-ures a-bound in the rap-tur-ous sound, And who-ev - er hath found it, hath par - a - dise found; My Re-deem-er to know, to

3. Yet on-ward I haste to the heav-en - ly feast; That in - deed is the ful-ness, but this is the taste; And this I shall prove, till with

(17th P. M.) EMERSON. 10s.

WM. F. SHEERWIN.
Aug 24, 1900.

hap-py I am; And my heart doth re-joice at the sound of his name.
 feel his blood flow, This is life ev-er-last-ing—'tis heav-en be-low.

joy I re-move, To the heav-en of heavens in Je-sus's love.

1. Go to the grave in all thy glo-rious prime,
 2. Go to the grave; at noon from la-bor cease;

3. Go to the grave; for there thy Sav-iour lay,
 4. Go to the grave:—no; take thy seat a-bove;

In full ac-tiv-i-ty of zeal and power; A Christian can-not die be-fore his time; The Lord's ap-point-ment is the serv-ant's hour.
 Rest on thy sheaves; thy har-vest-task is done, Come from the heat of bat-tle, and in peace, Sol-dier, go home; with thee the fight is won.

In death's em-brace, ere he a-rose on high; And all the ran-somed, by that nar-row way, Pass to e-ter-nal life beyond the sky.
 Be thy pure spir-it pres-ent with the Lord, Where thou for faith and hope hast per-fect love, And o-pen vis-ion for the writ-ten word.

1. Hail, hap - py day! thou day of ho - ly rest! What heavenly peace and transport fill my breast, When Christ, the God of grace, in love de - scends.

2. Let earth and all its van - i - ties be gone, Move from my sight, and leave my soul a - lone; Its flattering, fad - ing glo - ries I des - pise,

3. Fain would I mount and pen - e - trate the skies, And on my Saviour's glo - ries fix my eyes: O, meet my ris - ing soul, thou God of love,

(18th P. M.) * NEW YEAR. 10s, 5s 6s & 12s.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

And kind-ly holds communion with his friends!
And to im - mor - tal beauties turn my eyes.

1. Come, let us a - new our journey pur - sue, Roll round with the year, And nev - er stand still till the
2. Our life is a dream: our time, as a stream, Glides swiftly a - way, And the fu - gi - tive moment re -

And waft it to the blissful realms a - bove.

3. O that each, in the day of his coming may say, I have fought my way thro'; I have finish'd the work thou did'st

Mas - ter ap - pear. His a - dor - a - ble will let us glad - ly - ful - fil, And our tal - ents im - prove, By the pa - tience of hope, and the la - bor of love.

fus es to stay. The ar - row is flown,—the moment is gone; The mil - len - nial year, Rushes on to our view, and e - ter - ni - ty's here.

give me to do. O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,—Well and faithfully done! Enter in - to my joy, and sit down on my throne.

THIS IS NOT YOUR REST. (MICAH, 2-10.)

263

Words and Music by R. W. TELLER.

1. Not up - on the bus - y fields Where our hands are toil - ing, Not where our best harv - est yields Most of sweat and tears: No, not here—

2. Not where dust in dark'ning cloud, Fair - est brow is soil - ing; Not where trembling forms are bowed 'Neath the weight of years: No, not here—

no, not here: Rest not here, oh, wea - ry saint! Tho' your heart be sick and faint, God has heard thy sad complaint, And will give you rest.

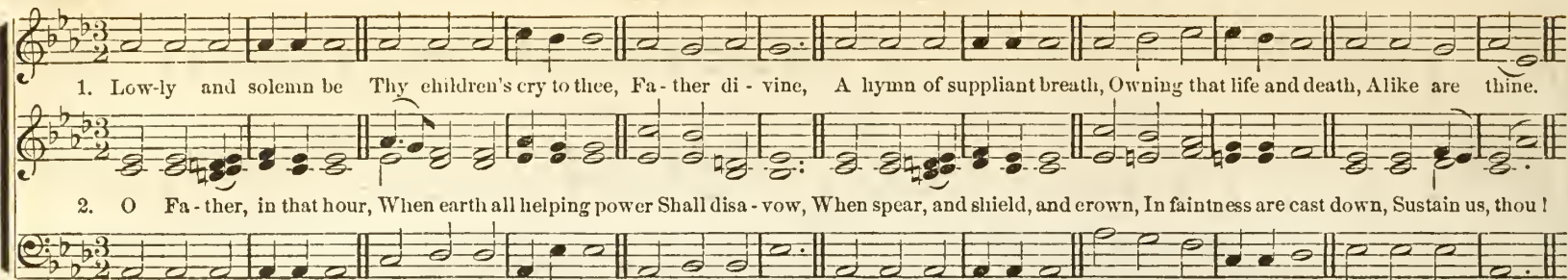
no, not here: Rest not here, oh, wea - ry saint! Tho' your heart be sick and faint, God has heard thy sad complaint, And will give you rest.

With Vigor, and strong Accent.

CHURCH HILL. 10,11,12.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

{ Breast the wave, Christian, when it is strong - est; }
 { Watch for day, Christian, when night is long - est: } Onward and upward shall be thy en - dea - vor; The rest that re - main - eth en - dur - eth for - ev - er.



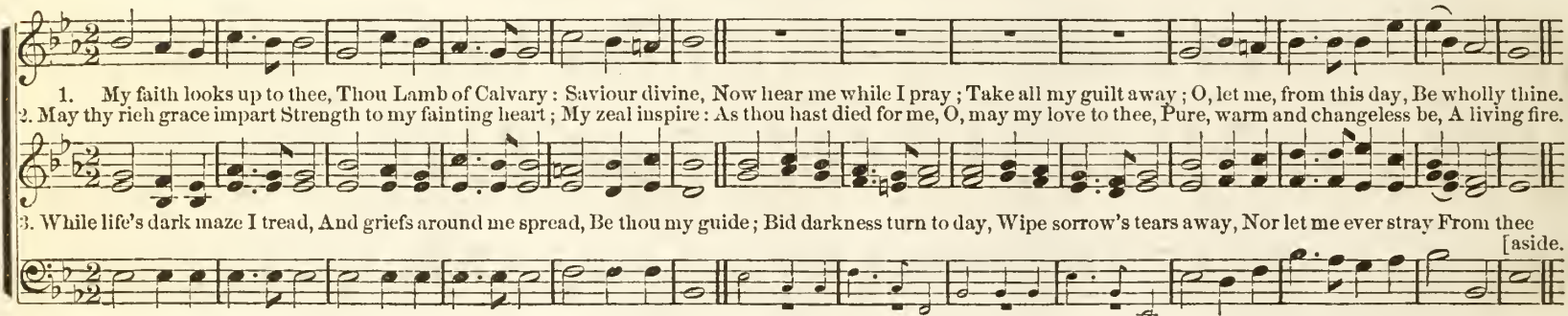
1. Low-ly and solemn be Thy children's cry to thee, Fa-ther di-vine, A hymn of suppliant breath, Owning that life and death, Alike are thine.

2. O Fa-ther, in that hour, When earth all helping power Shall dis-a-vow, When spear, and shield, and crown, In faintness are cast down, Sustain us, thou!

(19th P. M.)

LAMB OF CALVARY. 6s & 4s.

WM. F. SHERWIN.



1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary: Saviour divine, Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt away; O, let me, from this day, Be wholly thine.

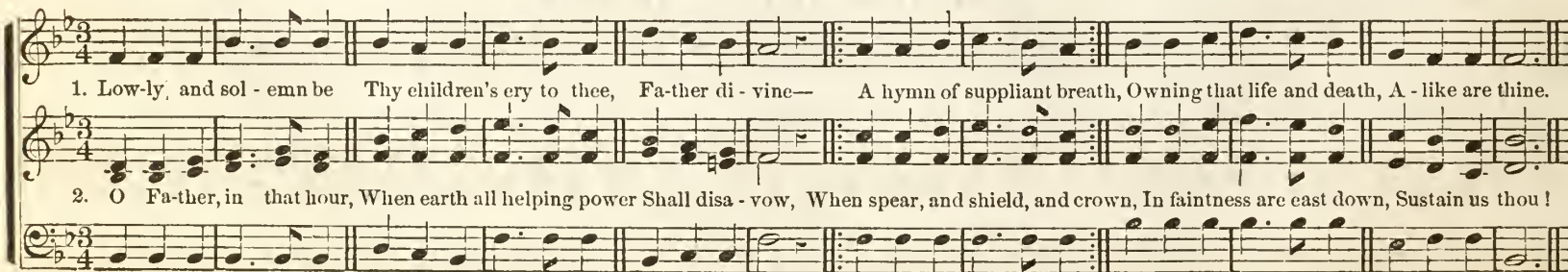
2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart; My zeal inspire: As thou hast died for me, O, may my love to thee, Pure, warm and changeless be, A living fire.

3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be thou my guide; Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ever stray From thee [aside].

(19th P. M.)*

HEMANS. 6s & 4s. Peculiar.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Low-ly, and sol-lemn be Thy children's cry to thee, Fa-ther di-vine— A hymn of suppliant breath, Owning that life and death, A-like are thine.

2. O Fa-ther, in that hour, When earth all helping power Shall dis-a-vow, When spear, and shield, and crown, In faintness are cast down, Sustain us thou!

(19th P. M.)

OLIVET. 6s & 4s.

Dr. L. MASON. 265

1. Glory to God on high! Let earth and sky reply, Praise ye his name; His love and grace adore; Who all our sorrows bore: Sing loud for evermore, Worthy the Lamb.

The musical score for 'OLIVET' is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major, 2/4 time. It consists of two systems of staves. The lyrics are printed below the first system.

(19th P. M.)

AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

NATIONAL HYMN. Words by Rev. S. F. SMITH

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing: Land where my fathers died: Land of the pilgrims' pride: From every mountain side let freedom ring.
2. My native country! thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and temple hills: My heart with rapture thrills like that above.
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.

The musical score for 'AMERICA' is written for a four-part choir in G major, 3/4 time. It includes a 'Tacet' instruction for the Soprano part at the beginning. The lyrics are printed below the first system.

Allegretto. (19th P. M.)

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

F. GIARDINI

1. Come, thou Almighty King, Help us thy name to sing; Help us to praise! Father all glorious; O'er all victorious, Come and reign o-ver us, Ancient of days!

The musical score for 'ITALIAN HYMN' is written for a four-part choir in G major, 4/4 time. The lyrics are printed below the first system.

(19th P. M.)

NEW HAVEN. 6s & 4s.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine; Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt away; O, let me, from this day, Be wholly thine.
2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart; My zeal inspire; As thou hast died of me, O, may my love to thee, Pure, warm, and changless be—A living fire.

The musical score for 'NEW HAVEN' is written for a four-part choir in G major, 2/4 time. The lyrics are printed below the first system.

Moderato.

1. To-day the Saviour calls: Ye wand'ers, come; O ye be-nighted souls, Why long-er roam? 2. To-day the Saviour calls: O hear him now; Within these sacred walls To Je-sus bow.

3. To-day the Saviour calls: For ref-uge fly; The storm of justice falls, And death is nigh. 4. The Spirit calls to-day: Yield to his power; O grieve him not a-way; 'Tis mer-cy's hour.

CHILD OF SIN AND SORROW. 6s & 4s. Peculiar.

Dr. HASTINGS.

1. Child of sin and sor-row, Filled with dis-may, Wait not for to-mor-row, Yield thee to-day; heaven bids thee come. While yet there's room, Child of sin and sorrow, Hear, and o-bey.

2. Child of sin and sor-row, Why wilt thou die? Come while thou canst borrow Help from on high; Grieve not that love Which from a-bove, Child of sin and sorrow, Would bring thee nigh.

3. Child of sin and sor-row, Thy moments glide, Like the flitting ar-row, Or the rushing tide: Ere time is o'er, Heaven's grace implore, Child of sin and sor-row, In Christ con-fide.

ABIDING REST. 8s & 7s. Peculiar.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. I now have found abiding rest For which I long was sighing, Now, on my Saviour's faithful breast, My weary head is lying: This is the place where sin no more, And Death and Hell [alarm me;]

2. He whispers me—"I'm wholly thine, And thou art mine forever; Henceforth all fear and doubt resign, Confiding in my favor! Thy every want shall find supply From my exhaustless treasures; I'll fill thy spirit with my joy, The pledge of endless pleasures.

3. I thank thee, God's beloved Son, Thy boundless grace adoring, Which brought thee from thy glorious throne, Our peace with God restoring: O make my heart a shrine, where peace Shall keep her constant dwelling; Where grateful praise shall never cease, Abroad thy glories telling.

d. c. I now am safe, by Jesus' power, From all that else would harm me.

1. Je - sus, thou art our King! To me thy suc - cor bring; Christ the mighty one art thou; Help for all on thee is laid: This the word: I claim it now: Send me now the promised aid.

2. High on the Father's throne, O look with pi - ty down! Help, O help, at - tend my call; Captive and cap - ti - vity; King of glo - ry, Lord of all, Christ, be Lord, be King to me.

HAGUE. 12s & 11s.

WM. F. SHEPWIN.

1. Mark, sin - ner, while God from on high doth en - treat thee, And warnings with accents of mer - cy doth blend; Give ear to his voice, lest in judgment he

2. How oft of thy dan - ger and guilt he hath told thee! How oft still the message of mer - cy doth send! Haste, haste, while he waits in his arms to en -

3. The Sav - iour will call thee in judgment be - fore him: O, bow to his sceptre, and make him thy Friend; Now yield him thy heart; and make haste to a -

FORGIVE. 5s & 7s.

WM. R. BRADBURY.

meet thee; "The har - vest is pass - ing, the sum - mer will end."
- fold thee; "The har - vest is pass - ing, the sum - mer will end."

- dore him; "Thy har - vest is pass - ing, thy sum - mer will end."

1. Forgive my folly, O Lord most ho - ly; Cleanse me from every stain.

2. For thee I languish, Pi - ty my anguish, Nor let my life be in vain.

1. The God of Abrah'm praise, Who reigns enthroned a - bove: An - cient of ev - er - last - ing days, And God of love: JEHOVAH, GREAT I AM!

2. The God of Abrah'm praise, At whose supreme com - mand From earth I rise, and seek the joys At his right hand: I all on earth for - sake,

3. He by himself hath sworn: I on his oath de - pend; I shall, on ea - gle's wings upborne, To heaven as - cend; I shall be - hold his face,

(21st P. M.) MUSCATINE. 6s, 8s & 4s. WM. B. BRADBURY.

By earth and heaven confess'd; I bow and bless the sa - cred Name, For - ev - er blest.
Its wis - dom, fame, and power; And him my on - ly por - tion make, My shield and tower.

I shall his power a - dore, And sing 'the won - ders of his grace For ev - er - more.

1. Proclaim the loft - y praise Of Him who

2. The Son of God a - dore; Ye ransom'd

once was slain, But now is risen thro' end - less days To live and reign, He lives and reigns on high, Who bought us with His blood,
d. s. Enthroned a - bove the far - thest sky, Our Sav - iour God.

spread his fame; With joy and glad - ness ev - er - more Laud his great name; Let ev - every tongue con - fess That Je - sus Christ is Lord,
d. s. And ev - every crea - ture join to bless Th'in - car - nate Word.

Bold.

1. Hark! how the gos-pel trumpet sounds, As thro' the world the ech - o bounds, Proclaiming to a ruined race, That through the riches of His grace,
 2. Hail, Je - sus! all - vic - to - rious Lord! Be thou by all man - kind a - dored! For us didst thou the fight maintain, And o'er our foes the vic'try gain,
 3. And when, thro' grace, our course is run, The bat-tle fought, the vic - t'ry won, Then crowns unfad-ing we shall wear, The glo-ry of thy kingdom share,

THE NEW JERUSALEM. C. M. With Chorus. G. P. BENJAMIN.

Sin - ners may see the Saviour's face, In end-less day.
 That we, with thee, might ever reign, In end-less day.
 With thee, our glorious leader, there, In end-less day.
 1. Je - ru - sa - lem! my happy home! Name ever dear to me! When shall my la-bors
 2. Oh, when, thou city of my God, Shall I thy courts ascend, Where ev-er-more the
 3. There happier bowers, than Eden's bloom, Nor sin nor sorrow know: Blest seats! thro' rude

CHORUS.

have an end, In joy and peace in thee? There'll be no part-ing, There'll be no part-ing, There'll be no part-ing, There'll be no parting there
 an-gels sing, Where Sabbaths have no end? There'll be no part-ing, &c.
 stormy scenes, I on-ward press to you. There'll be no part-ing, There'll be no part-ing, There'll be no part-ing, There'll be no parting there.

1. Hark ! hark ! a shout of joy ! The world, the world is call - ing In East and West, in North and South, See Satan's kingdom falling. Wake ! wake ! the church of

2. Trust, trust the faithful God : His promise is un - fail - ing ; The prayer of faith can pierce the skies ; Its breath is all-prevailing. Look ! look ! the fields are

God, And dis - si - pate thy slum - bers ; Shake off thy dead - ly ap - a - thy, And mar - shal all thy numbers, And marshal all thy num - bers.

white : And stay thy hand no long - er ; Tho' Sa - tan's mighty le - gions fight, The arm of God is strong - er, The arm of God is strong - er.

DROOPING SOULS. 7s, & 6s. Pec.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

D. C.

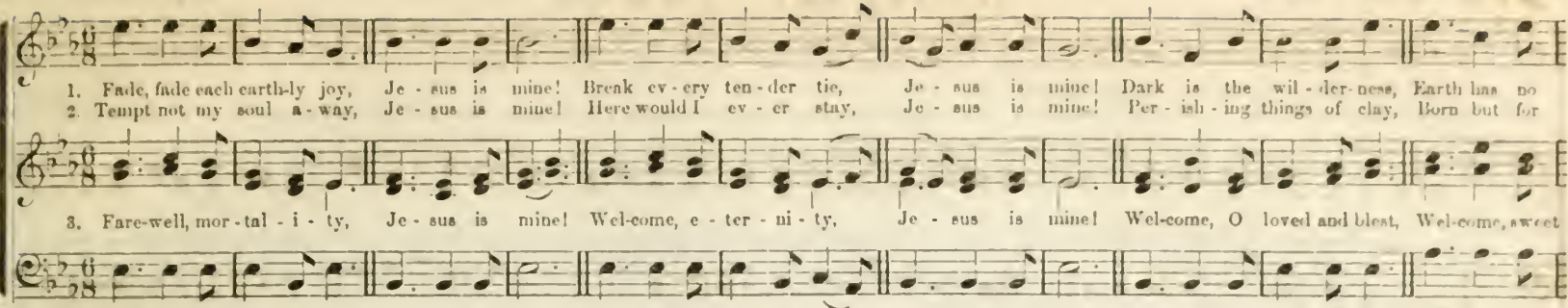
1. { Drooping souls, no long - er mourn, Je - sus still is pre - cious ; [OMIT....] }
 If to him you now re - turn, Heaven will be pro - [OMIT....] - pi - tious. } Je - sus now is pass - ing by, Call - ing wanderers near him ;
 d. c. Drooping souls, you need not die, If you will but hear him.

2. { He has par - dons, full and free, Droop - ing souls to glad - den ; [OMIT....] }
 Still he cries—"Come un - to me, Wea - ry, heav - y, [OMIT....] la - den." } Tho' your sins like mountains high, Rise, and reach to heav - en ;
 d. c. Soon as you on him re - ly, All shall be ' for - - giv - en.

JESUS IS MINE. 6s & 4s.

T. E. PERKINS. By permission.

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1. Fade, fade each earth-ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - ery ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der - ness, Earth has no
 2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born but for

3. Fare-well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, O loved and blest, Wel - come, sweet

BETHANY. 6s & 4s. Dr. L. MASON. By permission.



rest - ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
 one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!

scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Je - sus is mine!

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee: E'en though it
 2. Though like a wan - der - er, Day - light all gone, Dark - ness be

3. There let the way ap - pear Steps up to heaven; All that thou

be a cross That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.
 o - ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, &c.

send - est me In mer - cy given; An - gels to beck - on me, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

272 (24th P. M.)

YORKVILLE. 6s & 8s.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. { Ye simple ones, that stray Far from the path of peace, } [of God !
 That unfrequent-ed way To life and happiness :— } How long will ye your folly love, And throng the downward road, And hate the wisdom from above, And mock the sons

2. { Rich-es no tongue can tell In Jesus' love we know, }
 And pleasures from the well Of life our souls o'erflow : } From him the Spirit we receive Of wisdom, grace and power, And always sorrowful we live, Rejoicing ev-er-more.

(24th P. M.)

ELLERY. 6s & 8s.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

{ Ye simple ones that stray Far from the path of peace, } And hate the wisdom from above,
 { That unfrequented way To life and happiness ;— } How long will ye your folly love, And throng the downward road, And mock the sons of God.

(25th P. M.)

GOFFE. 7s, 8s & 7s.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Wor-ship, and thanks, and bless-ing, And strength ascribe to Je - sus ;— Je - sus a - lone de-fends his own When earth and hell op - press us.

2. Om - nip - o - tent Re - deem - er, Our ran - som'd souls a - dore thee ; Our Sav - iour thou, we find it now, And give thee all the glo - ry.

Je - sus with joy we wit - ness, Al-might-y to de - liv - er; Our seals set to, that God is true, And reigns a King for - ev - er.

We sing thine arm un-short-en'd, Bro't thro' our sore temp - ta - tion: With heart and voice in thee re - joice, The God of our sal - va - tion.

(25th P. M.) HEAD OF THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT. 7s, 8s & 7s.

May be used as a short Anthem.

Arranged from MENDELSSOHN, by W. F. B.

1. Head of the Church triumphant, We joy - ful - ly a - dore thee; 'Till thou appear, thy members here Shall sing like those in glo - ry: We lift our hearts and voices

2. Thou dost conduct thy peo - ple Thro' torrents of temp - ta - tion; Nor will we fear, while thou art near, The fire of trib - u - la - tion: The world, with sin and Sa - tan,

With blest an - tio - i - pa - tion; And cry a - loud, and give to God, And cry a - loud, and give to God The praise of our sal - va - tion.

In vain our march op - pos - es; By thee we shall break through them all, By thee we shall break thro' them all, And sing the song of Mo - ses.

m *f* *m* *f* *mp*

1. Hark! 'tis the watchman's cry, Wake, brethren, wake! Je - sus our Lord is high. Wake, brethren, wake! Sleep is for sons of night; Children are ye of light;
 2. Call to each working band, Watch, brethren, watch! Clear is our Lord's command, Watch, brethren, watch! Be ye as men that wait All at the Master's gate;

3. Heed we the steward's call, Work, brethren, work! There's work enough for all, Work, brethren, work! This vineyard of the Lord Fresh la - bor will af - fo - d;

Words by FANNY CROSBY. SWELL THE SONG OF JESUS.

W. H. DOANE.

f

Yours is the glo - ry bright; Wake, brethren, wake!
 E'en though he tar - ry late, Watch, brethren, watch!

Yours is a sure re - ward, Work, brethren, work!

DUET.

1. Oh, sing the song of Je - sus, While wandering an - gels sing; Let all the earth a -
 2. Pro - claim in loud - est num - bers His night - y works a - broad, And be his name ex -

3. The spring of all our com - fort, Our best and dear - est friend! His truth is ev - er -

CHORUS.

dore him, Our great and glorious King! Oh, swell the song, Oh, swell the song, Oh, swell the song of Je - sus! Oh, swell the song, Oh, swell the song of Je - sus and his love.
 alt - ed, Our Sav - iour and our God. Oh, swell the song, ... Oh, swell the song of Je - sus! Oh, swell the song, ... of Je - sus and his love.

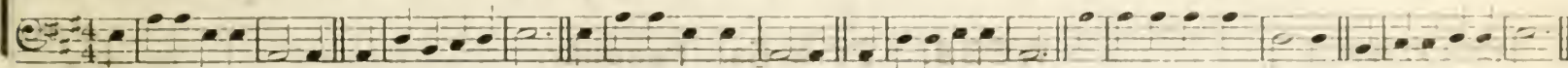
last - ing, His mer - cies nev - er end. Oh, swell the song, Oh, swell the song, Oh, swell the song of Je - sus! Oh, swell the song, Oh, swell the song of Je - sus and his love.



1. In heav'nly love abiding, No change my heart shall fear, And safe in such confiding, For nothing changes here: The storm may roar without me, My heart may low [be laid,

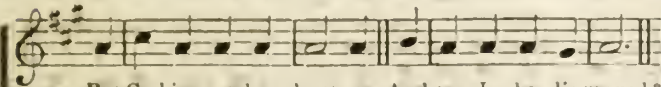


2. Wherever he may guide me, No want shall turn me back, My Shepherd is beside me, And nothing can I lack: His wisdom ever mak-eth, His sight is never dim,

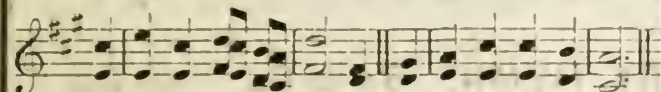


(26th P. M.) PASSAIC. 7s & 6s. Peculiar.

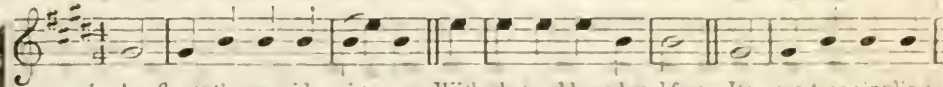
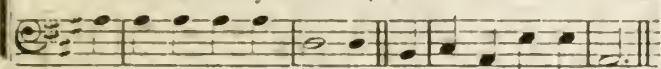
W. B. BRADBURY.



But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis-mayed?

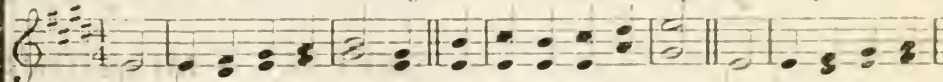


He knows the way he tak-eth, And I will wake with him.

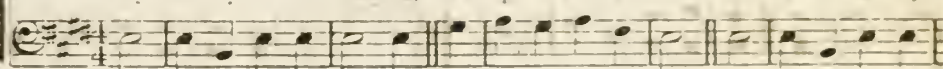


1. As flows the rap-id riv - er, With channel broad and free, Its wa-ters rippling

2. As moons are ev - er wan - ing, As hastes the sun a - way, As stormy winds, com-



3. Say hath thy heart its treas-ure, Laid up in worlds a - bove? And is it all thy



ev - er, And hasting to the sea, So life is onward flowing, And days of of-fered peace, And man is swift-ly go - ing, Where calls of mercy cease.
- plaining, Bring on the win-try day, So fast the night comes o'er us—The darkness of the grave; As death is just be - fore us—God takes the life he gave.



pleasure, Thy God to praise and love; Beware, lest death's dark river, Its bil-lows o'er thee roll, And thou lament for - ev - er, The ru - in of thy soul.



1. Roll on, thou mighty ocean! And as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mer- cy To every land be- low. Arise, ye gales, and waft them Safe to their destined shore, That man may sit in darkness, And death's black shade no [more.]

(26th P. M.)

WEBB. 7s & 6s. Peculiar.

GEO. J. WEBB.

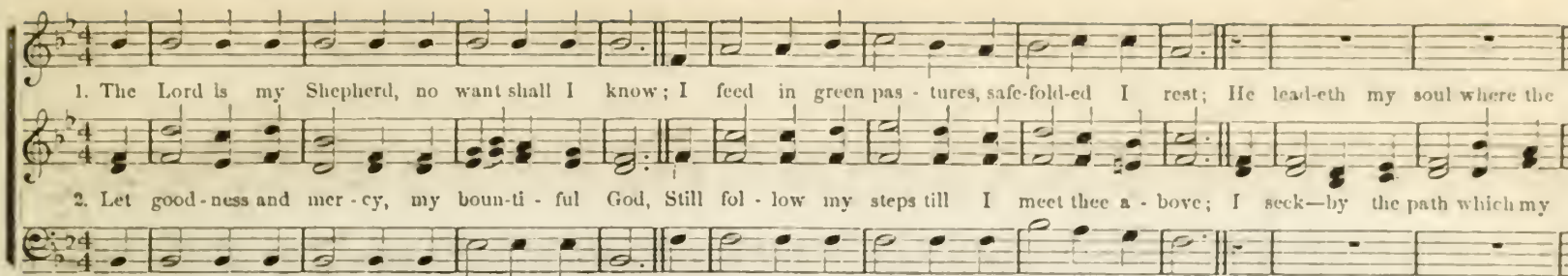
Vivace. The morn- ing light is break- ing, The dark-ness dis- ap- pears; The sons of earth are wak- ing To pen- i - ten- tial tears: Each breeze that sweeps the
d. s. Of na- tions in com- mo - tion, Prepared for Zi- on's war. *Fine.*

(26th P. M.)

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.

Dr. L. MASON.

D. S. o - cean Brings tid- ings from a - far,
From Greenland's i - cy mount- ains, From In - dia's co - ral strand, Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount- ains
Roll down their golden sand; From many an an- cient riv - er, From many a palm- y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er- ror's chain.



1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green pas - tures, safe-fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the

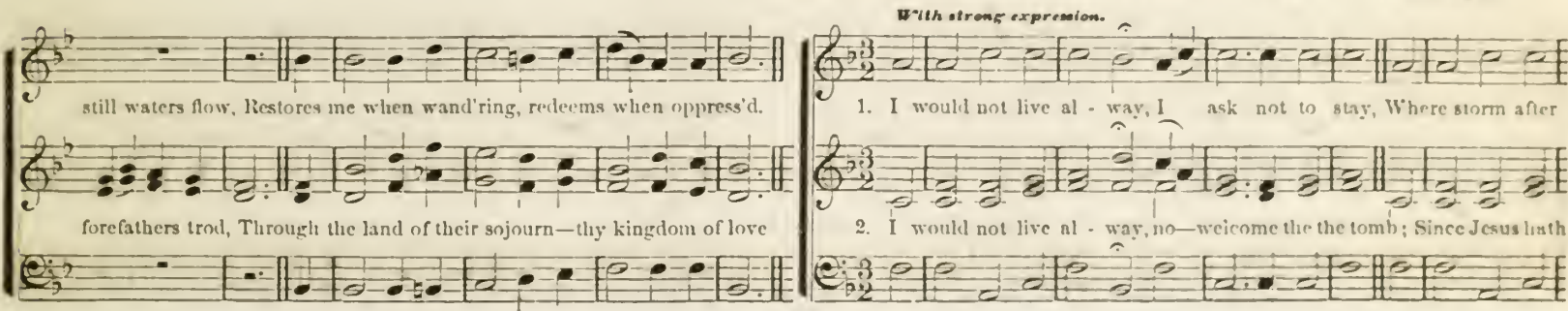
2. Let good-ness and mer-cy, my boun-ti-ful God, Still fol-low my steps till I meet thee a-bove; I seek-by the path which my

(27th P. M.)

FREDERICK. 11s.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

With strong expression.

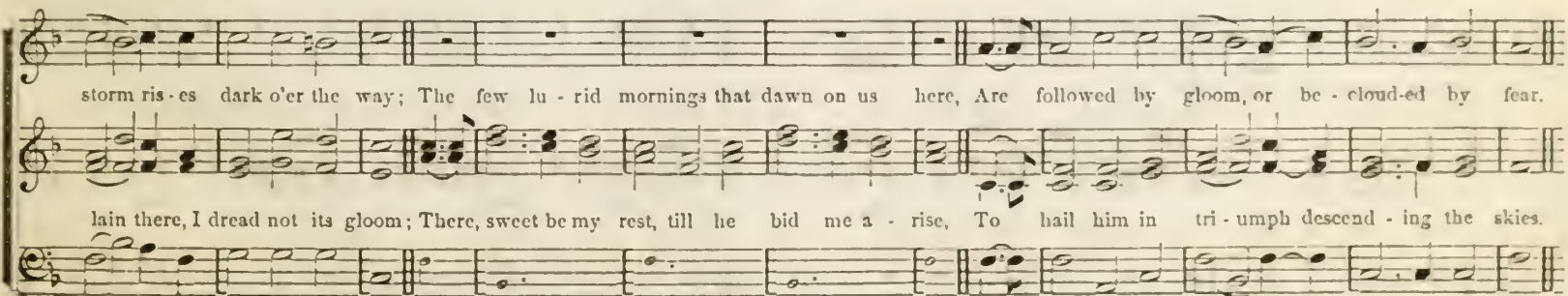


still waters flow, Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.

forefathers trod, Through the land of their sojourn—thy kingdom of love

1. I would not live al-way, I ask not to stay, Where storm after

2. I would not live al-way, no—welcome the the tomb; Since Jesus liath



storm ris-es dark o'er the way; The few lu-rid mornings that dawn on us here, Are followed by gloom, or be-cloud-ed by fear.

lain there, I dread not its gloom; There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me a-rise, To hail him in tri-umph descend-ing the skies.

278 (27th P. M.)

Smooth and Flowing.

KEDRON'S BROOK. 11s. 4 lines.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

FINE.

{ Thou sweet glid - ing Ke - dron, by thy sil - ver stream, }
 { Our Sav - our would lin - ger in moon - light's soft beam; } And by thy bright wa - ters till mid - night would stay. *p* And
 d. c. — lose in thy mur - murs the toils of the day. *p* And

(27th P. M.)

LEVALLEY. 11s.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

Gracefully.

FINE.

D. C.

{ The Lord is my Shep - herd, no want shall I know; }
 { I feed in green pas - tures, safe fold - ed I rest; } He lead - eth my soul where the still wa - ters flow,
 d. c. Re - stores me when wan - d'ring, re - deems when op - pressed.

(27th P. M.)

CANA. 11s.

Arr. by GEO. KINGSLEY.

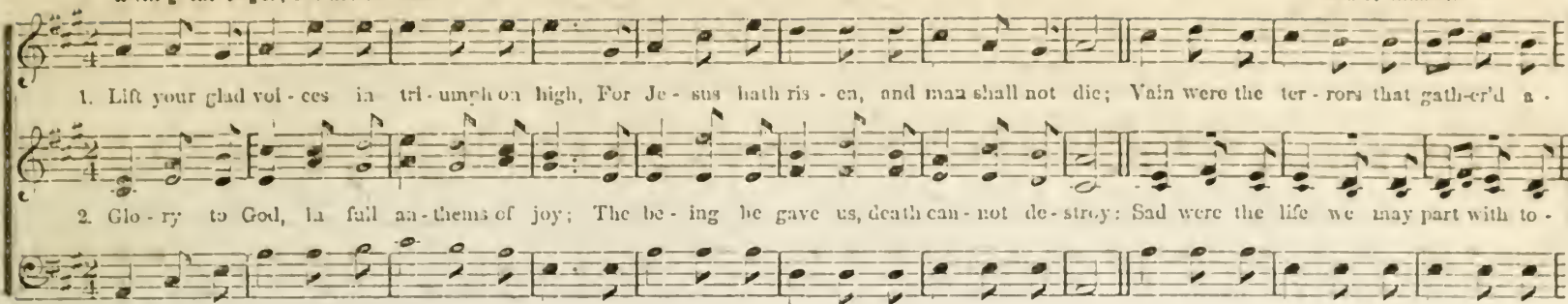
FINE.

D. C.

{ Thou sweet glid - ing Ke - dron, by thy sil - ver stream, }
 { Our Sav - our would lin - ger in moon - light's soft beam; } And by thy bright wa - ters till mid - night would stay,
 d. c. And lose in thy mur - murs the toils of the day.

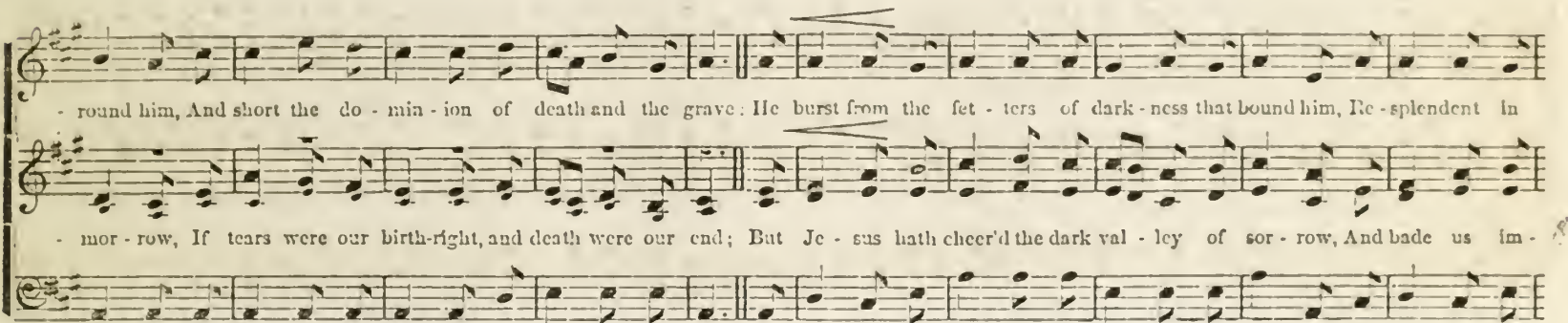
With great Vigor, but not too fast.

WM. F. BIERWIN



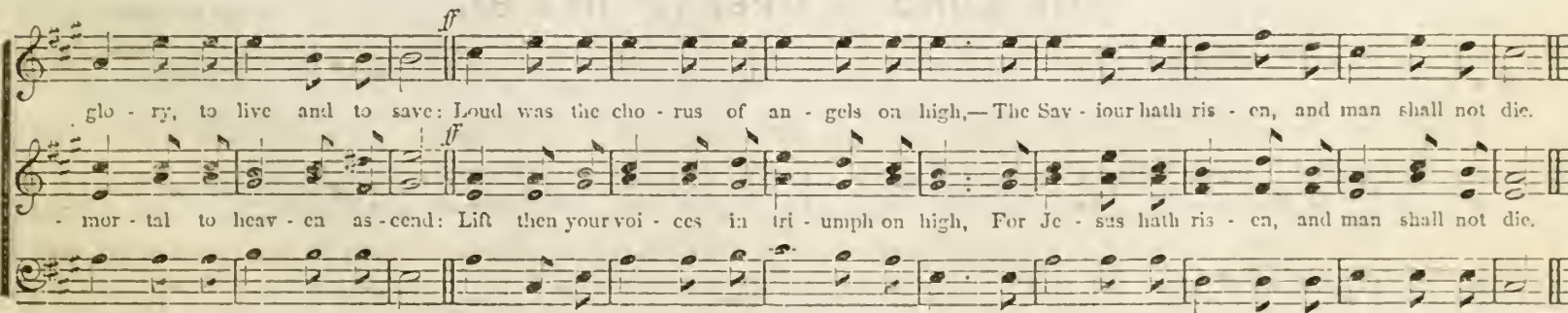
1. Lift your glad voi - ces in tri - umph on high, For Je - sus hath ris - en, and man shall not die; Vain were the ter - rors that gath - er'd a -

2. Glo - ry to God, in full an - thems of joy; The be - ing he gave us, death can - not de - stroy; Sad were the life we may part with to -



- round him, And short the do - min - ion of death and the grave: He burst from the fet - ters of dark - ness that bound him, Re - splendent in

- mor - row, If tears were our birth-right, and death were our end; But Je - sus hath cheer'd the dark val - ley of sor - row, And bade us im -



glo - ry, to live and to save: Loud was the cho - rus of an - gels on high, — The Sav - iour hath ris - en, and man shall not die.

- mor - tal to heav - en as - cend: Lift then your voi - ces in tri - umph on high, For Je - sus hath ris - en, and man shall not die.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join in a song with sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne, And thus sur-

2. Let those refuse to sing Who never knew our God; But children of the heav'nly King, But children of the heav'nly King, May speak their joys abroad, May speak their

3. The hill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets, Before we reach the heav'nly fields, Before we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the golden streets, Or

4. Then let our songs abound, And every tear be dry; We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high, To

And thus surround the throne, And thus sur

CHORUS.

- round the throne. We're marching on to Zi - on, Beanti-ful, beanti-ful Zi-on; We're marching upward to Zion, Zi - on, The beanti-ful ci - ty of God.
joys a - broad. We're marching on to Zi - on, &c.

walk the golden streets. We're marching to Zi - on, Beanti-ful, beanti-ful Zi - on, We're marching upward to Zi - on, The beanti-ful ci - ty of God.
fair - er worlds on high. We're marching to Zi - on, &c.

- round the throne. We're marching on to Zi - on, Zi - on, Zi - on,

THE LORD IS GREAT. 11s & 8s.

Dr LOWELL MASON.

Allegro.

1. The Lord is great! ye hosts of heaven adore him, And ye who tread this earth-ly ball; In ho - ly songs re-joice a-loud be - fore him, And shout his praise who made you all.

2. The Lord is great! his ma-jes-ty how glo - rious! Re-sound his praise from shore to shore; O'er sin, and death, and hell, now made victorious, He rules and reigns for ev - er - more.

3. The Lord is great! his mercy how a - bound-ing! Ye an - gels, strike your gold-en chords! Oh praise our God! with voice and harp resounding, The King of kings, and Lord of lords.

1. I am wea-ry of stray-ing, O fain would I rest In the far dis-tant land of the pure and the blest, Where sin can no long-er her blaudishments spread,
 2. I am wea-ry of hop-ing, where hope is un-true, As.. fair but as fleet-ing as morning's bright dew; I long for the land whose blest promise a-love,

3. I am wea-ry of lov-ing what pass-es a-way; The.. sweetest and dear-est, a-las! may not stay; I long for the land where the partings are o'er,

(29th P. M.)

SCOTLAND. 12s.

Dr. JER. CLARKE

And fear and tempta-tion for-ev-er hath fled.
 Is.. changeless and sure as e-ter-ni-ty's throne.

1. The voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain;" opened a fountain;
 For Adam's lost race Christ hath

And death and the tomb can di-vide hearts no more.

1. Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee; Tho' sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb:

From sin and un-cleanness, and eve-ry transgression, His blood flows most freely in streams of sal-va-tion, His blood flows most freely in streams of sal-va-tion.
 * Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb, who hath bought us a par-don; We'll praise him a-gain when we pass over Jor-dan, We'll praise him a-gain when we pass o-ver Jor-dan.

The Sav-iour has passed thro' its por-tals before thee, And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom, And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom.

* Chorus for each verse.

1. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning; Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain; Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning; Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

(30th P. M.)

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s & 10s.

S. WEBBE.

SOLO, DUET, or TRIO.

First time DUET, Second time CHORUS.

Hr. 1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, where'er ye languish; Come, at the mer-cy-seat fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
Hr. 2. Come, youthful sin-ners, come, haste to the Sav-iour, Come, ye young wan-der-ers, cling to his side; Kneel at his mer-cy-seat, sue for his

(30th P. M.)

HALE. 11s & 10s.

Dr. L. MASON.

an-guish, Earth has no sor-row that heaven can not heal.
fa-vor, Lambs of his bo-som, for whom he hath died.

1. Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morning! Joy to the
2. Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morning! Long by the

lands that in dark-ness have lain; Hush'd be the ac-cents of sor-row and mourn-ing, Zi-on in triumph be-gins her mild reign.
proph-ets of Is-rael fore-told: Hail to the mil-lions from bond-age re-turn-ing, Gentiles and Jews now their Sav-iour be-hold.

(30th P. M.)

BRIGHTEST AND BEST. 11s & 10s.

Arranged 283

Fine.

{ Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lead us thine ail; }
{ Star of the east, the ho - ri - zon a-dorning, Guide where the in - fant Re - deem - er is laid. } Cold on his cra - dle the dew-drops are shining; Low lies his
D.C. An - gels a - dore him, in slum - ber re - clin - ing; Mak - er, and Monarch, and Sav - iour of all.

(31st P. M.)

MARCIA. 8,8,8,4.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

D.C.

Slow and Soft.

bed with the beasts of the stall,

1. There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for weary pilgrims found; They softly lie, and sweetly sleep, Low in the ground.

2. The storms that sweep the win't'ry sky, No more disturb their deep repose Than summer evening's latest sigh, That shuts the rose.

(30th P. M.)

STAR OF THE EAST. 11s & 10s.

W. T. DUTCHER.

Slowly.

1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lead us thine ail; Star of the east, the ho - ri - zon a-dorning, Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

2. Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining; Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall; Angels a-dore him, in slumber reclin - ing, Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

1. Our blest Re-deem-er, ere he breathed His last fare-well, A Guide,—a Com-fort-er, be-queathed, With us to dwell.

2. He comes, his gra-cies to im-part; A will-ing guest, While he can find one hum-ble heart Where-in to rest.

3. And all the good that we pos-sess, His gift we own; Yea, ev-ery thought of ho-li-ness, And vic-t'ry won.

(31st P. M.)

UNITY. 8s, 6s & 4s.

Arr. by S. M.

1. Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed His last farewell, A Guide,—a Comforter bequeathed, A Guide,—a Comforter bequeathed, With us to dwell, With us to dwell.

2. He comes, his graces to im-part; A willing guest, While he can find one humble heart, While he can find one humble heart Wherein to rest, Wherein to rest.

3. And all the good that we pos-sess, His gift we own; Yea, every thought of ho-li-ness, Yea, every thought of holi-ness, And vic'try won, And vic-t'ry won.

(32d P. M.)

CONTRITION. 8s & 4s.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Father of spirits! hear our prayer; Our life, our hope, our comforter, Our strong abode: To thee our thankful hearts we raise, And humbly, gladly hymn thy praise, Preserver, God I

2. Thy gentle hand hath smoothed our way; Fed and sustain'd us day by day; In thee we move: O may thy mercies, Lord, inspire Our hearts with gratitude, and fire Our souls with love.

1. Sing praise, the tomb is void, Where the Redeemer lay; Sing of our bonds destroy'd, Our darkness turn'd to day. Weep for your dead no more Friends be of joyful cheer;
 2. He who, so pa-tient-ly, The crown of thorns did wear,—He hath gone up on high; Our hope is with him there. Now is his truth reveal'd, His majesty, and might;

3. He who for men did weep; Suffer, and bleed, and die, First-fruits of them that sleep, Christ has gone up on high. His vict'ry hath destroy'd The shafts that once could slay;

(33rd P. M.) RIPPLE. 6s.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Our star moves on be-fore, Our narrow path shines clear.
 The grave has been unseal'd, Christ is our life and light.

Sing praise! the tomb is void, Where the Redeemer lay.

1. Come, wand'ring sheep, O come! I'll bind thee to my breast: I'll bear thee to my home. And lay thee down to rest
 2. I saw thee stray for-lorn, And heard thee faintly cry. And on the tree of scorn, For thee I designed to die.
 3. I shield thee from a-larms, And wilt thou not be blest? I bear thee in my arms, Thou, bear me in thy breast.

'TIS MIDNIGHT. (For Male Voices.)

WM. F. SHEERWIN.

1st TENOR.

1. 'Tis midnight; and on O-live's brow The star is dimmed that late-ly shone: 'Tis midnight; in the gar-den now, The suffering Saviour prays a-lone.
 2. 'Tis midnight; and for oth-er's guilt The man of sor-rows weeps in blood; Yet he that hath in anguish knelt Is not for-sak-en by his God.

2nd TENOR.

3. 'Tis midnight; and from e-ther plains Is borne the song that an-gels know; Unheard by mortals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

1st & 2nd BASS.

1. Lord of mer-cy and of might, Of man-kind the life and light, Mak-er, Teach-er, In-fi-nite,—Je-sus! hear and save.

2. Strong Cre-a-tor, Sa-viour mild, Hum-bled to a lit-tle child, Cap-tive, beat-en, bound, re-viled,—Je-sus! hear and save.

JUST AS THOU ART. 8,8,8,6.

R. LOWEY.

1. Just as thou art, with-out one trace Of love, or joy, or in-ward grace, Or meet-ness for the heavenly place, Oh, guilt-y sin-ner come!

2. Come, leave thy bur-den at the cross, Count all thy gain but emp-ty dross; My grace re-pays all earth-ly loss—O, need-y sin-ner, come!

3. Come hith-er, bring thy bod-ing fears, Thine ach-ing heart, thy burst-ing tears; 'Tis mer-cy's voice sa-lutes thine ears—O, trembling sin-ners come!

(35th P. M.)

INDIANOLA. 8s & 7s. Peculiar.

I. E. WOODBURY.

1. { Come to Calvary's ho-ly mountain, Sin-ners ru-ined by thy fall; }
 { Here a pure and heal-ing foun-tain, Flows for eve-ry thirs-ty soul, } In a full per-pe-tual tide, Opened when the Sa-viour died.

2. { Come in sor-row and con-tri-tion, Wounded, im-po-tent and blind; }
 { Here the guilt-y, free re-mis-sion, Here the lost, a re-fuge find; } Health, this fountain will re-store, He that drinks need thirst no more.

1. { I will love thee, all my treasure; I will love thee, all my strength; }
 { I will love thee with-out mea-sure, And with-out a stain at length: } I will love thee, Light Di-vine, Till I die and find thee mine,

2. { I will praise thee, Sun of glo-ry! For the bliss thy beams have brought; }
 { I will praise thee, will a-dore thee, For the light I long had sought;— } Praise thee that thy words so blest Soothed my troubled soul to rest,

I will love thee, Light Di-vine, Till I die and find thee mine.

Praise thee that thy words so blest Soothed my trou-bled soul to rest.

3.
 Be my heart more warmly glowing,
 Sweet and calm the tears I shed;
 And its love, its ardor, showing,
 Let my spirit onward tread:
 Near to thee, and nearer still,
 Draw this heart, this mind, this will.

4.
 I will love in joy or sorrow!
 While I in this body dwell;
 I will love to-day, to-morrow,
 With a love no words can tell:
 I will love thee, Light Divine,
 Till I die, and find thee mine.

*Animated.**Fine.*

{ Hark! ten thousand harps and voices, Sound the notes of praise a-bove, }
 { Je-sus reigns, and heaven rejoices, Je-sus reigns, the God of love; } See! he sits on yonder throne, Jesus rules the world a-lone.

d. c. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wanderers given; There is a joy for souls distressed, A balm for every wounded breast 'Tis found alone in heav'n.

2. There is a home, for weary souls, By sin and sorrow driv'n, When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise and ocean rolls, And all is drear but heav'n.

(36th P. M.)

LANESBORO'. 8s & 6s.

ENGLISH.

1. This world is all a fleeting show, For man's illusion given, The smiles of joy, the tears of woe, De - ceit - ful shine, deceitful flow—There's nothing true but heaven!

2. And false the light on glory's plume, As fading hues of even; And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom, Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb, There's nothing true but heaven.

(12th P. M.)

YREKA. 7s, 6s & 8s.

W. U. BUTCHER.

D. C.

Slowly and with expression.

FINE.

1. { Wretched, help - less, and distress'd, Ah! whither shall I fly? } { Ev - er gras - ping af - er rest, — I can - not find it nigh } Nak - ed, sick, and poor, and blind, — Fast bound in sin and mis - er - y, —
d. c. Friend of sin - ners, let me find My help, my all in thee.

2. { Je - sus, full of truth and grace, In thee is all I want; } { Be the wand'rer's rest - ing place, — A cor - dial to the faint: } Make me rich, for I am poor; In thee may I my E - den find;
d. c. To the dy - ing, health re - store, And eye - sight to the blind.

1. Friend aft - er friend de - parts: Who hath not lost a friend! There is no u - nion here of hearts That finds not here an end: Were this frail
 2. Be - yond the flight of time, Be - yond this vale of death, There sure - ly is some bless - ed elime Where life is not a breath, Nor life's af -

3. There is a world a - bove, Where part - ing is un - known; A whole e - ter - ni - ty of love, Form'd for the good a - lone: And faith be -

(37th P. M.) FRIEND AFTER FRIEND DEPARTS. 6,6,8,6,8,8.

S. J. VAILL.

world our on - ly rest, Liv - ing or dy - ing, none were blest.
 fee - tion tran - sient fire, Whose sparks fly up - ward to ex - pire.

holds the dy - ing here Trans - la - ted to that hap - pier sphere.

1. Friend aft - er friend de - parts: Who hath not lost a friend!
 2. Be - yond the flight of time, Be - yond this vale of death,

3. There is a world a - bove, Where part - ing is un - known;

There is no u - nion here of hearts That finds not here an end: Were this frail world our on - ly rest, Liv - ing or dy - ing, none were blest.
 There sure - ly is some bless - ed elime Where life is not a breath, Nor life's af - fec - tions tran - sient fire, Whose sparks fly up - ward to ex - pire.

A whole e - ter - ni - ty of love, Form'd for the good a - lone: And faith be - holds the dy - ing here, Trans - lat - ed to that hap - pier sphere.

Not too slow.

1. How calm and beau-ti-ful the morn That gilds the sa-cred tomb, Where once the Cru-ci-fied was borne, And veiled in midnight gloom! O weep no
 2. Ye mourn-ing saints, dry ev-ery tear For your de-part-ed Lord, "Be-hold the place—He is not there," The tomb is all un-barred; The gates of
 3. Now cheer-ful to the house of prayer Your ear-ly foot-steps bend, The Sav-iour will him-self be there, Your Ad-vo-cate and Friend: Once by the

INVOCATION. For Opening Service.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

more the Sav-iour slain; The Lord is risen—He lives a-gain.
 death were closed in vain; The Lord is risen—He lives a-gain.
 law your hopes were slain, But now in Christ ye live a-gain.
 1. From the re-cess-es of a low-ly spir-it
 2. Kind Ben-e-fact-or, plant with-in each bo-som
 3. Then place them in those ev-er-last-ing gar-dens,
 Our hum-ble prayer as-cends,—O Fa-ther, hear it! Up-lift-ed on the wings of fear and meek-ness, For-give its weak-ness.
 The seeds of ho-li-ness, and let them blos-som In fra-grance and in beau-ty, bright and ver-nal, And spring e-ter-nal:
 Where an-gels walk, and ser-aphs are the war-dens; Where ev-ery flower, es-caped thro' death's dark por-tal, Be-comes im-mor-tal.

1. { Great God! what do I see and hear! The end of things cre-a-ted; }
 2. { The Judge of man-kind doth ap-pear, On clouds of glo-ry seat-ed; } The trumpet sounds; the grave restores, The dead which they contained before: Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

1. { The dead in Christ shall first a-rise, At the last trumpet's sound-ing, }
 2. { Caught up to meet him in the skies, With joy their Lord sur-round-ing; } No gloomy fears their souls dis-may: His presence sheds e-ter-nal day On those prepared to meet him.

SYLVAN SHORE. 8s & 4. Peculiar.

D. F. HOIGES.

1. There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for wea-ry pil-grims found; They soft-ly lie, and sweet-ly sleep Low in the ground.
 2. The storm that sweeps the win-try sky, No more dis-turbs the deep re- pose, Than sum-mer eve-ning's lat-est sigh, That shuts the rose.

3. I long to lay this pain-ful head, And ach-ing heart be-neath the soil, To slum-ber in that dreamless sleep From all my toil.

INTERCESSION. 8s & 6.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. O thou, the con-trite sinner's Friend! Who, lov-ing, lov'st them to the end, On this a-lone my hopes de-pend, That thou wilt plead for me.
 2. When wea-ry in the Christian race, Far off ap-pear's my rest-ing place, And, faint-ing I mis-trust thy grace, Then Sav-iour plead for me.

3. When Sa-tan, by my sins made bold, Strives from thy cross to loose my hold, Then with the pi-tying arms en-fold, And plead, oh! plead for me.

1. Vi - tal spark of heavenly flame, Quit, O quit this mor - tal frame, Trembling, hop - ing, ling'ring, flying, O the pain, the bliss of dy - ing! Cease, fond

2. Hark! they whis - per: an - gels say, — Sis - ter spir - it, come a - way! — What is this ab - sorbs me quite, — Steals my sens - es, shuts my sight, — Drowns my

Small notes for second verse.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS, 1867.

na - ture, cease thy strife, And let me lan - guish in - to life. 3. The world re - cedes: it dis - ap - pears; Heav'n o - pens on my eyes; my ears

spir - it, draws my breath? Tell me, my soul, can this be death? 3. The world re - cedes: it dis - ap - pears; Heav'n o - pens on my eyes; my ears

With sounds se - raph - ic ring. Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly! O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O death, O death, where is thy sting!

With sounds se - raph - ic ring. Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly! O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O death, O death, where is thy sting!

1. We are bought with a price by the Lamb that was slain; He has con- quered the grave,—he liv - eth a - gain! At the foot of the
 2. We may drink if we will of the fount - ain so free, That is flow - ing to - day for you and for me; With our bur - den of

3. O the rich - es of grace that in Je - sus a - bound! With the full - ness of joy his peo - ple are crowned; At the door of his
 4. If we walk in the path that our Mas - ter has trod,— If we die un - to sin, but live un - to God, When we pass the dark

REFRAIN.

cross he will an - swer our call: Bless - ed be the Lord! there is mer - cy for all! Mer - cy for all! Mer - cy for all!
 sin at its brink we may fall: Bless - ed be the Lord! there is mer - cy for all! Mer - cy for all! etc.

love he will an - swer our call: Bless - ed be the Lord! there is mer - cy for all! Mer - cy for all! Mer - cy for all!
 vale he will an - swer our call: Bless - ed be the Lord! there is mer - cy for all! Mer - cy for all! etc.

Bless - ed be the Lord! there is mer - cy for all! Mer - cy for all! Mer - cy for all! Bless - ed be the Lord! there is mer - cy for all!

Bless - ed be the Lord! there is mer - cy for all! Mer - cy for all! Mer - cy for all! Bless - ed be the Lord! there is mer - cy for all!

1. We shall meet be-yond the riv-er, By-and-by, by-and-by; And the dark-ness will be o-ver, By-and-by, by-and-by;
 2. Down with all of earth's de-lu-sion, By-and-by, by-and-by; War and strife, and sin's con-fu-sion, By-and-by, by-and-by;

3. We shall see and be like Je-sus, By-and-by, by-and-by; He a crown of life will give us, By-and-by, by-and-by;
 4. When with robes of snow-y white-ness, By-and-by, by-and-by; And with crowns of daz-zling bright-ness, By-and-by, by-and-by;

With the toil-some jour-ney done, And the glo-rious bat-tle won, We shall shine forth as the sun, By-and-by, by-and-by.
 We shall rest our pil-grim feet, On the shores where loved ones meet, There to dwell in bliss com-plete, By-and-by, by-and-by.

And the an-gels who ful-fill All the man-dates of his will, Shall at-tend and love us still, By-and-by, by-and-by.
 There our storms and per-ils passed, And with glo-ry ours at last, We'll pos-sess the king-dom vast, By-and-by, by-and-by.

(15th P. M.)

BELOVED. 11s & 8s.

Old Melody. Arranged.

1. O Thou, in whose presenee my soul takes delight, On whom, in af-fie-tion, I call; My comfort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my sal-va-tion, my all.
 2. Where dost thou at noon-tide re-sort with thy sheep, To feed in the pasture of love? For why in the valley of death should I weep, Or a-lone in the wil-derness rove?

3. O, why should I wander, an a-lien from thee, Or cry in the des-ert for bread? Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.

SOLO.—Soprano.

SOLOX WILDER. From "Praise of Zion," by permission.

1. From ev - ery storm - y wind that blows, From ev - ery swell - ing tide... of woes, There is.... a calm... a

CHORUS.

2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil.... of glad - ness on.... our heads, A place.. than all.... be

sure.... re - treat; 'Tis found.. be - fore.... the mer - cy - seat.

sides more sweet; It is.... the blood - bought mer - cy - seat.

3.

There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith we meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4.

There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sense and sin seem all no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

5.

Oh! let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

PASTOR'S WELCOME.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Wel - come home, be - lov - ed Pas - tor! Ear - nest prayers were not in vain; God has heard, and in his mer - cy Brought thee to thy charge a - gain:
 2. Now with joy our eyes be - hold thee, While the dews of heavenly grace, From our Fa - ther's throne descend - ing, Fill this con - se - crat - ed place.
 3. If the bonds of Christian feel - ing Bind our hearts in ties so strong, What, O what will be our trans - port, When we swell the heavenly song.

Welcome home, be - lov - ed Pas - tor! He who calm'd the waves to sleep, He who stilled the rag - ing tem - pest, Led thee safe - ly o'er the deep. Wel - come home!
 Hap - py greet - ing! Pas - tor—peo - ple—All u - nit - ed, join to sing; Lord, we give thee all the glo - ry, For the joy these moments bring. Wel - come home!
 When, be - neath the hallowed arch - es Of the bright ce - lestial dome, Friends and loved ones gone be - fore us, Shout for joy our welcome home. Wel - come home!

wel - come home! Wel - come to thy charge a - gain.
 wel - come home! Wel - come to thy charge a - gain.
 wel - come home! Wel - come to thy charge a - gain.

PASTOR'S WELCOME.

For Ordination or Installation.

1. By our Father called to labor
 In the cause we love so dear,
 Take, O take our warmest greeting—
 Faithful Pastor, welcome here!
 We are gathered where the glory
 Of the Lord so oft has shone;
 While around this sacred altar,
 Precious seasons we have known.

CHORUS.

Welcome here! welcome here!
 Faithful Pastor, welcome here!

2. Sound aloud the trump of Zion,
 Let its joyful tones be heard—
 Full salvation, grace unbounded,
 Free to all through Christ the Lord:
 Warn the careless, win the erring,
 Cheer the mourner, help the weak,
 Preach the word of God with boldness,
 He will tell thee what to speak—CHO.
3. Fear thou not, though duty press thee,
 As thy day thy strength shall be;
 Sow thy seed and wait with patience,
 There's a harvest-time for thee:
 When thy work of love is ended,
 Be it thine a crown to wear,
 With the souls our God will give thee
 Set like fadeless jewels there.—CHO.

GIVE US, DEAR SAVIOUR, TO EAT.

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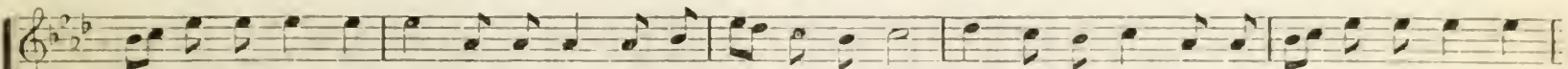
Words by FANNY CROSBY.

"He answered and said unto them:—Give ye them to eat."—Mark. vi. 37.


CHESTER G. ALLEN



1. What shall we do, for the des - ert is lone - ly, Here have we lin - gered till close of the day, Fa - ther, 'tis night - fall, thy
2. Grant us a faith that is firm and a - bid - ing, Faith that re - lies on thy prom - ise a - lone; Will - ing to trust thee, and



chil - dren are hun - gry, Lord, we shall faint if thou send us a - way; Rug - ged and cold are the mount - ains be - fore us,
wait for thy bless - ing, Plead - ing no mer - it, no worth of its own; Where shall we turn for the sun - light of com - fort,
store-house of mer - cy, Love be our watch - word and Je - sus our song; On - ly in thee is our hope of sal - va - tion,



If we must per - ish we'll die at thy feet; Thou hast the bread that en - dur - eth for - ev - er: Sav - iour, dear Sav - iour, O give us to eat.
Where but to thee in this bar - ren re - treat! Still do we hun - ger and thirst in the des - ert: Sav - iour, dear Sav - iour, O give us to eat.
On - ly in thee is our rap - ture complete; If but the crumbs that may fall from thy ta - ble—Sav - iour, dear Sav - iour, O give us to eat.

AGAIN THE DAY RETURNS.

(For opening Morning Service.)

WM. F. SHERWIN.

A - gain re - turns the day of ho - ly rest, Which, when he made the world, Je - ho - vah blest: When, like his own, he bade our labors cease, And all be pi - e - ty, and

A - gain re - turns the day of ho - ly rest, Which, when he made the world, Je - ho - vah blest; When, like his own, he bade our labors cease, And all be pi - e - ty, and

all be peace. Let us de - vote this con - se - crated day To learn his will, and all we learn o - bey; So shall he hear, when fervently we raise Our sup - pli -

all be peace. Let us de - vote this con - se - crated day To learn his will, and all we learn o - bey; So shall he hear, when fervently we raise Our sup - pli -

eations and our songs of praise, Our suppli - eations and our songs of praise. Father in heaven, in whom our hopes confide, Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide,

eations and our songs of praise, Our suppli - eations and our songs of praise. Father in heaven, in whom our hopes confide, Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide,

In life our Guar-dian, and in death our Friend, Glo-ry supreme be thine, till time shall end, Glo-ry supreme be thine, till time shall end.

In life our Guar-dian, and in death our Friend, Glo-ry supreme be thine, till time shall end, Glo-ry supreme be thine, till time shall end.

GO TO JESUS.

R. LOWRY.

1. When the clouds are gath'ring o'er thee, And the path looks dark before thee; When thy feet are worn and weary, And thy way seems long and dreary,—Go, go to Je-sus,

2. When thy youth's bright dream is fading,—Grief thy spirit overshadowing;—When no balm can soothe the aching Of thy heart, with sorrow breaking,—Go, go to Je-sus,

Go, go to Je-sus, Go, go to Je-sus, He waits to wel-come thee...

Go, go to Je-sus, Go, go to Je-sus, He waits to wel-come thee...

- 3 If, with all thy heart's deep yearning,
Thou art ever vainly turning,—
Seeking for some fitting treasure,
Real joy, abiding pleasure—
Go, go to Jesus.
- 4 Do thy weaknesses oppress thee!
Does thy heart of sin distress thee!
Dost thou cry, "With all my striving,
Sin seems ever, ever thriving!"
Go, go to Jesus.
- 5 Yonder, lo, the sunlight breaking!
Pilgrim! when thy heart is aching
With the burden of life's story,
Turn thee to the future glory!
Go, go to Jesus.

Glo - ry, hon - or, praise and pow - er, Be un - to the Lamb for ev - er; Je - sus Christ is our Re - deem - er, our Re - deem - er, Hal - le -
dolce.

lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord; Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord. A - men, A - men.

(1st P. M.)

LEAMING. L. M. 6 lines.

Italian Melody.

Not too slow.

1. { The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; }
His pres - ence shall my wants sup - ply, And guard me with a watchful eye; } My noon - day walks he shall at - tend, And all my midnight hours de - fend.

2. { When in the sul - try glebe I faint, Or on the thirsty mountain pant, }
To fer - tile vales and dew - y meads My wea - ry, wandering steps he leads, } Where peaceful riv - ers, soft and slow, A - mid the ver - dant landscape flow.

O HOW LOVELY IS ZION. Motette.

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WM. B. BRADBURY

Moderato.

1st and 2d Tenor.

The first system of the musical score is written for 1st and 2nd Tenors. It consists of four staves. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "O how love-ly, how love-ly is Zi-on, Zi-on, cit-y of our God!"

O how love-ly, how love-ly is Zi-on, Zi-on, cit-y of our God!

O how lovely, how lovely is Zi-on, Zi-on, cit-y

O how love-ly, how love-ly is Zi-on, Zi-on, cit-y of our God!

The second system of the musical score continues the piece. It consists of four staves. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "Joy and peace, Joy and peace, Joy and peace ev-er dwell in thee, thee; of our God! O..... how love-ly, O..... how love-ly, Joy and peace ev-er dwell in thee thee; Joy and peace, Joy and peace, Joy and peace ev-er dwell in thee; thee;". The first time of the final phrase is marked with a first ending bracket, and the second time is marked with a second ending bracket. The tempo is marked *Moderato*.

Joy and peace, Joy and peace, Joy and peace ev-er dwell in thee, thee;

of our God! O..... how love-ly, O..... how love-ly, Joy and peace ev-er dwell in thee thee;

Joy and peace, Joy and peace, Joy and peace ev-er dwell in thee; thee;

O how love - ly, how love - ly is Zi - on, Zi - on, cit - y of our God! Joy and peace, Joy and peace,

This system contains four staves of music. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the first staff. The second and third staves are empty. The fourth staff has a bass clef. The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a repeat sign at the end of the first phrase.

Joy and peace ev - er dwell in thee..... O how love - ly, how love - ly is Zi - on, Zi - on, cit - y

Joy and peace ev - er dwell in thee. O how love - ly, how love - ly is Zi - on, Zi - on, cit - y

This system contains four staves of music. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the first staff. The second and third staves are empty. The fourth staff has a bass clef. The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a repeat sign at the end of the first phrase. A tie is placed over the word 'thee' in the first phrase.

* Use the tie over the repeat only.

of our God! Joy and peace ev - er dwell in thee, Joy and peace ev - er dwell in thee,

of our God! Joy and peace ev - er dwell in thee, Joy and peace ev - er dwell in thee,

This system consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major with lyrics. The second staff is a vocal line in G major. The third staff is a piano accompaniment in G major with a complex, flowing melody. The bottom staff is a bass line in G major.

Joy and peace ev - er dwell in thee, Joy and peace ev - er dwell in..... thee.....

Joy and peace ev - er dwell in thee, Joy and peace ev - er dwell in thee.....

This system consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major with lyrics and a *pp* dynamic marking. The second staff is a vocal line in G major. The third staff is a piano accompaniment in G major with a complex, flowing melody and a *pp* dynamic marking. The bottom staff is a bass line in G major.

(SUITABLE FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Arr. from LAMBILLONE.

May use eight measures for Introductory Symphony.

SOLO.

1. Hark! what mean those ho-ly voi - ces, Sweet-ly sound - ing thro' the skies? Lo! th'angel - ic host re - joice - es; Heavenly
2. "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven, Reaching far as man is found, Souls redeemed, and sins for - giv - en," Loud our

hal - le - lu - jah's rise. Hear them tell the won-drous sto - ry; Hear them chant in hymns of joy,
gold - en harps shall sound. "Christ is born, the great An-oint-ed; Heaven and earth his prais - es sing;

CHORUS.
"Glo - ry in the high - est—glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God most high!" 1. Hear them tell the won - drous
O, re - ceive whom God ap - point - ed, For your Proph - et, Priest, and King." 2. Haste, ye mor - tals to a -

sto - ry; Hear them chant in hymns of joy, "Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God most high."

- dore him, Learn his name and taste his joy, Till in heav'n ye sing be - fore him, "Glo - ry be to God most high."

CHRIST THE KING OF GLORY.

SABBATH SCHOOL SONG.

Music by JAS. McGRATHAN.

1. The King of glo - ry! lift ye up the gales, Lo! at your door the King of glo - ry waits! Un - har the heart, draw back the bolts of sin.—Rise up and let the King of glo - ry in.

2. Down from the man - sions of ce - les - tial day, See him de - scend and robe himself in clay; Suffering and grief for us he meek - ly bears—For us his toils, his a - go - ny and tears.

3. Nailed to the cross of mis - er - y and shame, 'Twas thus to bleed the Lord of glo - ry came, Hear from his lips the a - go - nix - ing cry! For us for - sak - en, see the Sav - iour die.

4. Death could not hold him in its si - lent gloom, On the third morn he burst the si - lent tomb, Ris - ing, he reigns ex - alt - ed in the sky; Praise ye the Lord of boundless ma - jes - ty.

CHORUS.

Who, who is he! the King of glo - ry who? Je - sus our Lord, to him be hon - or due, Hail to our King! Let all be - fore him fall, And crown him, crown him Jesus Lord of all.

Who, who is he! the King of glo - ry who? Je - sus our Lord, to him be hon - or due, Hail to our King! Let all be - fore him fall, And crown him, crown him Jesus Lord of all.

Suitable for Installation.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

How beau-ti-ful up-on the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tid-ings, that pub-lish-eth peace; How beau-ti-ful up-on the mountains, How

beau-ti-ful up-on the mountains, How beau-ti-ful up-on the mountains, How beau-ti-ful up-on the mountains are the feet of him that bring-eth glad

beau-ti-ful up-on the mountains, How beau-ti-ful up-on the mountains, How beau-ti-ful up-on the mountains are the feet of him that bring-eth glad

tid-ings, that pub-lish-eth peace. Break forth in-to joy, Break forth in-to joy; Sing, ye waste places of Je-ru-sa-lem!

Faster.

tid-ings, that pub-lish-eth peace. Break forth in-to joy, Break forth in-to joy, Break forth in-to joy; Sing, ye waste places of Je-ru-sa-lem! How

cres. *rit. pp*

How beau-ti-ful, How beau-ti-ful are the feet of him that bringeth glad tidings, that pub-lish-eth peace, that pub-lish-eth peace.

beau-ti-ful, How beau-ti-ful, How beau-ti-ful, How beau-ti-ful are the feet of him that bringeth glad tidings, that pub-lish-eth peace, that pub-lish-eth peace.

Imploringly.

RETURN AGAIN. (The Prodigal Son.)

W. U. BUTCHER.

1. Come, wea-ry wan-d'r'er, come a-gain Un-to thy Father's house and heart! Tho' guilt-y have thy wandering been, And stained thy soul with much of sin.
 2. Thy Fa-ther's will-ing ear in-cludes Un-to thy footsteps drawing nigh; Tho' want be-fore bath marked thy lines, And sin made up thy strange de-signs.

DUET.

3. A yearning heart with puls-es warn, Waits anx-ious-ly thy faltering step; To clasp with arms of love thy form, To draw thee back from life's rough storm.
 4. No lon-ger eat the husks of swine, Thy Fa-ther's board is more than filled; The fat-ted calf is whol-ly thine, Let then with joy thy heart in-clude.

(Small notes 2d time.)

Yes, do not lon-ger strick-en roam— Re-turn a-gain! re-turn a-gain! re-turn a-gain, come home! come home!... come home!
 Still, wea-ry one, no lon-ger roam— Re-turn a-gain! &c. come home! come home!

Oh, sad one, do not lon-ger roam— Re-turn a-gain! re-turn a-gain! re-turn a-gain, come home! come home!... come home!
 O wan-d'r'er, do not lon-ger roam—Return a-gain! re-turn a-gain! re-turn, &c. come home! come home!

THE LORD WILL COMFORT ZION. Motette.

E. HAMILTON. From "Voice of Praise," by permission.

The Lord will com - fort Zi - on, He will com - fort all her waste pla - ces; And he will make her wil - der - ness like

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. Both staves are in treble clef, with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a time signature of 3/4. The melody is written on the first staff, and the accompaniment is on the second. The lyrics are printed below the first staff.

E - den, And her des - ert like the gar - den of the Lord; Joy and glad - ness shall be found there - in, Thanks - giv - ing and the

This system contains the next two staves of the musical score. Both staves are in treble clef, with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a time signature of 3/4. The melody continues on the first staff, and the accompaniment is on the second. The lyrics are printed below the first staff.

voice of mel-o-dy, Joy and glad-ness, thanks-giv-ing and the voice of mel-o-dy shall be found there -

voice..... of mel-o-dy.

voice of mel-o-dy, Joy and glad-ness, thanks-giv-ing and the voice of mel-o-dy shall be found there -

This system consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a vocal line with a melisma. The third staff is another vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a bass line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4.

rit. *mp a tempo.*

in. The Lord..... will com-fort Zi-on, The Lord will com-fort Zi-on.

rit. *mp a tempo.*

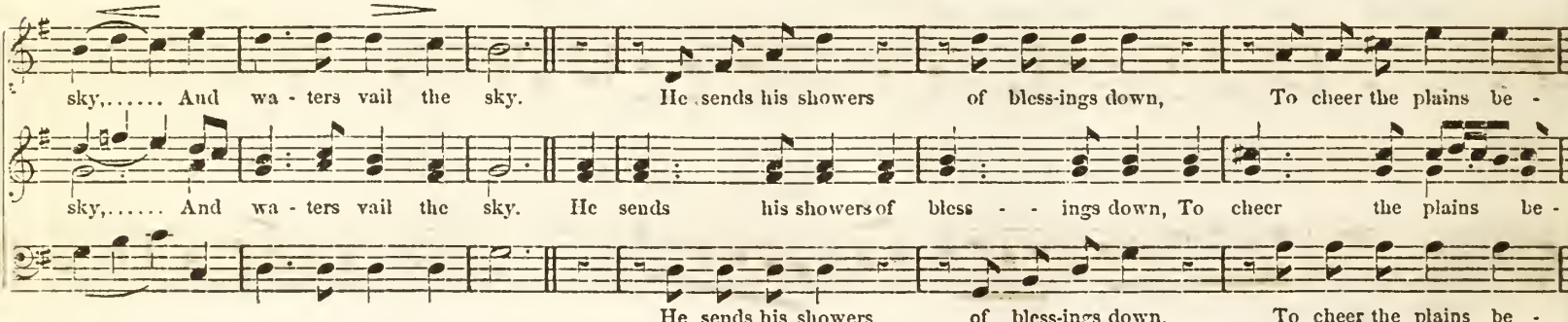
in. The Lord..... will com-fort Zi-on, The Lord will com-fort Zi-on.

This system consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics and musical markings. The second staff is a vocal line. The third staff is another vocal line with lyrics and musical markings. The bottom staff is a bass line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4.



With songs and hon - ors sound - ing loud, Ad - dress the Lord on high; A - bove the heav - ens he spreads his cloud, And wa - ters veil the

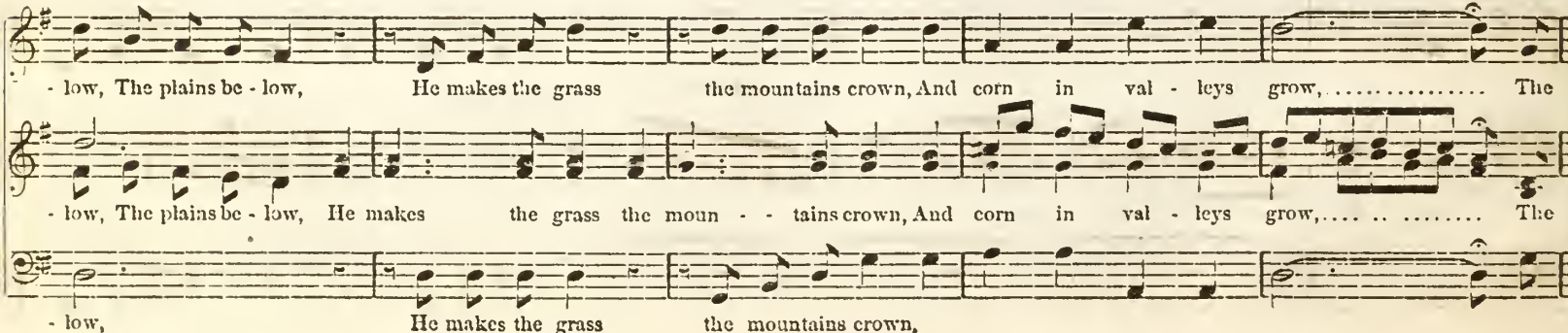
With songs and hon - ors sound - ing loud, Ad - dress the Lord on high; A - bove the heav - ens he spreads his cloud, And wa - ters veil the



sky,..... And wa - ters veil the sky. He sends his showers of bless - ings down, To cheer the plains be -

sky,..... And wa - ters veil the sky. He sends his showers of bless - - ings down, To cheer the plains be -

He sends his showers of bless - ings down, To cheer the plains be -



- low, The plains be - low, He makes the grass the mountains crown, And corn in val - leys grow, The

- low, The plains be - low, He makes the grass the moun - - tains crown, And corn in val - leys grow, The

- low, He makes the grass the mountains crown,

chang - ing wind, the fly - ing cloud, O - bey his might-y word, With songs, with songs, And hon-ors sounding loud, Praise ye the sove - reign

chang - ing wind, the fly - ing cloud, O - bey his might-y word, With songs, with songs, And hon-ors sounding loud, Praise ye the sove - reign

CHORAL. *Slower.*

Lord, ... Praise ye the sove - reign Lord. His stead - y coun - sels change the face Of the de - clin - ing

Lord, ... Praise ye the sove - reign Lord. His stead - y coun - sels change the face Of the de - clin - ing

m *p* *a tempo.*

year; He bids the sun cut short his race, And win - try days ap - pear. He sends his word and melts the snow, The

year; He bids the sun cut short his race, And win - try days ap - pear. He sends his word and melts the snow, The

fields no long - er mourn; He calls the warm - er gales to blow, And bids the Spring re - turn,... And bids the Spring re -

Con Spirito.

- turn, the Spring re - turn. The chang - ing wind, the fly - ing cloud, O - bey his might - y word. With songs, with songs, And

f *rit.*

hon - ors sound - ing loud, Praise ye the sove - reign Lord, the sove - reign Lord, Praise ye the sove - reign Lord.

"FATHER OF MERCIES." Morning Service.

313

Allegretto, ma Divoto.

BERNARD SCHMIDT.

pp *p* *cresc.* *pp*

Fa - ther of mer - cies! when the day is dawn - ing, Then will I pay my vows to thee: Like in - cense waft - ed

Fa - ther of mer - cies! when the day is dawn - ing, Then will I pay my vows to thee: Like in - cense waft - ed

on the breath of morn - ing. My heart - felt praise to heav'n shall be. Still doth thy

cresc.

on the breath of morn - ing, My heart - felt praise to heav'n shall be. 2. Yes, thou art near me; sleep - ing or wak - ing, Still doth thy

care un - chang'd re - main; If ev - er I wan - der, thy ways for - sak - ing, O lead me gent - ly back a - gain.

p *dim.*

care un - chang'd re - main; If ev - er I wan - der, thy ways for - sak - ing, O lead me gent - ly back a - gain.

*Joyfully.**Fine.*

Ex - alt him, all ye peo - ple, And let your songs a - rise In loud, ex - alt - ed num - bers, While heav'n and earth re - plies. The

Ex - alt him, all ye peo - ple, And let your songs a - rise In loud, ex - alt - ed num - bers, While heav'n and earth re - plies. The

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, 4/4 time, marked 'Joyfully'. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (F major). The lyrics are 'Ex - alt him, all ye peo - ple, And let your songs a - rise In loud, ex - alt - ed num - bers, While heav'n and earth re - plies. The'. The middle staff is a vocal line in the same key and time, with the same lyrics. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment line in G major, 4/4 time, with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. It provides harmonic support for the vocal lines.

D. C. CHORUS. "Exalt him."

brook that murmurs light - ly, The bird, in sil - ver lays, Pro - claim our great Cre - at - or, And gen - tly speak his praise; The crys - tal drops that

brook that murmurs light - ly, The bird, in sil - ver lays, Pro - claim our great Cre - at - or, And gen - tly speak his praise; The crys - tal drops that

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, 4/4 time, marked 'D. C. CHORUS. "Exalt him."'. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are 'brook that murmurs light - ly, The bird, in sil - ver lays, Pro - claim our great Cre - at - or, And gen - tly speak his praise; The crys - tal drops that'. The middle staff is a vocal line in the same key and time, with the same lyrics. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment line in G major, 4/4 time, with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. It provides harmonic support for the vocal lines.

lin - ger In yon - der arch of blue, And form the bow of prom - ise, With ev - er - va - ried hue. The ra - diant stars that glis - ten Like

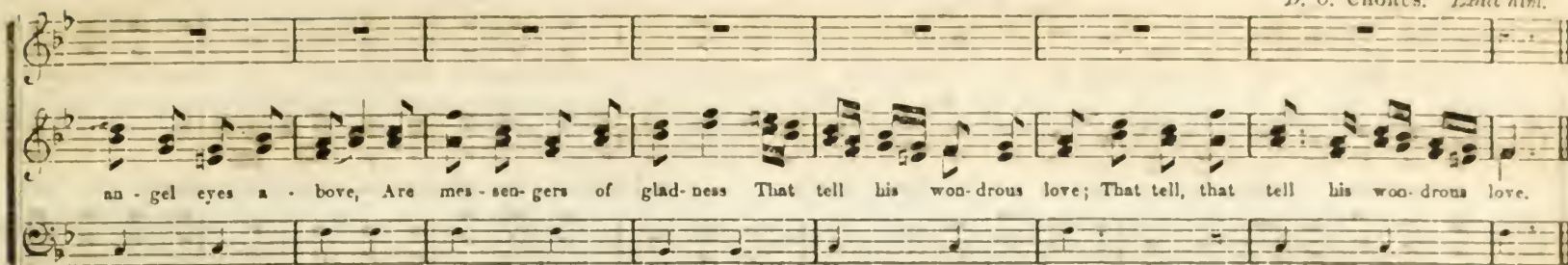
lin - ger In yon - der arch of blue, And form the bow of prom - ise, With ev - er - va - ried hue. The ra - diant stars that glis - ten Like

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, 4/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are 'lin - ger In yon - der arch of blue, And form the bow of prom - ise, With ev - er - va - ried hue. The ra - diant stars that glis - ten Like'. The middle staff is a vocal line in the same key and time, with the same lyrics. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment line in G major, 4/4 time, with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. It provides harmonic support for the vocal lines.

EXALT HIM, ALL YE PEOPLE. Continued.

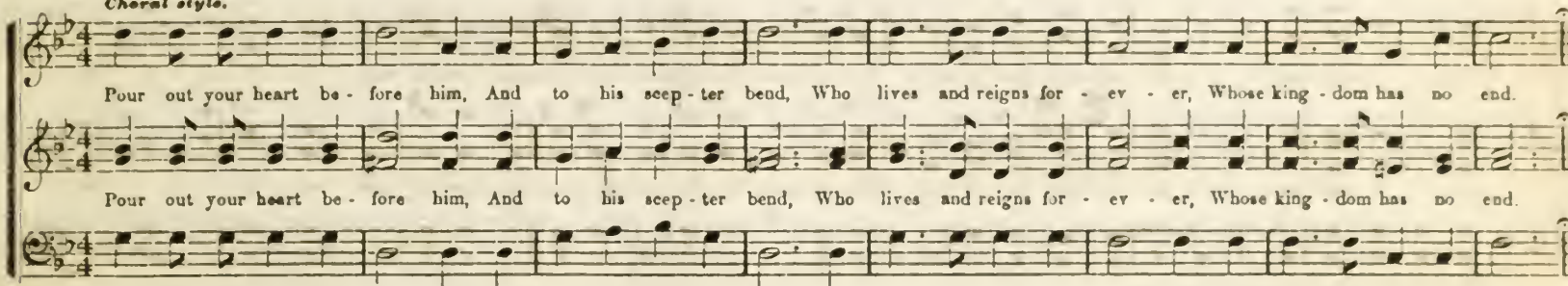
315

D. C. Chorus, "Exalt him."



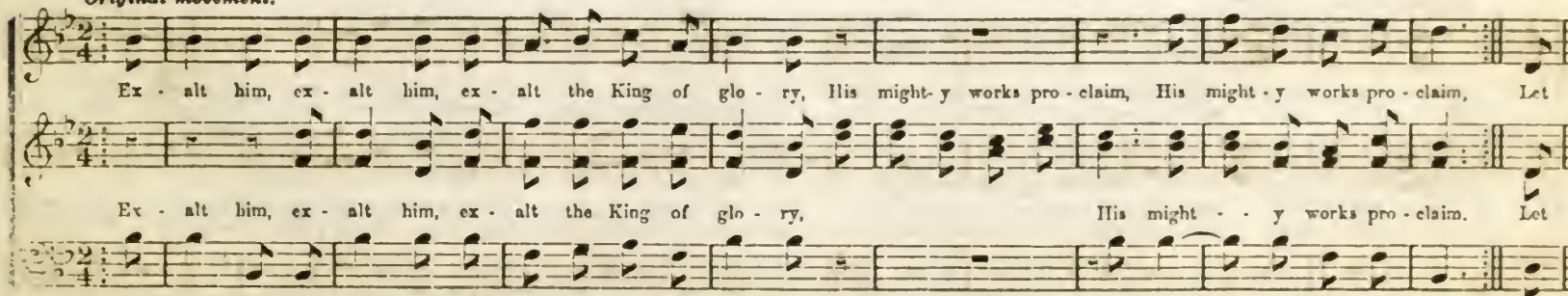
an - gel eyes a - bove, Are mes - sen - gers of glad - ness That tell his won - drous love; That tell, that tell his won - drous love.

Choral style.



Pour out your heart be - fore him, And to his scepter bend, Who lives and reigns for - ev - er, Whose king - dom has no end.

Original movement.



Ex - alt him, ex - alt him, ex - alt the King of glo - ry, His might - y works pro - claim, His might - y works pro - claim, Let

ev - ery elime a - dore him, and bless his ho - ly name, and bless, and bless, and bless his ho - ly name, and bless, and

ev - ery elime a - dore him, and bless his ho - ly name, and bless, and bless, and bless his ho - ly name, and

and bless, and bless, and bless his ho - ly name, and bless his

ff
bless, and bless, and bless his ho - ly name. Bless his name, bless his name, bless his name, bless his name, bless his ho - ly name.

ff
bless, and bless, and bless his ho - ly name. Bless his name, bless his name, bless his name, bless his name, bless his ho - ly name.

ho - ly name, and bless, and bless, etc.

FAREWELL, WE MEET NO MORE.

Dr. T. HASTINGS.

Affettuoso.
TENOR.

1. Fare - well! Fare - well! We meet no more On this side heaven: The part-ing scene is o'er, The last sad look is given. Fare - well! Fare - well!

2. Fare - well! Fare - well! My soul will weep While mem'ry lives; From wounds that sink so deep, No earth-ly hand re - lies. Fare - well! Fare - well!

3. Fare - well! Fare - well! My strick-en heart To Je - sus flies; From him I'll nev - er part; On him my hope re - lies. Fare - well! Fare - well!

4. Fare - well! Fare - well! And shall we meet In heaven a - bove? And there, in un - ion sweet, Sing of a Saviour's love? Fare - well! Fare - well!

PRAY FOR THE PEACE. Anthem.

HUBERT P. MAIN. 317

Slow, and with Dignity.

Fine. Faster.

Pray, pray for the peace, the peace of Je - ru - sa - lem, They shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls, Peace be within thy

Pray, pray for the peace, the peace of Je - ru - sa - lem, They shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls, be within thy

MELLOW EVE. ~ 7s & 6s.

I. B. WOODBURY.

D. O.

With Gentleness.

walls, and pros-per - i - ty with - in thy pal - a - cea.

walls, and pros-per - i - ty with - in thy pal - a - ces.

1. The mel-low eve is glid-ing Se-re-nely down the west; So, ev-ery care sub-sides. May an-gels, round me

2. The eve-ning star has light-ed Her crys-tal lamp on high; So, when in death be-nedicted. Oh, on the last bright

Fine.

D. S.

-aid-ing, My soul would sink to rest, My soul would sink to rest. The woodland hum... is ring-ing, The day-light's gen-tle close,

sing-ing, Thus hymn my last re- pose, Thus hymn my last re- pose.

- night - ed, May hope illumine the sky, May hope il - lume the sky. In gold-en splendor dawn-ing, The morrow's light shall break,

morn-ing, May I in glo-ry wake, May I in glo-ry wake.

En - ter in - to his gates with thanksgiv - ing, and in - to his courts with praise, En - ter in - to his gates with thanksgiving, and in - to his

En - ter in - to his gates, with thanksgiv - ing, and in - to his courts with praise, En - ter in - to his gates with thanksgiving, and in - to his

courts with praise. Praise the Lord for - ev - er - more, Be thank - ful un - to him, and speak good of his name.

courts with praise. Be thankful un - to him, and speak good of his name. O praise the Lord for - ev - er - more.

Praise the Lord for - ev - er - more, Be thank - ful un - to him, and speak good of his name.

And as for his judgments we have not known them; Then praise the Lord, then praise the Lord, then

He hath not dealt so with a - ny na - tion, And as for his judgments, we have not known them; Then praise the Lord, then praise the Lord, then

praise the Lord with thanksgiving, then praise the Lord with thanksgiving, then praise the Lord with thanksgiving, O praise the Lord! A - men, A - men.

praise the Lord with thanksgiving, then praise the Lord with thanksgiving, then praise the Lord with thanksgiving, O praise the Lord! A - men, A - men.

ANTHEM. "The Gospel Harvest."

SUITABLE FOR MISSIONARY OCCASIONS

WM. B. BRADBURY.
From "Fresh Laurels," by permission.

Spirited.

Lord of the Gos - pel har - vest, Send more lab' - rers forth in - to thy field, send more lab' - rers forth:

Lord of the Gos - pel har - vest, Send more lab' - rers forth in - to thy field, send more lab' - rers forth: More pas - tors teach thy flock to tend,

More workmen raise thy house to build; His work and place to each as - sign, And clothe the word with power di - vine, And clothe the word with power di - vine.

More workmen raise thy house to build; His work and place to each as - sign, And clothe the word with power di - vine, And clothe the word with power di - vine.

We praise thee, O God, We acknowledge thee to be the Lord, All the earth doth worship thee, The Fa-ther ev - er-last-ing. To thee all

an - gels cry a - loud, The heavens and all the powers there-in; To thee cher-u - bim, and ser - a - phim, Con-tin-ual - ly, con-

tin - ual-ly, con - tin-ual-ly, do cry, Con-tin - ual-ly, con-tin-ual-ly, con-tin-ual-ly do cry, Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Con-tin-ual-ly, con-

tin - ual-ly, con-tin-ual-ly, do cry, Con-tin - ual-ly, con-tin-ual-ly, con-tin-ual-ly do cry, Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Sab - - a - oth, Con-tin-ual-ly, con-

Lord God of Sab - a - oth, Heaven and earth are full of the ma - jes - ty of thy glo-ry. A-men, A - men.

tin - ual-ly, con-tin-ual-ly do cry, Heaven and earth are full of the ma - jes - ty of thy glo-ry. A-men, A-men, A-men, A - men.

Lord God of Sab - a - oth, Heaven and earth are full of the ma - jes - ty of thy glo-ry. A-men, A-men, A-men, A - men.

tin - ual-ly, con-tin-ual-ly do cry, Heaven and earth, &c. A men, A - men.

Vivace.

Walk a - bout Zi - on, and go round a - bout her, and tell all the towers, the towers there - of, tell all the towers, the

Walk a - bout Zi - on, and walk round a - bout her, and tell all the towers, the

Walk a - bout Zi - on, and go round a - bout her, and tell all the towers, the towers there - of, tell all the towers, the

FINE.

towers there - of. Mark well her bul-warks, con - sid - er well her pal - a - ces, that ye may tell, that ye may

towers there - of. Mark well her bul-warks, con - sid - er well her pal - a - ces, that ye may tell,

towers there - of. Mark well her bul-warks, con - sid - er well her pal - a - ces, that ye may tell, that ye may

tell, . . . that ye may tell it to the gen-e - ra - tions fol-low-ing. For this
 . . . that ye may tell, that ye may tell it to the gen-e - ra - tions fol-low-ing. For this God is
 . . . that ye may tell, that ye may tell it to the gen-e - ra - tions fol-low-ing. For this God is our God for
 tell, . For this God is our God for - ev - er.

God is our God for - ev - er, He will be our guide, He will be our guide ev-en un-to death. *Slow.* *D. C.*
 our God for - ev - er, He will be our guide, He will be our guide, our guide ev-en un-to death.
 - ev - er, He will be our guide, He will be our guide, He will be our guide ev-en un-to death. *Slow.* *D. C.*
 He will be our guide, our guide, He will be our guide,

Firmly, and in moderate time.

O clap your hands, clap your hands all ye people, Shout unto God with the voice of triumph ; O clap your hands, clap your hands all ye people,

O clap your hands, clap your hands all ye people, Shout unto God with the voice of triumph ; O clap your hands, clap your hands all ye people,

Allegro. With great spirit.

Shout unto God with the voice of triumph. O clap your hands, O clap your hands, clap your hands, all ye people,

O clap your hands, all ye people, O clap your hands, clap your hands all ye

Shout unto God with the voice of triumph. O clap your hands, clap your hands all ye people, O clap your hands, clap your

O clap your hands,

O clap your hands, Shout un-to God, shout un-to God with the voice of triumph.

Slower. Soprano Solo.

people, ye people, Shout unto God, Shout un-to God with the voice of tri-umph.

For God is the King o-ver all the earth,

Piano or Organ.

hands all ye people, Shout un-to God, shout unto God with the voice of triumph.

This system contains four staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a vocal line, marked 'Slower. Soprano Solo.', with lyrics. The third staff is a piano or organ accompaniment, marked 'Piano or Organ.', with lyrics. The fourth staff is a bass line with lyrics.

DUETT. Tenor.

God is the King o-ver all the earth,

Soprano-

Sing ye prais-es, Sing ye prais-es with un-der-standing. God is the King o-ver all the earth,

pp *f* *pp* *f*

This system contains four staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line, marked 'DUETT. Tenor.', with lyrics. The second staff is a vocal line, marked 'Soprano-', with lyrics. The third staff is a piano accompaniment, marked with dynamics *pp* and *f*, with lyrics. The fourth staff is a bass line with lyrics.

CHORUS.

ff *Rit.*

sing ye praises with un - der - stand - ing. God is the King o - ver all the earth, Sing ye prais - es with un - der - stand - ing. A - men.

Alto.

Soprano.

God is the King o - ver all the earth, Sing ye prais - es with un - der - stand - ing. A - men.

SENTENCE. "The sacrifices of God."

Slow, plaintive.

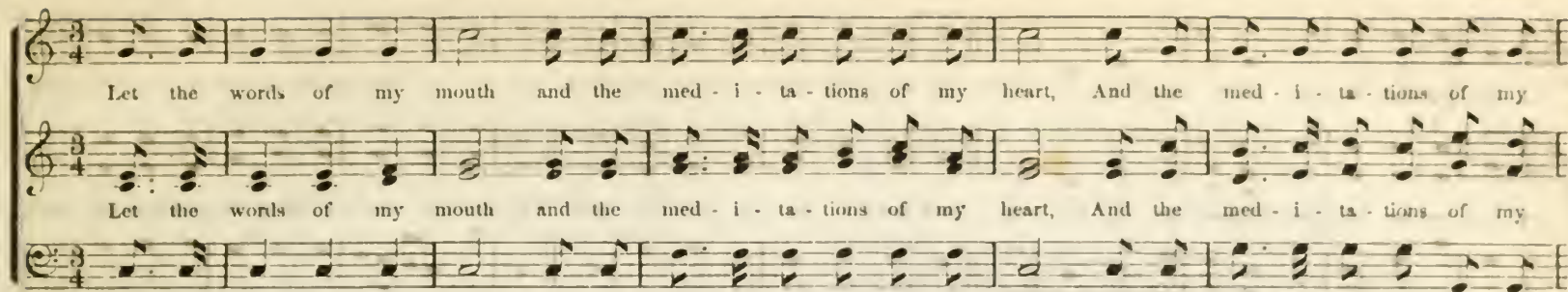
WM. F. SHERWIN.

The sac - ri - fices of God are a brok - en spi - rit, A brok - en and a con - trite heart Thou wilt not de - spise.

The sac - ri - fices of God are a brok - en spi - rit, A brok - en and a con - trite heart Thou wilt not do - spise.

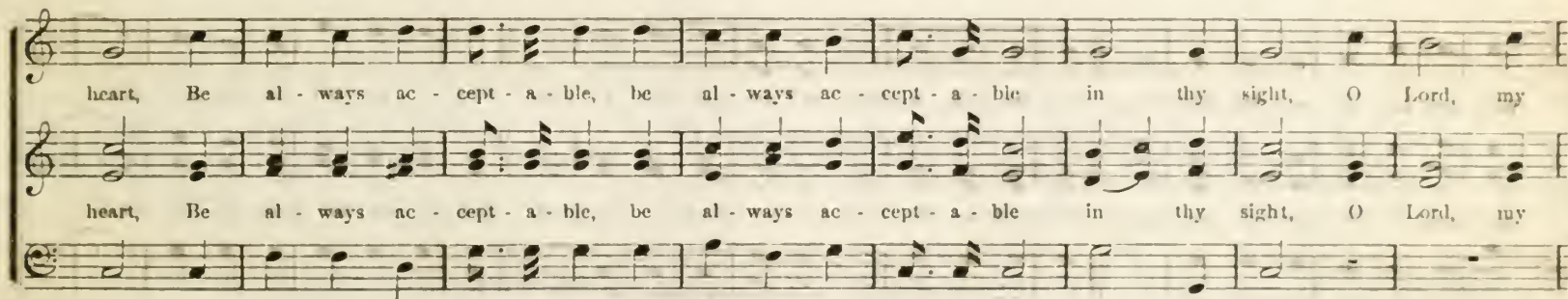
SENTENCE. "Let the Words of my Mouth."

WM. F. SHERWIN. 327



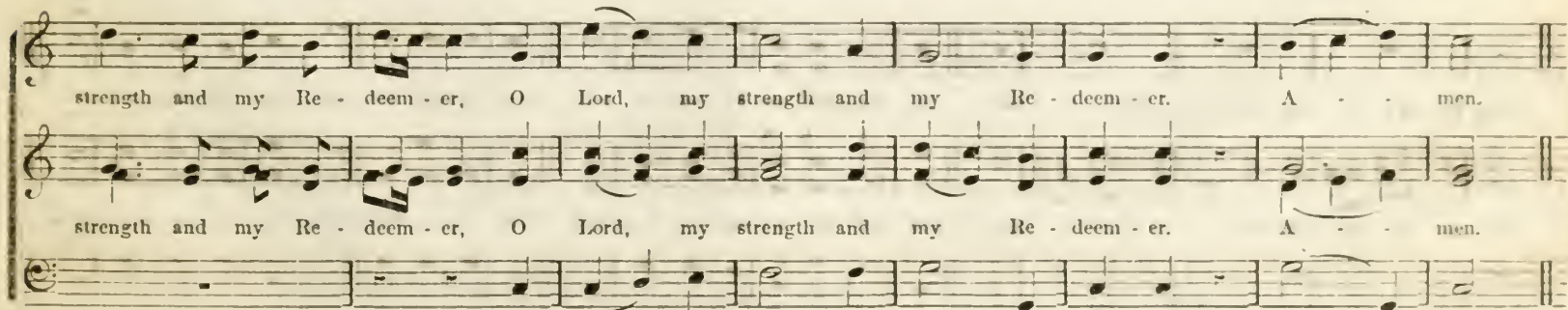
Let the words of my mouth and the med - i - ta - tions of my heart, And the med - i - ta - tions of my

Let the words of my mouth and the med - i - ta - tions of my heart, And the med - i - ta - tions of my



heart, Be al - ways ac - cept - a - ble, be al - ways ac - cept - a - ble in thy sight, O Lord, my

heart, Be al - ways ac - cept - a - ble, be al - ways ac - cept - a - ble in thy sight, O Lord, my



strength and my Re - deem - er, O Lord, my strength and my Re - deem - er. A - - men.

strength and my Re - deem - er, O Lord, my strength and my Re - deem - er. A - - men.

1. Be joy-ful in God, all ye lands of the earth; Oh, serve him with glad-ness and fear: Ex-ult in his pres-ence with mu-sic and mirth,

2. Oh! en-ter his gates with thank-giv-ing and song, Your vows in his tem-ple pro-claim: His praise in me-lo-dious ac-cord-ance pro-long,

The first system of the musical score for 'Be Joyful in God'. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef, 3/4 time. The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively, featuring chords and moving lines. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with two verses of text.

With love and de-vo-tion draw near. Je-ho-vah is God, and Je-ho-vah a-lone, Cre-a-tor and Ru-ler o'er all,.....

And bless his a-dor-a-ble name. For good is the Lord, in-ex-press-i-bly good, And we are the work of his hand;....

The second system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics continue across two lines, with a dotted line indicating a continuation of the text.

And we are his peo-ple, his sheep-tre we own, His sheep, and we fol-low his call; We fol-low his call, we fol-low his call.

His mer-cy and truth from e-ter-ni-ty stood, And shall to e-ter-ni-ty stand, For ev-er shall stand, for ev-er shall stand.

The third system of the musical score. It concludes the piece with a final melodic phrase and accompaniment. The lyrics end with a final line of text.

BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL.

WM. B. BRADBURY. 329

Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, O my soul, And all that is with - in me, bless his ho - ly name.

Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord,

Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, O my soul, And all that is with - in me, bless his ho - ly name.

Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, O my soul, and for - get not all his ben - e - fits, and for - get not all his

Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, O my soul, and for - get not all his ben - e - fits, and for - get not all his

ben - e - fits. Who for - giv - eth all thine in - i - qui - ties, Who heal - eth all thy dis - eas - es, Who crowneth thee with lov - ing

ben - e - fits. Who for - giv - eth all thine in - i - qui - ties, Who heal - eth all thy dis - eas - es, Who crowneth thee with lov - ing

kind - ness and ten - der mer - cies, Who crown-eth thee with lov - ing kind - ness and ten - der mer - cies. Who re -

deem-eth thy life from de - struc - tion, Who crowneth thee with lov - ing kind - ness, Who crowneth thee with lov - ing kind - ness and ten - der mer - cies.

CLOSING HYMN.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. For this sweet hour, O God a - bove, Ac - cept our thanks, our high - est love; Here may the dew of grace de - scend, From thee, our Fa - ther, Saviour, Friend.
2. Ac - cept our thanks, O gra - cious Lord, For ev - every prom - ise in thy word; And may thy truth di - vine - ly blest, Sink deep in ev - every youthful breast.
3. O guard us, Lord, from day to day, In all we do and all we say; From e - vil thoughts our hearts defend, And guide us to our journey's end.

CHRIST OUR REFUGE.*

RHODES, Arr.

331

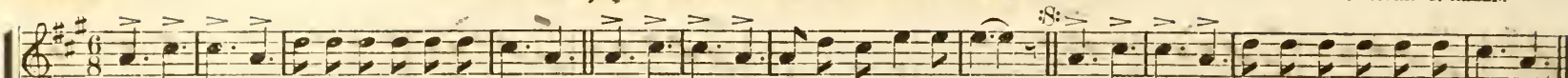
1. Je - sus, re- fuge of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, While the raging bil - lows roll, While the tem - pest still is high:

2. Oth - er re- fuge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on thee; Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still support and com - fort me:

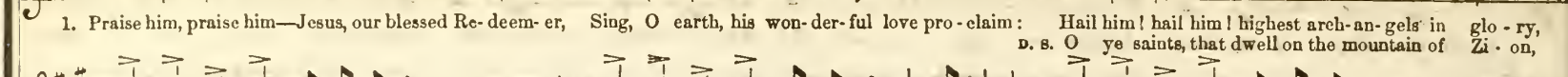
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past, Safe in - to the haven guide, Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring; Cover my defenceless head, Cov - er my de - fenceless head, With the shad - ow of thy wing.

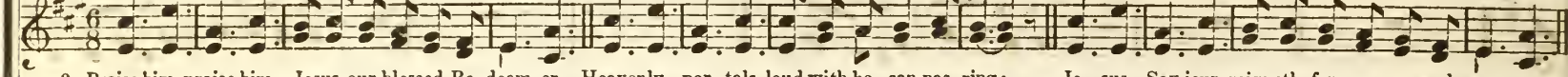
*Alto may be omitted *ad libitum*.



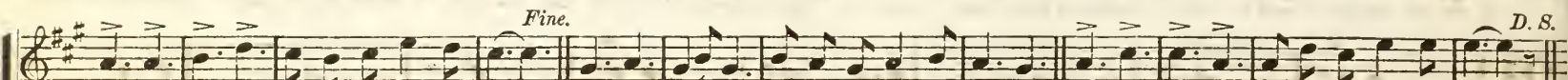
1. Praise him, praise him—Jesus, our blessed Re-deem-er, Sing, O earth, his won-der-ful love pro-claim: Hail him! hail him! highest arch-an-gels in glo-ry,
D. S. O ye saints, that dwell on the mountain of Zi-on,



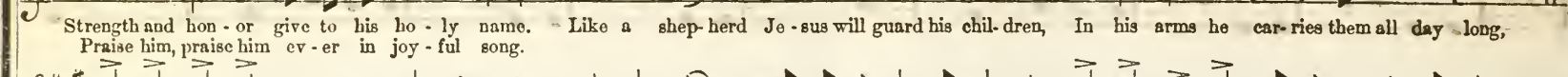
2. Praise him, praise him—Jesus, our blessed Re-deem-er, Heavenly por-tals, loud with ho-san-nas ring: Je-sus, Sav-iour, reigneth for ev-er and ev-er.
D. S. Je-sus lives! no lon-ger thy por-tals are cheer-less;



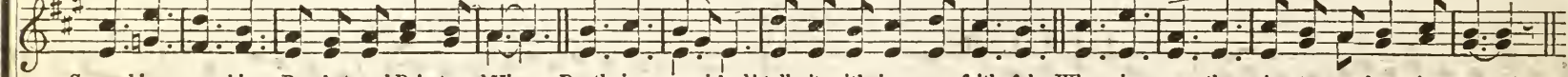
Fine. *D. S.*



Strength and hon-or give to his ho-ly name. Like a shep-herd Je-sus will guard his chil-dren, In his arms he car-ries them all day long,
Praise him, praise him ev-er in joy-ful song.

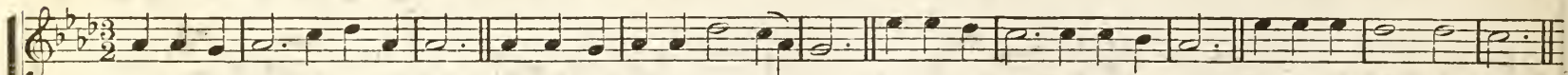


Crown him, crown him—Prophet, and Priest, and King. • Death is vanquished! tell it with joy, ye faith-ful: Where is now thy vic-to-ry, boasting grave!
Je-sus lives, the mighty, and strong to save.

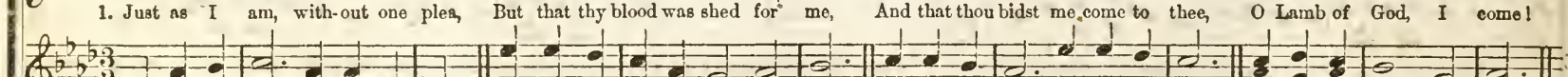


HUMILITY. 8s & 6s.

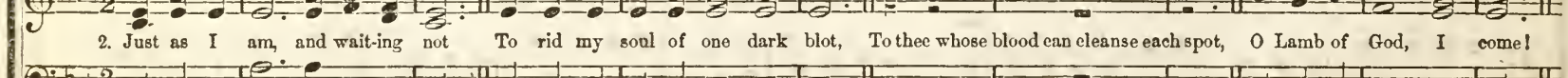
CHESTER G. ALLEN.



1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bidst me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come!

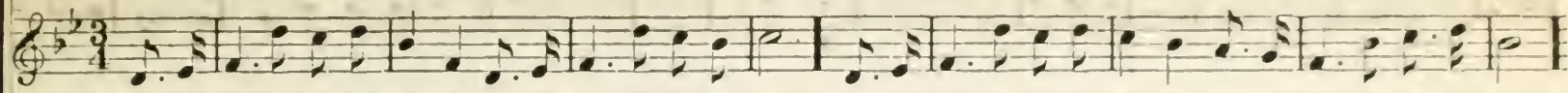
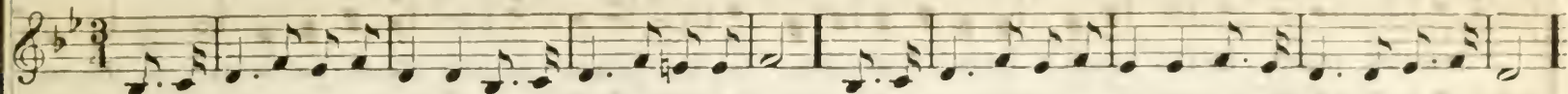


2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!





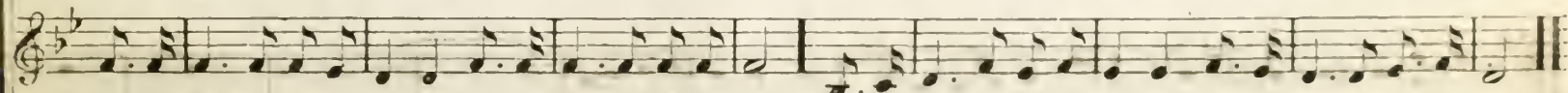
1. Sin - ners, hear the night-y Saviour! Love and pit - y fill his breast; Now in ac - cents sweet he calls you, Come and taste the promised rest.



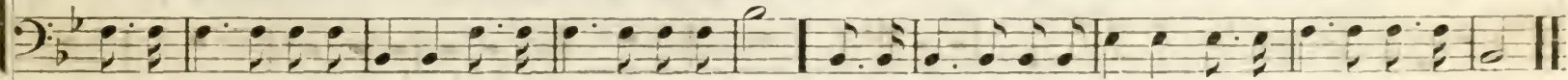
2. Stay not, pondering on your sor - row, Turn from your own self a - way, Dare not lin - ger till to - mor - row, Come to Christ with - out de - lay.



Do ye fear your own un - fit - ness, Burdened as you are in sin! 'Tis the Ho - ly Spir - it's wit - ness, Christ in - vites you—en - ter in.



Je - sus, with thy word com - ply - ing, Firm our faith and hope shall be; On thy faith - ful - ness re - ly - ing, We will cast our souls on thee.



Maestoso.

The Lord reigneth, the Lord reigneth, Let the peo - ple tremble. The Lord reigneth, the Lord reigneth, Let the peo - ple trem - ble.

The Lord reigneth, the Lord reigneth, Let the pec - ple tremble. The Lord reigneth, the Lord reigneth, Let the peo - ple trem - ble.

1st time to be sung as a Duet, Alto and Soprano; 2d time, Full Chorus.

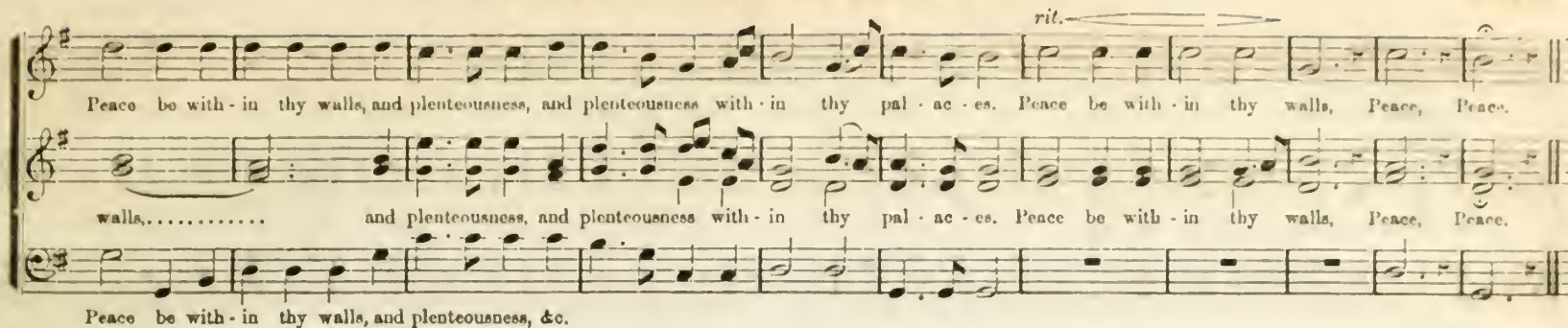
For the Lord is ho - ly, For the Lord our God is ho - ly. O pray for the peace, the peace of Je -

For the Lord is ho - ly, For the Lord our God is ho - ly. O pray for the peace, the peace of Je -

- ru - sa - lem; They shall pros - per that love..... thee. Peace be with - in thy walls,.....

- ru - sa - lem; They shall pros - per that love..... thee. Peace be with - in thy walls,..... Peace be with - in thy

rit.




Peace be with-in thy walls, and plenteousness, and plenteousness with-in thy pal-ac-es. Peace be with-in thy walls, Peace, Peace.

walls,..... and plenteousness, and plenteousness with-in thy pal-ac-es. Peace be with-in thy walls, Peace, Peace.

Peace be with-in thy walls, and plenteousness, &c.

OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.

WM. F. SHERWIN.



1. Our Fa-ther in heav-en, We hal-low thy name; May thy king-dom ho-ly On earth be the same.

2. For-give our trans-gres-sions, And teach us to know That hum-ble com-pas-sion Which par-dons each foe;

O give to us dai-ly Our por-tion of bread; It is from thy boun-ty That all must be fed.

Keep us from temp-ta-tion, From weak-ness and sin, And thine be the glo-ry, For-ev-er. A-men.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

1. Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day, He is risen in - deed; Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day, He is risen in - deed;

SOLO.

2. Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day, He is risen in - deed; Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day, He is risen in - deed;

FULL CHORUS.

"He cap - tive led cap - tiv - i - ty, He robbed the grave of vic - to - ry," He broke the bars of death, He broke the bars of death.

Let ev - ery mourn - ing soul re - joice, And sing with one u - nit - ed voice, The Sav - iour rose to - day, The Sav - iour rose to - day.

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men. Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men. Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

WHEN, AS RETURNS THIS SOLEMN DAY.

337

WM. F. SHEEWIN.

When, as re-returns this sol-emn day, Man comes to meet his God, What rites, what hon-ors shall he pay! How spread his name a-broad! From

When, as re-returns this sol-emn day, Man comes to meet his God, What rites, what hon-ors shall he pay! How spread his name a-broad! From

mar-ble domes and gild-ed spires Shall clouds of in-cense rise; And gems, and gold, and gar-lands deck The cost-ly sac-ri-fice. Vain, sin-ful man!

Ho, eve - ry one that thirst - eth, Ho, eve - ry one that thirst - eth, Come ye to the wa - ters, yea come buy and eat;

He that hath no mon - ey, come buy wine and milk with - out mon - ey and with - out price. In - cline your ear un - to me,

Hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an ev - er - last - ing cov' - nant with thee, ev'n the sure mer - cies of Da - vid.

Ho, eve-ry one that thirst-eth, Ho, eve-ry one that thirst-eth, Come ye to the wa-ters, yea, come buy and eat;

Ho, eve-ry one that thirst-eth, Ho, eve-ry one that thirst-eth, Come ye to the wa-ters, yea, come buy and eat;

He that hath no mon-ey, come buy wine and milk with-out mon-ey and with-out price. Eve-ry one that thirst-eth, come, O come!

He that hath no mon-ey, come buy wine and milk with-out mon-ey and with-out price. Eve-ry one that thirst-eth, come, O come!

JUST AS I AM.

WM. F. SHELDON.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bidst me come to thee, O Lamb of God I come!

2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God I come!

3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout, With many a cou-lict, many a doubt, Fight-ings with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God I come!

CHORUS.

Comfort ye my people, Comfort ye my people, Comfort ye my people, saith your God. Comfort ye my people, Comfort ye my people, Comfort ye my people, saith your God. Amen.

Comfort ye, Comfort ye, Comfort ye my people, saith your God. Comfort ye, Comfort ye, Comfort ye my people, saith your God. A - men.

CHANT.

1. Speak ye comfortably.....	to	Je -	-	rusalem,	And cry unto her that her...	war -	fare	is	ac -	complished,
2. The voice of him that.....	crieth	in the	-	wilderness,	Pre -	pare	ye the	way	of the	Lord,
3. Every valley shall.....	be	ex -	-	alted,	And every mountain and....	hill	shall	be	made	low;
4. And the glory of the Lord shall..	be	re -	-	vealed,	And all	flesh	shall	see	to -	gether:

That her in - - -	iquity	is	pardoned:	For she hath received of the Lord's hand.	double for	all her	sins.
Make.....	straight	in the	desert	A	high - way	for our	God.
And the crooked.....	shall be	made	straight,	And the	rough -	plac - es	plain.
For the mouth of the..	Lord	hath	spoken it;	The mouth of the.....	Lord	hath	it.

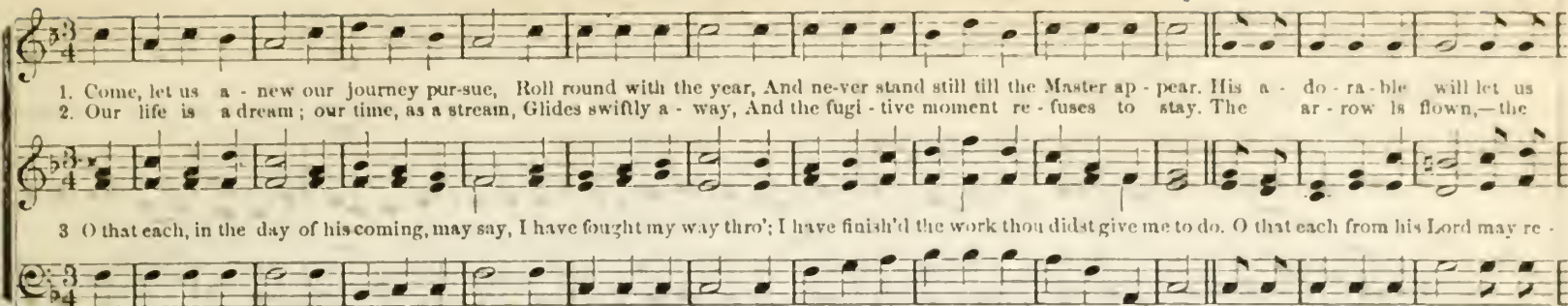
Cho. "Comfort ye."

Cho. "Comfort ye."

* Sing this "Amen" at the final ending of Chorus.

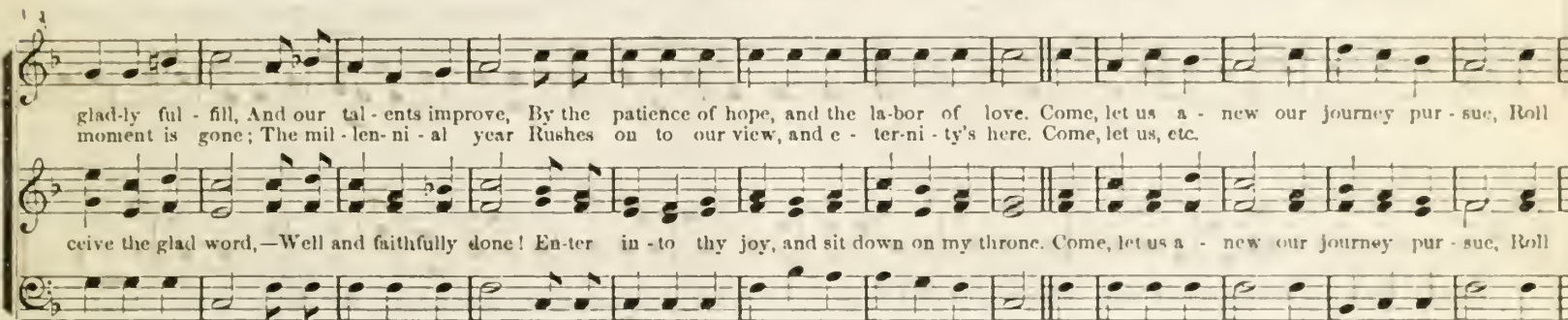
HYMN ANTHEM. "Come, let us anew."

CHESTER G. ALLEN. 341



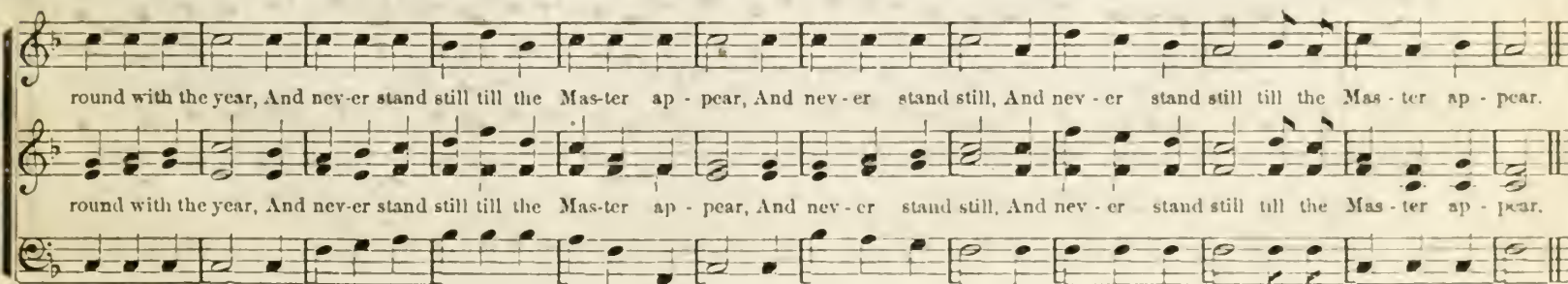
1. Come, let us a - new our journey pur-sue, Roll round with the year, And ne-ver stand still till the Master ap - pear. His a - do - ra - ble will let us
 2. Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream, Glides swiftly a - way, And the fugi - tive moment re - fuses to stay. The ar - row is flown,—the

3 O that each, in the day of his coming, may say, I have fought my way thro'; I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do. O that each from his Lord may re -



glad-ly ful - fill, And our tal - ents improve, By the patience of hope, and the la - bor of love. Come, let us a - new our journey pur - sue, Roll
 moment is gone; The mil - len - ni - al year Rushes on to our view, and e - ter - ni - ty's here. Come, let us, etc.

ceive the glad word,—Well and faithfully done! En - ter in - to thy joy, and sit down on my throne. Come, let us a - new our journey pur - sue, Roll



round with the year, And nev - er stand still till the Mas - ter ap - pear, And nev - er stand still, And nev - er stand still till the Mas - ter ap - pear.

round with the year, And nev - er stand still till the Mas - ter ap - pear, And nev - er stand still, And nev - er stand still till the Mas - ter ap - pear.

Smooth and flowing.

Je - sus, most holy one, We lift our souls to thee; } Watch us while shadows lie } Hear the heart's lonely sigh, Thine too hath bled. Thou that hast
Plead for us, Sav - iour, Lone wand'ers on the sea. } Far o'er the water spread; }

m *cres.* *p* *f*

looked on death, Aid us when death is near, Whisper of heaven to faith—Redeemer, Redeemer, hear; Hear, O hear and save us, Tossed on the deep!

cres. *p* *cres. rit.* *f* *rit.* *dim.*

looked on death, Aid us when death is near, Whis-per of heaven to faith—Redeemer, Redeemer, hear; Hear, O hear and save us, Tossed on the deep!

PRAISE THE LORD. Anthem.

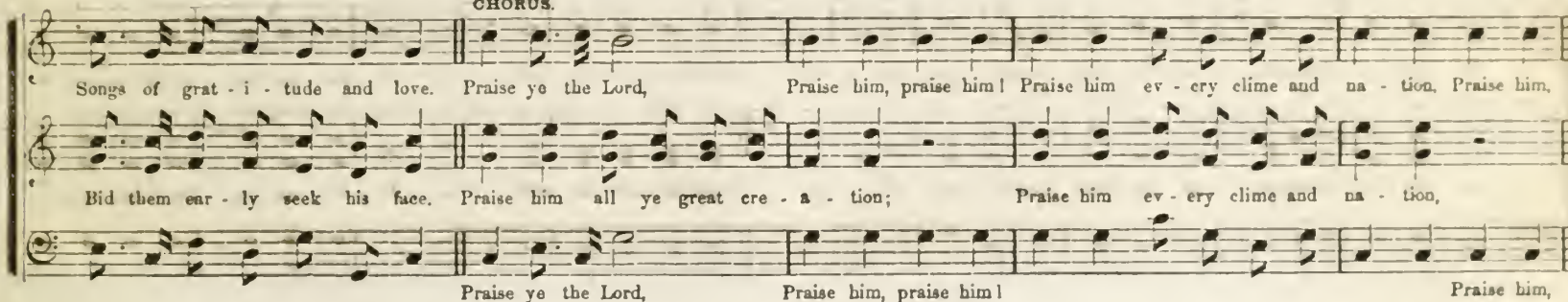
WM. B. CRAEBURY. From "Bright Jewels." 343



1. Praise the Lord, oh! praise him, praise him, Praise the Lord who reigns a - bove! Now with cheer - ful voice - es raise him

2. Praise the Lord of life and glo - ry, Praise the Lord of truth and grace; Tell to all his won - d'rous sto - ry;

CHORUS.



Songs of grat - i - tude and love. Praise ye the Lord, Praise him, praise him! Praise him ev - ery clime and na - tion, Praise him,

Bid them ear - ly seek his face. Praise him all ye great cre - a - tion; Praise him ev - ery clime and na - tion,

Praise ye the Lord, Praise him, praise him! Praise him,



praise ye the Lord, praise him, praise him! Praise the Lord for ev - er - more.

Praise the Giv - er of sal - va - tion, Praise the Lord for ev - er - more

praise ye the Lord, praise him, praise him!

8 Praise the Lord with loud hosannas,
Praise him with the mighty throng.
Write his name upon your banners,
Be his praise your battle-song!
Cho.—Praise him, &c.

4 Praise the Giver of salvation,
Praise him every clime and tongue;
Heaven and earth, and all creation
Shout aloud in joyful song!
Cho.—Praise him, &c.

mp Supplicatory.

Deal gen - tly, O Fa - ther, in thy good pleas - ure, in thy good pleas - ure deal gen - tly to Zi - on; Fa - ther, deal gen - tly,

Deal gen - tly, O Fa - ther, in thy good pleas - ure, in thy good pleas - ure deal gen - tly to Zi - on; Fa - ther, deal gen - tly,

in thy good pleas - ure, in thy good pleas - ure deal gen - tly. Build thou now the walls of Je - ru - sa - lem, Build thou now the

in thy good pleas - ure, in thy good. pleas - ure deal gen - tly. Build thou now the walls of Je - ru - sa - lem, Build thou now the

walls, the walls of Je - ru - sa - lem.

walls, the walls of Je - ru - sa - lem. Deal gen - - - tly, O Fa - - - - ther, in thy good pleas - ure, deal gen - tly to

DEAL GENTLY, O FATHER. Concluded.

345

Deal gen - - - tly, O Fa - - - ther, in thy good pleas - ure, deal gen - tly, O Fa - - - ther...

Zi - on; Deal gen - - - tly, O Fa - - - ther, in thy good pleas - ure, deal gen - tly, O Fa - - - ther...

This musical score is for the hymn 'Deal Gently, O Father'. It consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle staff is the piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the bass line. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

DOXOLOGY Glory be to the Father.

B. CHAPPEL.

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, Glo - ry be to the Son, Glo - ry be to the Ho - ly - Ghost; As it was in the be - gin - ning, is

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, Glo - ry be to the Son, Glo - ry be to the Ho - ly - Ghost; As it

This musical score is for the 'Doxology' hymn. It consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle staff is the piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the bass line. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end, world with - out end, world with - out end. A - men.

was in the be - gin - ning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end, world with - out end, world with - out end. A - men.

This musical score continues the 'Doxology' hymn. It consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle staff is the piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the bass line. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want: He

The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want: He mak-eth me to lie down, lie down in green pastures. The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want: He

mak-eth me to lie down, lie down in green pas-tures; He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me be-side the still wa-ters, He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me be-

mak-eth me to lie down, lie down in green pas-tures; He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me be-side the still wa-ters, He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me be-

- side the still wa-ters. He re-stor-eth my soul, He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for his name's sake, He leadeth me in the

- side the still wa-ters. He re-stor-eth my soul, He re-stor-eth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for his name's sake, He leadeth me in the

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD. Concluded.

347

p *m* *mf* *pp* *p* *mp* *f* *pp*

paths of righteousness, for his name's sake. Yea, tho' I walk thro' the val-ley of the shad-ow of death, I will fear no e-vil, for thou art with me; Thy

paths of righteousness, for his name's sake. Yea, tho' I walk thro' the val-ley of the shad-ow of death, I will fear no e-vil, for thou art with me; Thy

mp *p* *cres.* *mf*

rod and thy staff they com-fort me; Thy rod and thy staff they com-fort me; Yea, tho' I walk thro' the val-ley of the shad-ow of death, I will fear no

rod and thy staff they com-fort me; Thy rod and thy staff they com-fort me; Yea, tho' I walk thro' the val-ley of the shad-ow of death, I will fear no

p *dim.*

e-vil, for thou art with me; Thy rod and thy staff they com-fort me, Thy rod and thy staff they com-fort me, Thy rod and thy staff they com-fort me.

e-vil, for thou art with me; Thy rod and thy staff they com-fort me, Thy rod and thy staff they com-fort me, Thy rod and thy staff they com-fort me.

me.....

Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais-ed, Great is the Lord,..... Great is the Lord, and
Great is the Lord.....

Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais-ed, Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais-ed, Great is the Lord, and

great-ly to be prais-ed, Great is the Lord in all the earth: Great is the Lord, Great is the

great-ly to be prais-ed, Great is the Lord in all the earth: Great is the Lord, and greatly to be prais-ed, Great is the

Lord, Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais-ed in all the earth, in all the earth.

Lord, and great-ly to be prais-ed, Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais-ed in all the earth, in all the earth.

* After Repeat, omit to page 349, commencing "Worship the Lord."

With deep Feeling,

We have thought of thy loving-kind-ness in the midst of thy tem-ple, we have thought of thy loving-kind-ness in the midst of thy tem-ple, in the

Repeat from beginning to the ♯

For great are thy mer-cies, For great are thy ten-der mer-cies, O Lord our God.
 midst of thy tem-ple; For great are thy ten-der mer-cies, O Lord our God, For great are thy ten-der mer-cies, O Lord our God.

Repeat from beginning to the ♯

A little slower.

Wor-ship the Lord in the beau-ty of ho-li-ness, Fear be-fore him all the earth, Fear be-fore him all the earth,
 Wor-ship the Lord in the beau-ty of ho-li-ness, Fear be-fore him all the earth, Fear be-fore him all the earth,

"Great is the Lord." Concluded.

A tempo.

fear be - fore him all the earth. Wor-ship the Lord, Wor-ship the Lord,
fear be - fore him all the earth, Wor-ship the Lord in the beau-ty of ho - li-ness, Wor-ship the Lord in the beauty of ho - li-ness,

With Solemnity.

Fear be - fore him all the earth: Fear be - fore him all the earth: Great is the Lord, Great is the
Fear be - fore him all the earth: Fear be - fore him all the earth: Great is the Lord, and greatly to be prais - ed, Great is the

Lord, Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais - ed in all the earth, in all the earth.
Lord, and great-ly to be prais - ed, Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais - ed in all the earth, in all the earth.

Andante.
SOLO. Soprano & Alto.

OH, THAT I HAD WINGS LIKE A DOVE. From "CONCONE'S Mass in F." 351

CHORUS.

Oh, that I.... had wings like a dove, Oh, that I.... had wings like a dove, for then I would flee, I would flee away, then I would flee away,

dolce.

and be at rest. Lo... then would I get me a-way... then would I.... get me away far off, and re-main in the wilderness;

I... would make haste to es-cape, I would make haste because of the stormy wind, of... the storm-y wind and tempest.

CHORUS. *f* *dim. riten.* *rf* *f* *dim. riten.* *p*

Moderato.

1. Cense - less praise be to the Fa - ther, By whose power and grace we live; Who,... our way - ward

2. To the Ho - ly Spir - it ren - der Grate - ful, ev - er - last - ing praise, Who,..... long striv - ing,

souls to gath - er, Did..... his Well - be - lov - ed give. To the Son be praise un - end - ing, Who, our

pa - - - tient, ten - der, Waits..... our souls from death to raise. Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it, One Je -

ru - ined souls to save, From his heav'n - ly throne de - scend - ed, Hast - ed to the cross and grave.

- ho - vah, we a - dore; May we all.... thy peace in - her - it, Saved ... by thee for ev - er - more.

GREAT AND MARVELLOUS. Anthem.

R. A. SMITH.

With Spirit.

p

Great and mar - vel - lous are thy works, Lord God Al - migh - ty. Great and mar - vel - lous, Great and mar - vel - lous, Great and mar - vel - lous

p *f*

Great and mar - vel - lous are thy works, Lord God Al - migh - ty. Great and mar - vel - lous, Great and mar - vel - lous, Great and mar - vel - lous

p *f*

are thy works. Just and true, Just and true, Just and true are thy

are thy works. Just and true, Just and true, Just and true are thy

Just and true are all thy ways, thou King, thou King of saints; True are all thy ways, thou King of saints; Just and true are thy

Detailed description: This system contains four staves of music. The first three staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The first staff has lyrics 'are thy works. Just and true, Just and true, Just and true are thy'. The second staff has lyrics 'are thy works. Just and true, Just and true, Just and true are thy'. The third staff has lyrics 'are thy works. Just and true, Just and true, Just and true are thy'. The fourth staff is in bass clef and contains the lyrics 'Just and true are all thy ways, thou King, thou King of saints; True are all thy ways, thou King of saints; Just and true are thy'. There are dynamic markings 'p' and 'f' in the fourth staff.

adagio. *tempo primo.*

ways, thou King of saints. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, thou a-lone art ho - ly. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men.

ways, thou King of saints. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, thou a-lone art ho - ly. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men.

Detailed description: This system contains four staves of music. The first three staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The first staff has lyrics 'ways, thou King of saints. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, thou a-lone art ho - ly. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men.' The second staff has lyrics 'ways, thou King of saints. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, thou a-lone art ho - ly. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men.' The third staff has lyrics 'ways, thou King of saints. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, thou a-lone art ho - ly. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men.' The fourth staff is in bass clef and contains the lyrics 'ways, thou King of saints. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, thou a-lone art ho - ly. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men.' There are tempo markings 'adagio.' and 'tempo primo.' above the first and second staves respectively.

"HOLY IS THE LORD."

WM. F. BRADBURY.
From "Bright Jewels."

355

Moderato.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord! Sing, O ye peo - ple, glad - ly a - dore him; Let the mountains
2. Praise him, praise him! Shout a - loud for joy, Watchman of Zi - on, her - ald the sto - ry; Sin and death his

3. King e - ter - nal, bless - ed be his name! So may his chil - dren glad - ly a - dore him, When in heaven we

trem - ble at his word; Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore him; Migh - ty in wis - dom, boundless in mer - cy,
king - dom shall des - troy; All the earth shall sing of his glo - ry; Praise him, ye an - gels, ye who be - hold him

join the hap - py strain, When we cast our bright crowns be - fore him; There in his like - ness joy - ful a - wak - ing,

Great is Je - ho - vah, King o - ver all. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord, Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore him.
Robed in his splen - dor, matchless di - vine. Ho - ly, ho - ly, etc.

There we shall see him, there we shall sing. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord, Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore him.

Maestoso.

From the Oratorio of "Daniel."

Sing, O sing, and mag - ni - fy the Lord, and let us ex - alt his name to - geth - er; Sing, O sing, and mag - ni - fy the Lord, and

Sing, O sing, and mag - ni - fy the Lord, and let us ex - alt his name to - geth - er: Sing, O sing, and mag - ni - fy the Lord, and

let us ex - alt his name to - geth - er; For he hath triumph'd glo - ri - ous - ly, For he hath triumph'd glo - ri - ous - ly; Sing, O sing, and

let us ex - alt his name to - geth - er; For he hath triumph'd glo - ri - ous - ly, For he hath triumph'd glo - ri - ous - ly; Sing, O sing, and

mag - ni - fy the Lord, and let us ex - alt his name to - geth - er; For he hath triumph'd glo - ri - ous - ly, glo - ri - ous - ly, glo - ri - ous - ly, Lord,.....

mag - ni - fy the Lord, and let us ex - alt his name to - geth - er; For he hath triumph'd glo - ri - ous - ly, glo - ri - ous - ly, glo - ri - ous - ly,

glo - ri - ous - ly; He hath wrought sal - va - tion in the eyes of all the peo - ple, wrought sal - va - tion in the eyes of all the peo - ple. Sing, O sing, and
ri - ous - ly.

glo - ri - ous - ly: He hath wrought sal - va - tion in the eyes of all the peo - ple, wrought sal - va - tion in the eyes of all the peo - ple. Sing, O sing, and

Sing.....

mag - ni - fy the Lord, and let us ex - alt his name to - geth - er; For he hath triumph'd glo - ri - ous - ly, and wrought sal - va - tion in the

mag - ni - fy the Lord, and let us ex - alt his name to - geth - er; For he hath triumph'd glo - ri - ous - ly, and wrought sal - va - tion in the

.....

A little slower.

eyes of all the peo - ple. He hath triumph'd glo - ri - ous - ly, he hath triumph'd glo - ri - ous - ly, glo - ri - ous - ly, glo - ri - ous - ly;

eyes of all the peo - ple. He hath triumph'd glo - ri - ous - ly, he hath triumph'd glo - ri - ous - ly, glo - ri - ous - ly, glo - ri - ous - ly; Who can ut - ter the mighty
SOLO.

pp Base and Tenor *pp*, Soprano and Alto *f*,

Who can show forth all his praise? Take a psalm, and bring the tim-brel, the pleas-ant harp and psal-ter-y;

acts of the Lord, Who can show forth all his praise? Take a psalm, and bring the tim-brel, the pleas-ant harp and psal-ter-y;

pp

f

Praise him with the sound of the trum-pet, Praise him with the psalt'ry and harp. Sing, O sing, and mag-ni-fy the Lord, and let us ex-alt his

Praise him with the sound of the trum-pet, Praise him with the psalt'ry and harp. Sing, O sing, and mag-ni-fy the Lord, and let us ex-alt his

name.....

name to-geth-er, ex-alt his name, ex-alt his name, for he hath triumph'd glo-rious-ly, ex-alt his name, for he hath triumph'd, he hath triumph'd

name..... for

name to-geth-er, ex-alt his name, ex-alt his name, for he hath triumph'd glo-rious-ly, ex-alt his name, for he hath triumph'd, he hath triumph'd

glo - rious-ly. Sing and mag - ni - fy the Lord, for he hath triumph'd glo - rious- ly. A - - - - - men, A - - - - - men.

glo - rious-ly. Sing and mag - ni - fy the Lord, for he hath triumph'd glo - rious- ly. A - - - - - men, A - - - - - men.

THEY ARE GOING DOWN THE VALLEY.

Slow and solemn.

CHORUS. Rev. R. LOWRY.

1. Gone to the grave is our loved one, Gone with a youthful bloom : Lowly we bend, schoolmate and friend, Passing a-way to the tomb, They are go-ing down the
2. Oft we have mingled to - geth-er, Sometimes in prayer and song ; Now when we meet, this one we greet Nev - er a - gain in our throng. They are go-ing, &c.

3. Sweet-ly the form will be sleeping Un- der the cypress shade ; Sad tho' we be, fond - ly will we Cher- ish the name of the dead. They are go-ing down the
4. Down in the valley they're go-ing, Down' to the oth- er shore ; But with the blest—fair land of rest—Weeping will come nev- er more. They are go-ing, &c.

val- ley, The deep, dark val- ley ; We'll see their fac- es nev - er more, Till we pass down the val- ley, The dark, death valley, And meet them on the oth- er shore.

val- ley, The deep, dark val- ley ; We'll see their fac- es nev - er more, Till we pass down the val- ley, The dark, death valley, And meet them on the oth- er shore.

We praise thee, O God! we acknowledge thee to be the Lord; All the earth doth wor-ship thee, the Fa-ther ev-er-last-ing. To

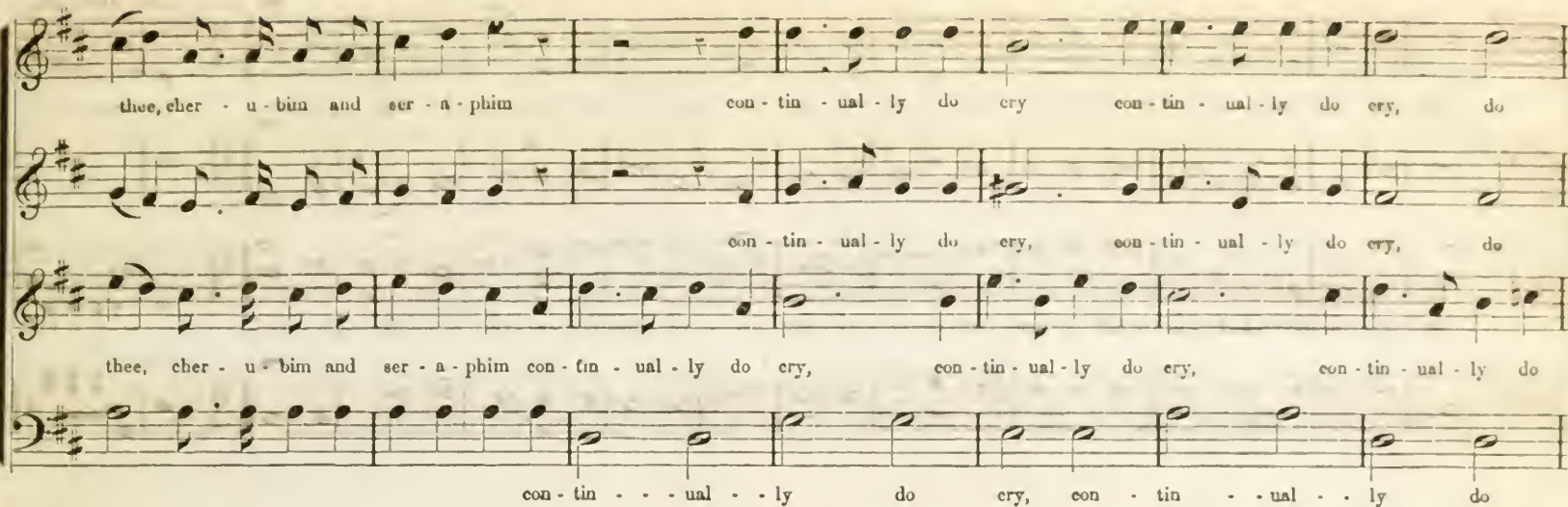
We praise thee, O God! we acknowledge thee to be the Lord; All the earth doth wor-ship thee, the Fath-er ev-er-last-ing. To

thee all an-gels cry aloud, The heav'ns and all the power there-in! To thee, cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim—to

thee all an-gels cry aloud, The heav'ns and all the powers there-in! To thee, cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim—to

ANTHEM. We Praise Thee, O God. Continued.

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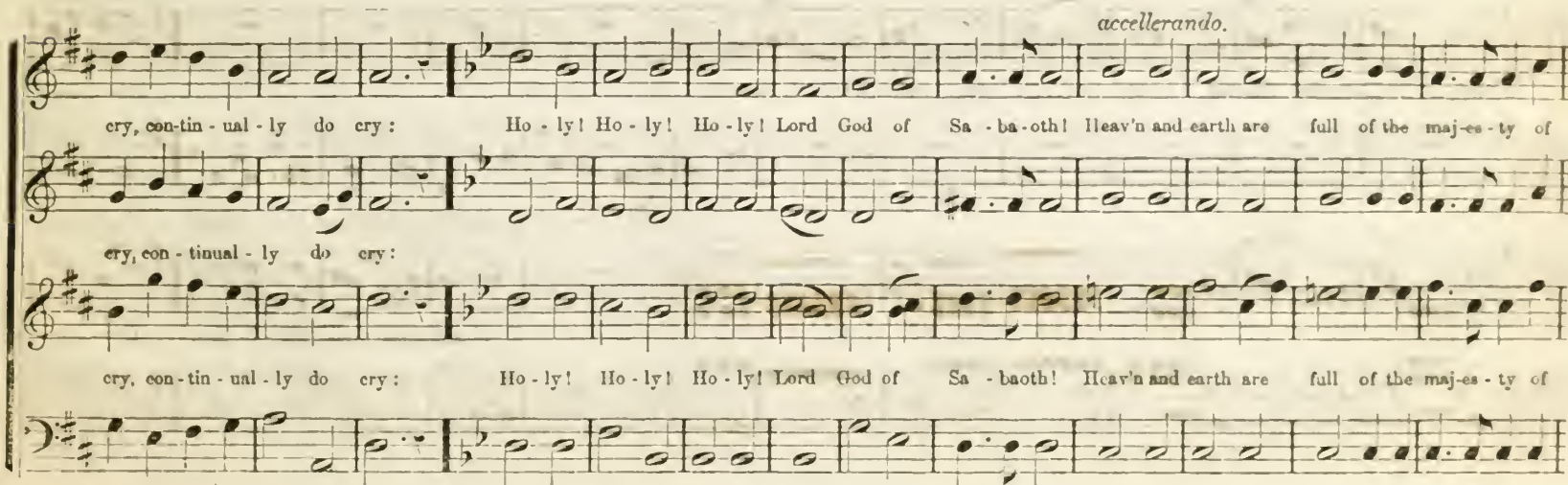
thee, cher - u - bin and ser - a - phim con - tin - ual - ly do cry con - tin - ual - ly do cry, do

con - tin - ual - ly do cry, con - tin - ual - ly do cry, do

thee, cher - u - bin and ser - a - phim con - tin - ual - ly do cry, con - tin - ual - ly do cry, con - tin - ual - ly do

con - tin - ual - ly do cry, con - tin - ual - ly do

accelerando.



cry, con - tin - ual - ly do cry: Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Sa - ba - oth! Heav'n and earth are full of the maj - es - ty of

cry, con - tin - ual - ly do cry: Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Sa - ba - oth! Heav'n and earth are full of the maj - es - ty of

SOLO. Tenor. *Moderato.*

thy glo - ry! Heav'n and earth are full of the maj - es - ty of thy glo - ry, the maj - es - ty of thy glo - ry. Vouchsafe, O

thy glo - ry! Heav'n and earth are full of the maj - es - ty of thy glo - ry, the maj - es - ty of thy glo - ry.

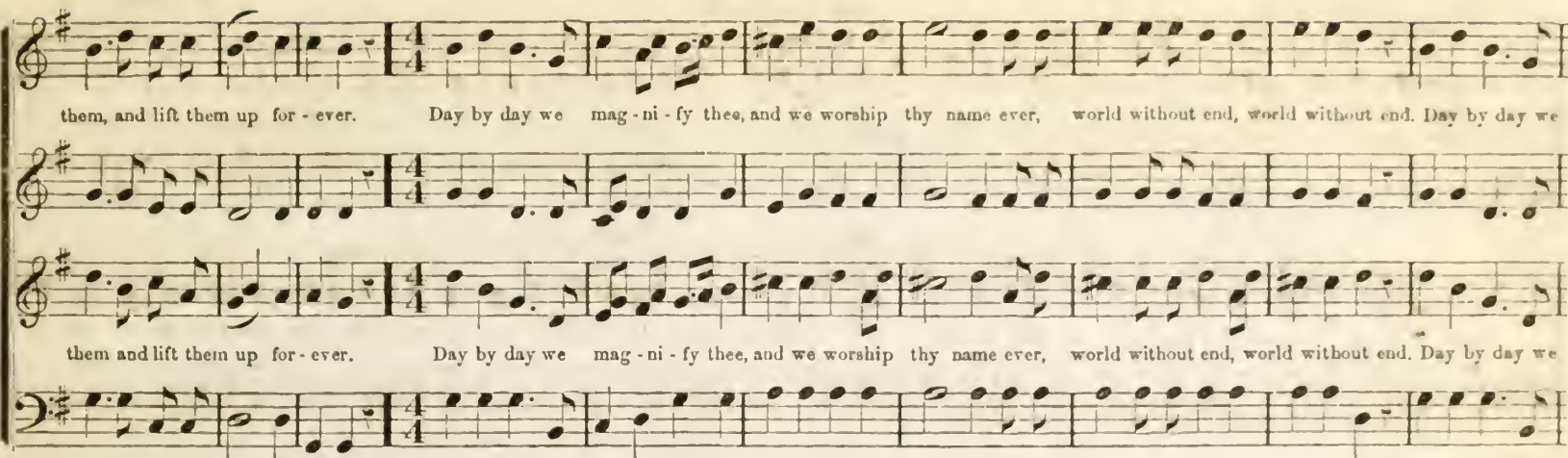
Inst.

Faster. f

Lord, to keep us this day with - out.... sin, with - ont..... sin. Gov - ern

O Lord, save thy people, and bless thine her - i - tage. Gov - ern

and bless thine her - i - tage. Gov - ern



them, and lift them up for - ever. Day by day we mag - ni - fy thee, and we worship thy name ever, world without end, world without end. Day by day we

them and lift them up for - ever. Day by day we mag - ni - fy thee, and we worship thy name ever, world without end, world without end. Day by day we



mag - ni - fy thee, world without end, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, Amen, A - men.

mag - ni - fy thee, world without end, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

A - men, A - men,

ANTHEM. "How beautiful are thy Dwellings."

SOLO or DUETT. *Ad lib.*

FOR DEDICATION.

W. H. DOANE.

Andante.

How beau-ti - ful, How beau-ti - ful, How beau-ti - ful are thy dwell-ings O Lord of Hosts, How beau-ti - ful are thy dwell-ings, O Lord of

DUETT.

hosts! O Lord of hosts! How beauti-ful are thy dwellings, O Lord of hosts. How beau-ti - ful are thy dwell-ings, How beau-ti - ful are thy

CHORUS. *Andante.*

Ho - li - ness, Ho - li - ness be - com - eth thine house, O Lord.

dwell-ings, How beau - ti - ful are thy dwell-ings, O Lord of hosts! Ho - li - ness, Ho - li - ness be - com - eth thine house, O Lord.

*Faster.**cres.**piano.**f*

How beau-ti - ful are thy dwellings, O Lord of hosts. How beau-ti - ful are thy dwell-ings, O Lord of hosts. De-scend now, O Fa - ther, de -

How beau-ti - ful are thy dwellings, O Lord of hosts. How beau-ti - ful are thy dwell-ings, O Lord of hosts. De-scend now, O Fa - ther, de -

"How beautiful are thy Dwellings." Concluded.

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p *f* *p* *cres.* *dim. rit.*

- scend from a - bove, And breathe up - on us the spir - it of love, And breathe up - on us the spir - it of love. A - men. A - men.

- scend from a - bove, And breathe up - on us the spir - it of love, And breathe up - on us the spir - it of love. A - men. A - men.

THE GREAT MESSAGE.

S. J. VAIL.

1. Ye her - alds of the ris - en Christ, go forth! Let love com - pel; Go, and in ris - en power pro - claim his worth, O'er eve - ry
2. Tell how he lived, and toiled, and wept be - low; Tell all his love; Tell the dread won - ders of his aw - ful woe; Tell how he

3. Tell how in weakness he was cru - ci - fied, But rose in power; Went up on high, ac - cept - ed, pu - ri - fied, News of his

re - gion of the dead, cold earth— His glo - ry tell! His glo - ry tell!
fought our fight, and smote our foe, Then rose a - bove! Then rose a - bove!

vic - tory spreading far and wide, From hour to hour, From hour to hour.

4.
Tell how he sits at the right hand of God,
In glory bright;
Making the heaven of heavens his glad abode;
Tell how he cometh with the iron rod,
His foes to smite.

5.
Tell how his kingdom shall thro' ages stand,
And never cease;
Spreading like sunshine over every land,
All nations bowing to his high command,
Great Prince of peace.

HEAR MY PRAYER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. { Hear my prayer, my heavenly Fa - ther, Let my cry come un - to thee, } Oh, my heart is full of trou - ble, And my cheer - ful - ness has fled, Hear my
For my soul is full of trou - ble, Oh, be mer - ci - ful to me. }

2. { Like a spar - row, sit - ting lone - ly All the cloud - y win - ter's day, } In a coun - try, dark and bar - ren, Oh, how long have I to roam; I am
I am watch - ing ev - ery hour For the sun's re - viv - ing ray. }

A little Faster.

prayer, my heavenly Fa - ther, Raise up my drooping head. Oh, when shall I be sing - ing, My voice with mu - sic ringing, While my soul her way is wing - ing To my
wandering thro' the wilderness, And long - ing for my home. Oh, when shall I be sing - ing, My voice with mu - sic ringing, While my soul her way is wing - ing To my

heavenly, heavenly home; While my soul her way is wing - ing To my heavenly, heavenly home,..... my heavenly home, To my heavenly, heavenly home.
heavenly, heavenly home; While my soul her way is wing - ing To my heavenly, heavenly home, my heavenly home, my heavenly home, To my heavenly, heavenly home.

FROM THE RISING OF THE SUN. Anthem.

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With Spirit and Energy.

For Missionary Meetings, Concerts of Prayer, and other Occasions for Missionary Purposes.

I. E. WOODBURY.

m *f* *cres.* *

From the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, My name shall be great among the Gentiles; And in every place incense shall be offer'd un-

m *f*

From the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, My name shall be great among the Gentiles; And in every place incense shall be offer'd un-

cres. *f* *cres.* *ff.*

to my name, Incense, incense and a pure off'ring, For my name shall be great among the heathen, saith the Lord, the Lord of hosts.

cres. *f* *cres.* *ff.*

to my name, Incense, incense and a pure off'ring, For my name shall be great among the heathen, saith the Lord, the Lord of hosts.

* First time Base and Tenor, 2d time Alto and Soprano.

*Moderato.**Allegro.*

Praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord, Praise him, praise him, praise the Lord, Praise him,
Praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord, Praise him, praise him, O house of Israel, praise the Lord, Praise him,

TENOR. *f*

praise him, sing praise unto our God. Praise the Lord, O Je - ru - sa-lem, Je - ru - sa-lem, praise thy God, thy God, O Zi - on;
praise him, sing praise unto our God. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord— O Je - ru - sa-lem, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, praise thy God, O Zion;

For he hath strength-ened the bars of thy gate, He hath bless - ed thy child-ren with-in thee. Praise him, praise him,
Praise the Lord, O Je - ru - sa-lem, praise thy God, O Zi - on, He hath blest thy child-ren with-in thee. Praise him, praise him, O

Slower.

praise the Lord, praise him, praise him, O Zi - on, praise thy God, O Zi - on, praise thy God: Praise ye the Lord.

house of Is - rael, praise the Lord, praise him, praise him, O Zi - on, praise thy God, O Zi - on, praise thy God. Praise ye the Lord

IN THE PROMISED LAND.

WM. F. SHERWIS.
From "Bright Jewels."

1. Thro' a world of sor - row, Pilgrims, we roam, Wait-ing for the mor-row, Long-ing for home; Seeking for a ci - ty, Whose foundations stand
2. Earthly cares surround us, Death lurking near, Oft-en would confound us, And chill with fear; But there's one who guides us, Leads us with his hand;

3. In that world of glo - ry, Blest world a - bove, There we'll tell the sto - ry Of Je - sus' love; There we'll sorrow nev - er, But with rap-ture stand;

CHORUS.

On the Saviour's faithful promise, In the bet-ter land. There'll be rest forev-er, For the Pilgrim band, When around the throne we gather. In the promised land.
He will bring us safe-ly o - ver To the promised land. There'll be rest forev-er, &c.

And we'll part no more forev-er In the promised land. There'll be rest forev-er, For the Pilgrims band, When around the throne we gather, In the promised land.

Sing, O hea - vens, and be joy - ful, O earth, And break forth in-to singing, O mountains; For the Lord hath com - fort - ed his peo - ple

Sing, O hea - vens, and be joy - ful, O earth, And break forth in-to singing, O mountains; For the Lord hath com - fort - ed his peo - ple;

He will have mer - cy on his af - flict - ed, He will have mer - cy on his af - flict - ed. The Lord will comfort Zi - on, he will

He will have mer - cy on his af - flict - ed, He will have mer - cy on his af - flict - ed. The Lord will comfort Zi - on, he will

com - fort all her waste pla - ces, He will make her wilderness like E - den, And her des - ert like the gar - den of the Lord. Joy and

comfort all her waste pla - ces, He will make her wilderness like E - den, And her des - ert like the gar - den of the Lord. Joy and

glad - ness, Joy and glad - ness shall be found there - in; Thanksgiv - ing, thanksgiv - ing and the voice of mel - o - dy.

glad - ness, Joy and gladness shall be found there - in; Thanksgiv - ing, thanksgiv - ing and the voice of mel - o - dy. Joy and glad - ness shall be

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in G major, 4/4 time. The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment, with the middle staff playing chords and the bottom staff playing a bass line. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words aligned with specific notes.

Joy and glad - ness, Joy and gladness shall be found there - in; Thanksgiv - ing, thanksgiv - ing and the

found therein, Joy and gladness shall be found therein, Joy and glad - ness, Joy and glad - ness shall be found there - in; Thanksgiv - ing, thanksgiv - ing and the

This system continues the musical piece with three staves. The melody and accompaniment follow the same pattern as the first system. The lyrics continue across the staves.

voice of mel - o - dy. Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;

voice of mel - o - dy. Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be - gin - ing.

This system concludes the piece with three staves. The final line of lyrics, 'As it was in the beginning,' is written below the bottom staff. The music ends with a double bar line.

is now, and ev-er shall be, world without end; is now, and ev-er shall be, world without end. A - men, A - men.

As it was in the be-gin-ning, is now, and ev-er shall be, world without end; is now, and ev-er shall be, world without end. A - men, A - men.

AWAKE, YE SAINTS.

T. J. COOK.

1. A - wake, ye saints, and raise your eyes, And lift your voic-es high, And lift your voic - es high, And praise that sov'reign love,
2. Then view each clos-ing day,

2. Swift on the wings of time it flies; Each moment brings it near, Each moment brings it near: 1. A - wake and praise that sov - 'reign love, A -
Then glad - ly view each clos - ing day, Then

And praise that sov'-reign love That brings sal - va - tion nigh,..... That brings sal - va - tion nigh.
Then view each clos - ing day, And each re - volv - ing year,.....

wake and praise that sov - 'reign love That brings sal - va - tion nigh.
glad - ly view each clos - ing day, And each re - volv - ing year, And each re - volv - ing year.

O HOW LOVELY IS ZION. Trio and Chorus.

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T. J. COOK. From "Olive Branch," by permission.

mf First Soprano.

O how love - ly, O how love - ly is Zi - on, cit - y of our God! Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, shall dwell in thee, O

Second Soprano.

Alto.

Zi - - on. O how love-ly is Zi - - - - on, Zi - on, cit - - y of our God! Joy and peace shall dwell.... in thee,.... shall

CHORUS. Tenor.

rit. dwell.... in thee shall dwell in thee. Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, Joy and peace shall

Soprano.

Alto.

thee, shall dwell in thee. Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, Joy and peace shall

dwell in thee, Zi - on, cit - y of our God; Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, shall dwell in thee.....

dwell in thee, Zi - on cit - y of our God; Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, shall dwell in thee.....

p *f* *p* *f*

SOLO—Baritone or Alto.

Andante.

Re-mem-ber, O Lord, thy ten-der mercies, re-mem-ber, re

cres. *p* *cres.*

mem-ber, O Lord, thy lov-ing kind-ness, which hath been of old, which hath been of old; Re-mem-ber thy serv-ant for thy goodness'

sake, ac-cord-ing to thy mer-cy re-mem-ber me, ac-cord-ing to thy mer-cy re-mem-ber me, re-mem-ber, re-mem-ber me, O Gcd.

REMEMBER, O LORD. Concluded.

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p

Re - mem - ber, O Lord, thy ten - der mer - cies, re - mem - ber, Lord, thy lov - ing kind - ness, re - mem - ber, re - mem - ber, O Lord, thy lov - ing kind - ness, which

Re - mem - ber, O Lord, thy ten - der mer - cies, re - mem - ber, Lord, thy lov - ing kind - ness, which

cres.

which hath been..... of old,..... hath been of old; re - mem - ber thy serv - ant for thy good - ness' sake, re - mem - ber

dim.

..... hath been..... of old, which hath been of old; re - mem - ber thy serv - ant for thy good - ness' sake, re - mem - ber

dim.

me for thy good - ness' sake; Ac - cord - ing to thy mer - cy, re - mem - ber me, re - mem - ber me, O Lord.

me for thy good - ness' sake; Ac - cord - ing to thy mer - cy, re - mem - ber me, re - mem - ber me, O Lord.

for thy good - ness sake..... re - mem - ber me, re - mem - ber me, O Lord.

ANTHEM. "Now let the gates of Zion ring."

T. J. COOK.
From the "Olive Branch," by permission.

(FOR EASTER AND OTHER OCCASIONS.)

f *Moderate maestoso.*

Now let the gates of Zi - on ring, the gates, the gates of Zi - on ring, Now let the gates of Zi - on ring, of

Now lit the gates of Zi - on ring, the gates, the gates of Zi - on ring, Now let the gates of Zi - on ring, of

TRIO. ALTO. *ff* **CHORUS.**

Zi - on ring, And challenge her re - sent - ful foes; She triumphs in her Saviour King—And challenge her re - sent - ful foes; She

FIRST SOPRANO.

SECOND SOPRANO.

Zi - on ring, And challenge her re - sent - ful foes; She triumphs in her Saviour King—And challenge her re - sent - ful foes; She

ALTO.

f

triumphs in her Sav - iour King. Who from the

triumphs in her Sav - iour King. In him who from the dead a - rose, For - ev - er reign, vic - to - rious King; Our King.

Who from the

"Now let the gates of Zion ring." Concluded.

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dead a - rose, shall reign vic - to - rious King, For - ev - er reign, vic - torious King, for - ev - er reign vic - to - rious King.

..... shall reign, For - ev - er reign, vic - to - rious King, for - ev - er reign vic - to - rious King. Our

dead a - rose, shall reign vic - to - rious King.

TRIO. **ALTO.** **CHORUS.** **TENOR.**

Shall reign, our King, vic - to - rious King, Shall reign, for - ev - er reign, victorious King, shall reign. Now

Our King, shall reign,
1st SOPRANO, 2nd SOPRANO, 1st TENOR, 2nd TENOR

King, shall reign, vic - to - rious King, for - ev - er reign, vic - to - rious King, Shall reign, for - ev - er reign, vic - torious King shall reign. Now

Shall reign, our King, vic - to - rious King,

let the gates of Zi - on ring, For - ev - er reign, vic - to - rious King, For - ev - er reign vic - to - rious King, vic - to - rious King.

let the gates of Zi - on ring, For - ev - er reign, vic - to - rious King, For - ev - er reign vic - to - rious King, vic - to - rious King.

f Allegro.

Bless-ed are the peo-ple that know the joy-ful sound, Bless-ed are the peo-ple that know the joy-ful sound, the joy - ful sound; They shall walk, O Lord, in the

Bless-ed are the peo-ple that know the joy-ful sound, Bless-ed are the peo-ple that know the joy-ful sound, the joy - ful sound; They shall walk, O Lord in the

light of thy countenance, They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance; They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance, They shall walk, O Lord, in the

light of thy countenance, They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance; They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance, They shall walk, O Lord, in the

ritard.

light of thy countenance, And in thy Name shall they rejoice all the day, And in thy righteousness shall they be ex - alt - ed. A - men, A - men.

light of thy countenance, And in thy Name shall they rejoice all the day, And in thy righteousness shall they be ex - alt - ed. A - men, A - men.

COME UNTO ME.

WM. F. SILVERMAN. 379

p *mf*

Come un-to me, all ye that are wea-ry and heav-y la-den, and I will give you rest; Come un-to me, all ye that are wea-ry and

Come un-to me, all ye that are wea-ry and heav-y la-den, and I will give you rest; Come un-to me, all ye that are wea-ry and

heav-y la-den, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke up-on you and learn of me, For I am meek and low-ly of heart;

heav-y la-den, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke up-on you and learn of me, For I am meek and low-ly of heart;

Take my yoke up-on you and learn of me, I will give you rest, will give you rest, will give you rest.

Take my yoke up-on you and learn of me, I will give you rest, will give you rest, will give you rest.

will give you rest.

p Hark the song! Hark the song! Hark the song of Ju - bi - lee! *p* Hark the song, the song, the song of

Hark the song of

p Hark the song! Hark the song! Hark! the song of Ju - bi - lee! *p* Hark the song! Hark the song! Hark the

Hark the song, the song of Jubi -

mf *cres.* *ff* Ju - bi - - lee, Loud as might - - y thunders roar, Loud as might-y thunders roar, Hark the song!

Ju - bi - - lee, Hark the song! Hark the song!

mf *ff* *mp* song of Ju - bi - - lee. Hark the song! Hark the song! Loud as might-y thunders roar, Or the full - - ness of the

lee,..... Loud as might - y thun - ders roar, Loud as might-y thunders roar; Hark the song!

Hark the song of Ju - bi - lee, When it breaks... up-on the shore, when it breaks up-on the shore.
 Hark the song! When it breaks, when it breaks up-on the shore
 sea, Or the full - ness of the sea; Hark the song! When it breaks, when it breaks up-on the shore.
 Hark the song, the song of Ju - bi - lee,

See Je - ho - vah's banners furled, Sheathed his sword, he speaks, 'tis done; Now the kingdoms of this world
Sym.
 See Je - ho - vah's banners furled, Sheathed his sword, he speaks, 'tis done; *Sym.* Now the kingdoms of this world,

Are the kingdoms of his Son, Now the kingdoms of this world Are the kingdoms of his Son, Now the kingdoms of this

Are the kingdoms of his Son, Now the kingdoms of this world, Are the kingdoms of his Son, Are the king - - -

Now the kingdoms, &c.

1st. 2d.

world are the kingdoms of his Son, of his Son.

Accompaniment.

He shall reign when, like a scroll, Yonder

TRIO.

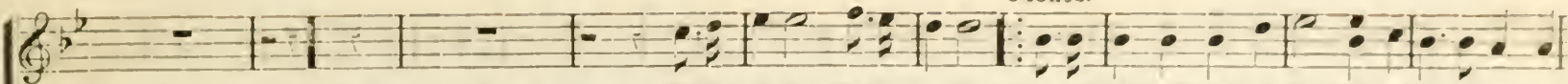
... - - - doms of his Son, of his Son. He shall reign from pole to pole With supreme, unbounded sway, He shall reign when, like a scroll, Yonder

SOLO.

HARK! THE SONG OF OF JUBILEE. Concluded.

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O FOR J3.

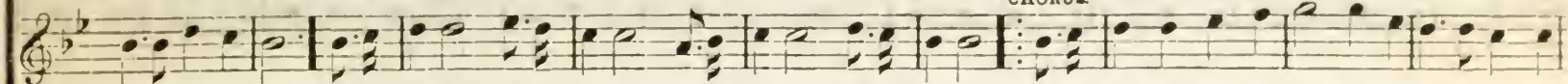


Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, He shall reign when, like a scroll, Yonder heavens have passed a -



heavens have passed away. Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah,

CHORUS.

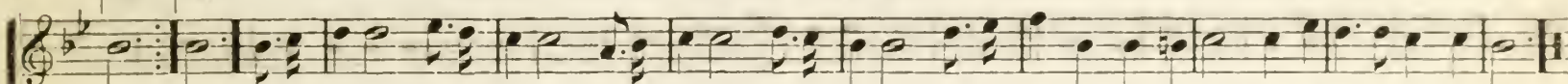


heavens have passed away. Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, He shall reign when, like a scroll, Yonder heavens have passed a -



He shall reign from pole to pole With supreme, unbounded sway.

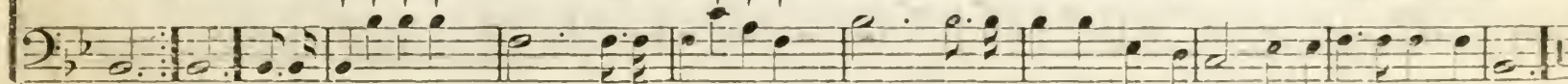
1st. 2d.



way, way. Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, He shall reign when, like a scroll, Yonder heavens have passed away.



way, way. He shall reign from pole to pole, With supreme, unbounded sway, He shall reign when, like a scroll, Yonder heavens have passed away.



Allegro.

The mul - ti - tude of an - gels, The mul - ti - tude of an - gels with a shout...., with a shout, Loud as from num - bers with - out

The mul - ti - tude of an - gels, The mul - ti - tude of an - gels with a shout.... with a shout, Loud as from num - bers with - out

num - ber, Loud as from num - bers with - out num - ber, Loud as from num - bers with - out num - ber;

num - ber, Loud as from num - bers with - out num - ber, Loud as from num - bers with - out num - ber;

Inst.

Verse. p

Sweet, sweet, as from voi - ces blest, sweet, sweet, sweet,..... ut - ter - ing joy, ut - ter - ing joy,

Sweet, sweet, sweet,..... as from voi - ces blest, ut - ter - ing joy, ut - ter - ing jey,

Sweet, sweet, as from voi - ces blest, sweet, sweet,

THE MULTITUDE OF ANGELS. Continued.

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CHORUS.

ut - ter - ing joy..... Heaven rung with Ju - bi - lee, Heaven rung with Jubi - lee, and loud Ho - san-nas filled the e - ter - nal regions, and

CHORUS.

ut - ter - ing joy..... Heav'n rung with Ju - bi - lee, Heaven rung with Juli - lee, and loud Ho - san-nas filled the e - ter - nal regions, and

loud Ho - san - nas filled the e - ter - - nal re - gions. The

Inst.

loud Ho - san - nas filled the e - ter - - nal re - gions. The

mul - ti - tude of an - gels, The mul - ti - tude of an - gels with a shout,.... with a shout,.... Loud as from num - bers with - out number,

mul - ti - tude of an - gels, The mul - ti - tude of an - gels with a shout,.... with a shout,.... Loud as from num - bers with - out number,

VERSE. *p*

Loud as from numbers with - out number, Loud as from numbers with-out num-ber, with - out num-ber. Sweet, sweet, *p*

Inst.

Loud as from numbers with - out number, Loud as from numbers with-out num-ber, with - out num-ber. Sweet, sweet, *p*

CHORUS. VERSE.

as from voi - ces blest, Sweet, sweet, as from voi - ces blest, ut - ter - ing joy, ut - ter - ing joy, ut - ter - ing joy,

Sweet,..... Sweet, sweet, as from voi - ces blest, ut - ter - ing joy, ut - ter - ing joy, ut - ter - ing joy,

CHORUS. VERSE. *f* CHORUS.

ut - ter - ing joy, ut - ter - ing joy, ut - ter - ing joy, ut - ter - ing joy..... Heav'n rung with ju - bi - lee, Heav'n rung with

ut - ter - ing joy, ut - ter - ing joy, ut - ter - ing joy, ut - ter - ing joy Heav'n rung with ju - bi - lee, Heav'n rung with

ju - bi - lee, and loud ho - san - nas fill'd the e - ter - nal re - gions. Heav'n rung with ju - bi - lee, and loud ho -

ju - bi - lee, and loud ho - san - nas fill'd the e - ter - nal re - gions. *Inst.* Heav'n rung with ju - bi - lee, and loud ho -

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle staff is a vocal line with lyrics and an instrumental section marked 'Inst.'. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment line.

san - nas, loud ho - san - nas, loud ho - san - nas, ho - san - nas, ho - san - nas, loud, loud ho - san - nas fill'd the e - ter - nal

san - nas, loud ho - san - nas fill'd..... the e - ter - nal

loud ho - san - nas, ho - san - nas, ho - san - nas, loud, loud ho - san - nas

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle staff is a vocal line with lyrics and a long instrumental section marked 'Inst.'. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment line.

re - gions, *Inst.* and loud ho - san - nas fill'd the e - ter - - - - - nal re - gions.....

re - gions, and loud ho - san - nas, fill'd the e - ter - - - - - nal re - gions.....

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle staff is a vocal line with lyrics and a long instrumental section marked 'Inst.'. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment line.

GLORY BE TO GOD ON HIGH!

From MOZART'S "Twelfth Mass."

Gle - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high! Glo - ry be to

Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high! Glo - ry be to

God, Glo - ry be to God, Glo - ry be to God, Glo-ry be to God on high, Glo-ry be to God on high, Glo-ry

God, Glo - ry be to God, Glo - ry be to God, Glo-ry be to God on high,.....

Glo-ry, Glo-ry,

GLORY BE TO GOD ON HIGH. Continued.

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be to God on high! Glo-ry be to God on high! Glo-ry be to God, to God on high! and on earth, peace,
 on high! Glo-ry be to God, to God on high! and on earth, peace,
 Glo-ry, (Glo-ry, to God on high!

1st time. 2d time.
 peace, peace on earth, and on earth, peace on earth, peace on earth, peace on earth.
 peace, peace on earth, and on earth, peace on earth, peace on earth, peace on earth.
 1st time. 2d time. Swell.
 f

mp *cres.* *f* *1st.* *2d.*

Glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God, to God on high! Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high! High! Peace on earth, good will toward

Glo - ry be to God, to God on high! Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on High! High! Peace on earth, good will toward

f *Full.* *Swell.*

cres. *p* *f* *Ped.*

men, Peace on earth, good will toward men. We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we glo - ri -

men, Peace on earth, good will toward men. We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we glo - ri -

p *f*

GLORY BE TO GOD ON HIGH. Continued.

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1st time. 2d time.

fy thee; We give thanks to thee, give thanks to thee for thy great glo - ry, for thy great glo - ry, for thy great glo - ry, glo - ry;

fy thee; We give thanks to thee, give thanks to thee for thy great glo - ry, for thy great glo - ry, for thy great glo - ry, glo - ry;

1st. 2d.

We give thanks to thee for thy great glo - ry, for thy great glo - ry, for thy great glo - ry.

We give thanks to thee for thy great glo - ry, for thy great glo - ry, for thy great glo - ry.

CRCA.

88a

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the first two vocal parts (Soprano and Alto) and the piano accompaniment. The second system contains the last two vocal parts (Tenor and Bass) and the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'fy thee; We give thanks to thee, give thanks to thee for thy great glo - ry, for thy great glo - ry, for thy great glo - ry, glo - ry;'. The score includes first and second endings, marked '1st time.' and '2d time.' at the top right, and '1st.' and '2d.' in the middle of the second system. The piano accompaniment features a variety of chords and melodic lines, including a prominent bass line in the right hand of the piano part. The score ends with a double bar line and the number '88a'.

Lord God, O Lord God, heavenly King, Fa-ther Al-might - - - y!

Glo-ry be to God, Glo-ry be to God, Glo-ry be to God! Halle-lujah! Halle-lujah! Halle-

Glo-ry be to God, Glo-ry be to God, . Glo-ry be to God! Halle-lujah! Halle-lujah! Halle-

8 8 8

p

p

p

GLORY BE TO GOD ON HIGH. Concluded.

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lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! A - men. Hal-le-lu-jah! A - men. Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah!

lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! A - men. Hal-le-lu-jah! A - men. Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah!

The first system consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment line. The music is in 4/4 time and features a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are 'lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! A - men. Hal-le-lu-jah! A - men. Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah!'.

The piano accompaniment for the first system is shown on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). It features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a forte dynamic marking (f) at the beginning.

hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! A - men.

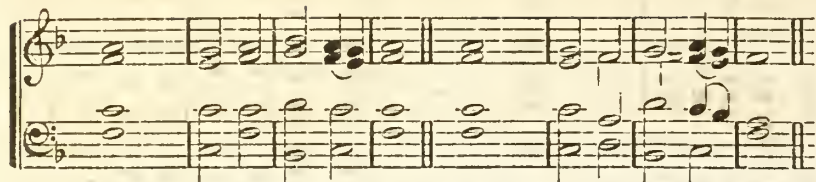
hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! A - men.

The second system consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment line. The music continues in 4/4 time with the same key signature. The lyrics are 'hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! A - men.'.

The piano accompaniment for the second system is shown on a grand staff. It continues the rhythmic pattern from the first system, featuring a variety of chordal textures and melodic lines in both hands.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Gregorian.



- 1 OUR Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name : | thy kingdom come, thy
will be done on | earth, · as it | is in | heaven;
2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread : | and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive
| them that | tres-pass a- | gainst us.
3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil : for thine is the
kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever. | A- — | men.

SILENT PRAYER.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.



- 1 As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean,
Sweet flowers are springing, no | mortal · can | see,
So, deep in my heart, the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the | world, rises | silent to | thee.
My God, silent to thee,
Pure, warm, silent to thee.
2 As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
The needle points faithfully | o'er the · dark | sea,
So, dark though I roam through this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my | spirit turns | trembling to | thee.
My God, trembling to thee,
True, fond, trembling to thee

COME UNTO ME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



- 1 With tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and | stormy | sea :
Yet, 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly | whisper, | Come to | me.
2 It tells me of a place of rest—
It tells me where my | soul may | see ;
Oh ! to the weary, faint, oppress,
How sweet the bidding, | Come to | me.
3 When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, en- | joy, and | see,
4 Come, for all else must fail and die.
Earth is no resting | place for | thee ;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy | portion, | Come to | me.
5 O voice of mercy ! voice of love !
In conflict, grief, and | ago- | ny,
Support me, cheer me from above !
And gently | whisper, | Come to | me.

ABIDE WITH ME.

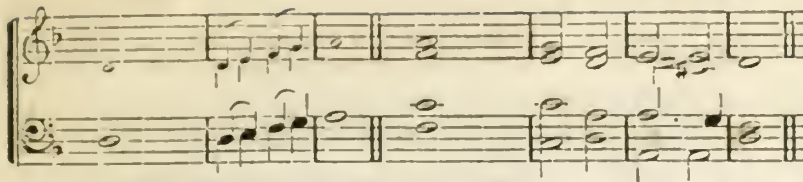
WASHINGTON GLADDEN.



- 1 ABIDE with me ! Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens, | Lord, with | me a- | bide.
Where other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the | helpless, oh, a | bide with | me !
2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its | glories | pass a- | way.
Change and decay in all around I see,
O Thou, who | changeth not, a- | bide with | me.
3 I need thy presence every passing hour,
What but thy grace can | foil the | tempter's | power !
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be !
Through cloud and | sunshine, oh, a- | bide with | me.

PSALM 90.

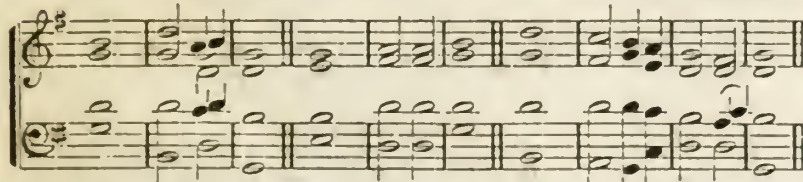
Dr. L. MASON.



- 1 Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in | all | gene- | rations. | Before the mountains were brought forth, | or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to ever- | lasting | thou art | God.
- 2 Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye | children of | men. | For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and | as a | watch | in the | night.
- 3 Thou carriest them away as with a flood, they are as a sleep; in the morning they are like grass which | groweth | up. | In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut | down, cut | down, and | withereth.
- 4 Who knoweth the power of thine anger! Even according to thy fear; | so | is thy | wrath. | So teach us to number our days, that we may ap- | ply our | hearts | unto | wisdom.

JESUS, STILL LEAD ON.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

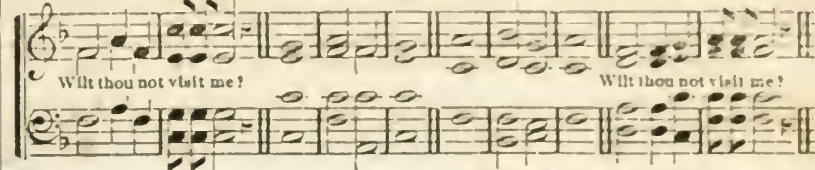


- 1 Jesus s'till lead on
Till our | rest be | won,
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow. | calm and | fearless;
Guide us by thy | hand
To our | Father- | land.
- 2 If the way be drear,
If the | foe be | near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and | hope for- | sake us;
For through many a | foe,
To our | home we | go.

- 3 When we seek relief
From a | long-felt | grief;
When oppressed by new temptations,
Lord, increase and | perfect | patience;
Show us that bright | shore,
Where we | weep no | more.
- 4 Jesus, still lead on
Till our | rest be | won.
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, con- | sole, pro- | tect us
Till we safely | stand,
In our | Father- | land

WILT THOU NOT VISIT ME?

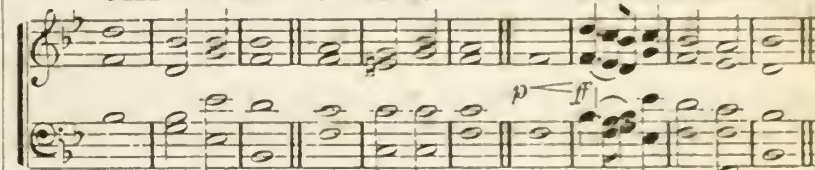
WM. E. BEADEFURT.



- 1 Wilt thou not visit me!
The plant beside me feels thy | gentle | dew,
Each blade of grass I see,
From thy deep earth its quickening | mois-
ture | drew,
Wilt thou not visit me!
- 2 Wilt thou not visit me;
Thy morning calls on me with | cheering |
tone;
And every bill and tree
Loud but one voice, the voice of | thee a- |
lone,
Wilt thou not visit me!
- 3 Wilt thou not visit me! I need thy love
More than the flow'r the dew, or | grass the |
Come like thy holy dove, (rain;
And let me in thy sight rejoice to | live a- |
gain.
Wilt thou not visit me!
- 4 Yes! thou wilt visit me;
Nor plant, nor tree, thine eye de- | lights
so | well,
As when from sin set free,
Man's spirit comes with thine in | peace to |
dwell,
Yes, thou wilt visit me.

CHRISTMAS CHANT.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.



- 1 HARK! what celestial sounds,
What music | fills the | air!
Soft warbling to the morn,
It strikes the | ravished ear: |
Now all is still;
Now wild it floats
In tuneful | notes,
Loud, | sweet, and | shrill.
- 2 Th' angelic hosts descend,
With harmo- | ny di- | vine:
See how from heaven they bend,
And in full | chorus | join:
"Fear not," they say:
"Great joy we bring:
Jesus, your | King,
Is | born to- | day."
- 3 He comes, your souls to save
From death's e- | ternal | gloom;
To realm of bliss and light
He lifts you | from the | tomb:
Your voices raise;
With sons of light
Your songs u- | nite
Of | endless | praise.
- 4 Glory to God on high!
Ye mortals, | spread the | sound,
And let your raptures fly
To earth's re- | mote | bound;
For peace on earth,
From God in heaven,
To man is | given,
At | Jesus' | birth.

1. Dream on, my soul, dream of that better land..... Whence thou art go - ing; Dream of life's silver stream o'er the golden strand....
 2. Dream on, my soul, dream of the silent ones In mem - 'ry cher - ished; Dream of the joys and the long-loved ones.....

3. Dream on, my soul, dream of that happy strain..... That soon shall greet thee; Dream of the silent dead, and the angel train.....

Si - lent - ly flow - ing; Dream of kindred souls waiting thee there,..... Gone long be - fore ye;
 That with them per - ished; Dream on, my soul, dream of that brighter land.... Whence thou art wing - ing;

Fly - ing to meet thee; Dream on, my soul; dream while life's silver string Still, still is whole;...

Ending for last verse.

Dream of the anthems thou art to.....hear, .. An - thems of Glo - ry!
 Dream of the sunlight there, and the angel band... Joy - ous - ly sing - ing!

Dream thou of heaven, though life be quivering, .. [Omni.....] Dream on, my soul!

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